Australian
PENTHOUSE
$3.40*
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1984
FOREIGN AFFAIRS: THE DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS?
COCAINE'S MR BIG EXPOSED
MUHAMMAD ALI: CHAMP OR CHUMP?
THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BARBECUE
FROCK 'N' ROLL: AFFIRMATIVE ACTION IN AUSTRALIAN ROCK
COOK'S GUIDE TO POLITICAL PROTOCOL
SEALED SECTION: SEXUAL AROUSAL
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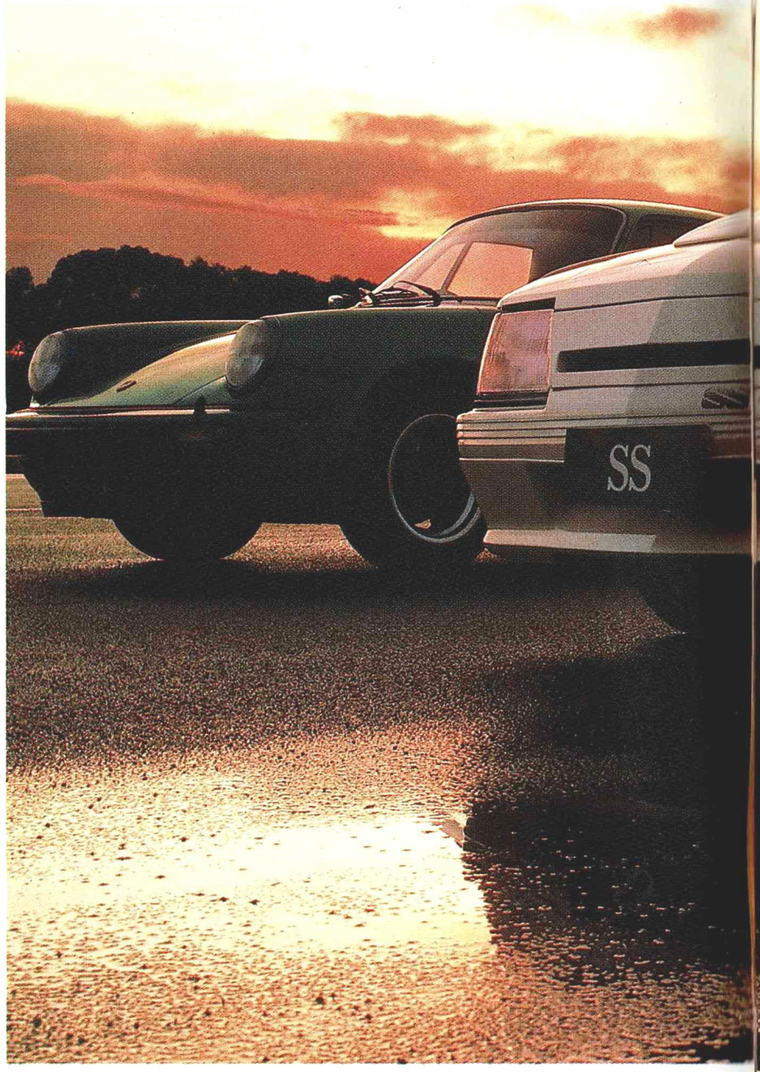

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 10/October 1984

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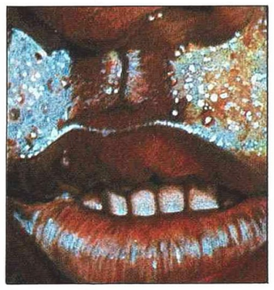
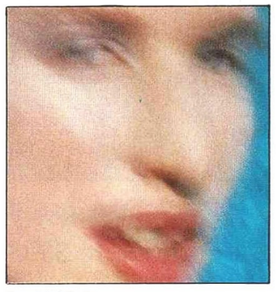

Ali: Champ Or Chump?

Who's The Dummy?


Frock 'n' Roll

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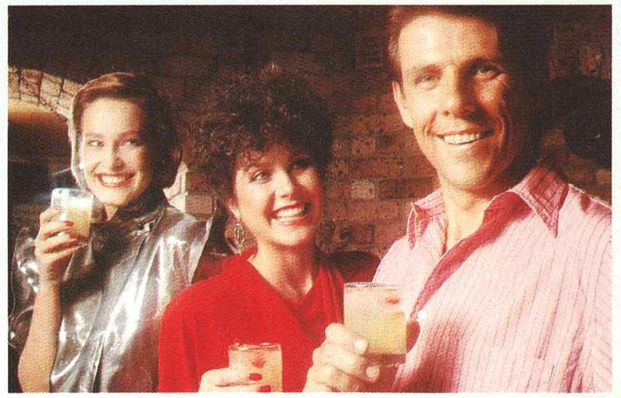
"Bacardi rum punch is almost as much fun making, as enjoying."



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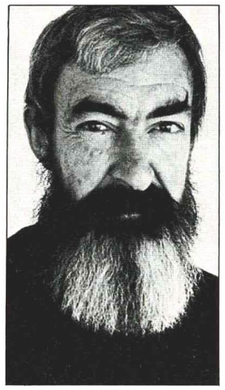
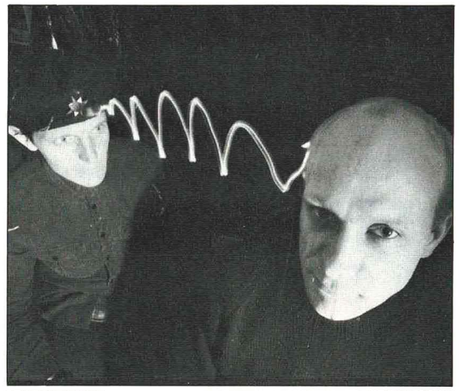

RICHARD BECKETT

ADRIAN TAME


GRAEME DAVEY

JEREMY COOK

HOUSECALL

When career diplomat Don Witheford was suspended from the Department of Foreign Affairs in January and charged with a variety of criminal offences, including taking Commonwealth documents without excuse, Canberra's rumormongers had a field day. Had the man who was embarrassing the Federal government by leaking confidential papers been caught red-handed? Apparently not. As *Penthouse* goes to print two of the three charges brought against Witheford have been thrown out of court. His apparent persecution leads to some disturbing allegations about the affairs of the department he worked in for 22 years. **Adrian Tame's** story, Foreign Affairs, impeccably illustrated by **Frants Kantor,** starts on page 34.

Recent Royal Commissions have concluded that Australia's drug trade is not run by a single central character, but by a number of "Mr Big Enoughs." The black market narcotics business in the United States is a different story. **John Cummings** and **Ernest Volkman's** investigations into the shady dealings of some Bahamian banks reveal a cocaine kingpin who has called the shots in the multi-billion dollar drug trade between South America and the United States for almost a decade. His identity is exposed in Mister Big, on page 52. **Marshall Arisman** created the illustration.

Muhammad Ali is a Mr Big of a different kind . . . the 20th Century's most famous athlete. But ever since the three times world heavyweight champion finally stepped out of the ring, he has suffered put-downs alleging drug addiction, bankruptcy and brain damage. **Allan Sonnenschein** visited the champ at his Los Angeles home to set the record straight. His perceptive analysis of Ali's current physical, mental and financial fortunes will change the minds of those who thought the man was down for the count. Ali: Champ or Chump?, illustrated by **Timothy Scoggins,** starts on page 60.

Believe it or not! . . . It has been suggested by those in the know that the ingredients of those sickeningly sweet snack bars called Pollywaffles are derived from the residue left in the microphone after election policy speeches. Turn to Gordon F. Alloyhead's advice for MPs on the election trail, compiled with the assistance of humorist **Patrick Cook,** to find out if it's true. Cook's Guide To Political Protocol starts on page 79.

Ever since Frank Sinatra's publicist hired wet-knickered screamers to promote him as a sex symbol, the cornerstone of rock 'n' roll marketing has been the male stud. But now Australia's women in rock have followed the lead given by overseas female performers and emerged to meet the male on his own terms. It hasn't been all bourbon and skittles for the ladies who've launched themselves on the Aussie rock circuit, as **Jeremy Cook** discovered when he interviewed 12 of our most distinctive female vocalists and musicians for Frock 'n' Roll. **Graeme Davey** produced the superb photographic portraits. Turn to page 82.

Richard Beckett, that connoisseur of the calorie, tells how to set fire to your backyard in real style, and feed your friends in the process, with a rollicking guide to the culinary traditions of suburbia entitled The Great Australian Barbecue. This comprehensive service piece includes advice on everything from getting your eyes open on the morning of the event to intimidating your local butcher. **Mark Tremlett's** illustration starts that story on page 90. This month's fiction is a sort of surrealistic black comedy drama concerning the sexual awakening of a ventriloquist's dummy — and if that doesn't excite your curiosity, nothing will. Who's The Dummy? by **C. M. Covington,** illustrated by **Shane McGowan,** begins on page 100.

Motoring Editor **Peter McKay,** recently returned from pitside at the Le Mans 24 Hours Classic, describes the world's greatest endurance race as "a French variant of Chinese water torture." In Le Grind, on page 114, McKay paints a riveting portrait in words and photos of the drama that is Le Mans, and traces the fortunes of the seven Australians who lined up at the grid to face the ultimate test of man and motor car. The October interview subject is former Split Enz vocalist and songwriter Tim Finn, whose clean sweep through the annual *Countdown* Rock Awards for 1983 affirmed his immense potential as a solo artist and installed him as Australian rock's man of the hour. **Roger Crosthwaite** talked with the furiously ambitious Finn about his commitment to success and his future directions. **Brett Hilder** shot the photo on page 120.

In Part Two of the *Penthouse* Guide To Sexuality, **Dr Carl** deals with the complex subject of sexual arousal. He outlines the factors which influence arousal, the differences between the male and female sexual response, and the techniques of sexual stimulation. The sealed section begins on page 129. This month's competition prize is, as they say in Lotto country, the Big One — the most spectacular prize ever offered to *Penthouse* readers. Three magnificent Mazda RX7s are up for grabs, and all you have to do for a shot at them is turn to page 96 and get your entry in. Entries close on September 21, so don't delay.

Pet of the Month Tracee Edwards is known on Great Keppel Island, where she posed for photographer **Bob Watson,** as "Cyclone Tracee." Open up the magnificent centrefold and you'll see why. Former porn star Nancy Suiter, shot by **Suze Randall,** and brunette beauty Debbie Tays, photographed by **David Schoen,** complete the Pet parade for October. And don't forget to check out the *Penthouse* Girls of the World, on page 142, just to put the cream on the cake. Enjoy it.

It is with great sorrow that we record the untimely death, after a horse riding accident, of **Chris Dickson** earlier this year. Dickson was one of the few individuals responsible for the upgrading of *Australian Penthouse* over the last two years. His photography was a frequent highlight of the magazine. We offer condolences to his wife Tinika and son James. His *joie de vivre,* generosity and warmth will always be remembered by those who had the honor of calling him "friend."

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Diplomatic protest

"The Filipino Connection" by Greg Hunter (June *Penthouse*) is unfair, defamatory and irresponsible. Mr Hunter has maligned not only the Filipino woman but a whole nation of 53 million (not 48 million), mostly on the basis of mere hearsay and rumormongering which he passes off as the truth.

It is an insult to Australian tourists and to Filipinos for him to say that the "vast majority" of the 60,000 Australian tourists who visited the Philippines last year "had no intention of venturing beyond the red light district of Manila . . ." Nor is it true that "in the Philippines it's very difficult to find a 'real' tourist." It is obvious where Mr Hunter's interest lay.

My Government does not sanction sex tours, nor does it have "a myopic approach" to tourism. We have enchanting features — our 7,107 islands, and our hospitable people — that beguile tourists the world over.

Mr Hunter's lurid tales of sex for sale need no comment, for they are just tales from spurious sources. Nor do I wish to dignify with a comment the quotations he ascribes to Australians like "Peter Richardson (pseudonym)" and others, because they are nothing but slanders.

It is not true that "a large hotel was built in preparation for an annual film festival" last year in Manila. Nor is it true that in an accident involving Filipino laborers trapped in a deep pit during the construction of that fictitious hotel, "the order came through to pour the rest of the concrete mix" over them.

Nothing is more absurd than Mr Hunter's statement that in my country, "life is not merely cheap; it is practically worthless." As a people we value human life, and respect human dignity. My Government is striving to improve the lot of the disadvantaged through various programs like land reform, housing, electrification, and self-help livelihood programs like "Sariling Sikap" and the "KKK."

It is outrageous that Mr Hunter should repeat a slur on the Filipino woman that he attributes to "Denis The Deviate" that "I will marry a Filipino for sure — if I can find a decent one." Why, in the name of decency, should anyone give credence to the words of a deviate? And what purpose is served by repeating them, except to impugn the Filipino woman's reputation? Throughout our history she has been admired the world over for her sterling qualities of decency, industry, loyalty, femininity and courage. She does not deserve Mr Hunter's gratuitous insults.

We have women justices and lawmakers, editors and journalists, artists and entrepreneurs, doctors and nurses, teachers and engineers, architects and diplomats. For instance, our former ambassador to Australia was a woman. Another Filipino woman diplomat is the President of the UN Commission on the Status of Women. The Filipino woman migrant is contributing to the cultural and economic growth of this country. In 1981 a Filipino migrant was awarded the Order of Australia medal for her contribution to the welfare of migrants.

The First Lady, Mrs Imelda Romualdez Marcos, has given impetus to the role of the Filipino woman at home and abroad by her social welfare projects and her active participation in international conferences on children, women, the disabled and the human environment.

Prostitution, "the oldest profession", is a social problem in many countries. It is preposterous that Mr Hunter should say, "Prostitution (in the Philippines) is . . . almost socially acceptable, as long as it embraces the Catholic ethic of monogamy." Prostitution is illegal in the Philippines, and is certainly not socially acceptable to any religious ethic in my country.

For their part, the Filipino people and Government are working towards the triple goal of the United Nations Women's Decade of "Equality, Development and Peace."

For his libellous remarks, Mr Hunter owes the Filipino people an apology. — *Nicasio G. Valderrama, Philippine Consul General, Sydney*

As the writer of "The Filipino Connection" I feel that I ought to respond to the above comments. It appears that Mr Valderrama has completely misconstrued the general thrust of the article. My purpose was to illustrate the exploitation *of the Filipina by tourists dedicated to the pursuit of sexual thrills. The Filipina herself is consistently portrayed as the* victim *of economic circumstances and unscrupulous practices. This is not merely an implication; on the contrary, it is* spelled out in the clearest possible terms on numerous occasions. *To quote directly from the article: "The Filipina now plays gracious hostess to the latest, and perhaps the ugliest, of all foreign invasions: the Australian connection" and "The exodus of young, naive country girls continues to swell as rampant inflation and chronic unemployment make even subsistence level existence impossible." To suggest that such statements constitute an attempt to malign the Filipina, rather than the tourists who take advantage of the sorry economic condition of the country, is clearly a ludicrous interpretation. Certainly, there is an implied criticism of a government which has presided over the rapid decline of average wage levels in the Philippines — but to suggest that this criticism is being levelled at "a whole nation" of Filipinos, rather than at the government of that nation, can only be viewed as a deliberate and transparent distortion.*

Similar misinterpretations abound in Mr Valderrama's letter. For instance, the "myopic approach to tourism" is not being ascribed to the government but to the tourists themselves. Likewise, there is no suggestion that "credence" should be given to the words of "Denis The Deviate" — his statements are unequivocally a reflection on himself, rather than on the Filipina he maligns.

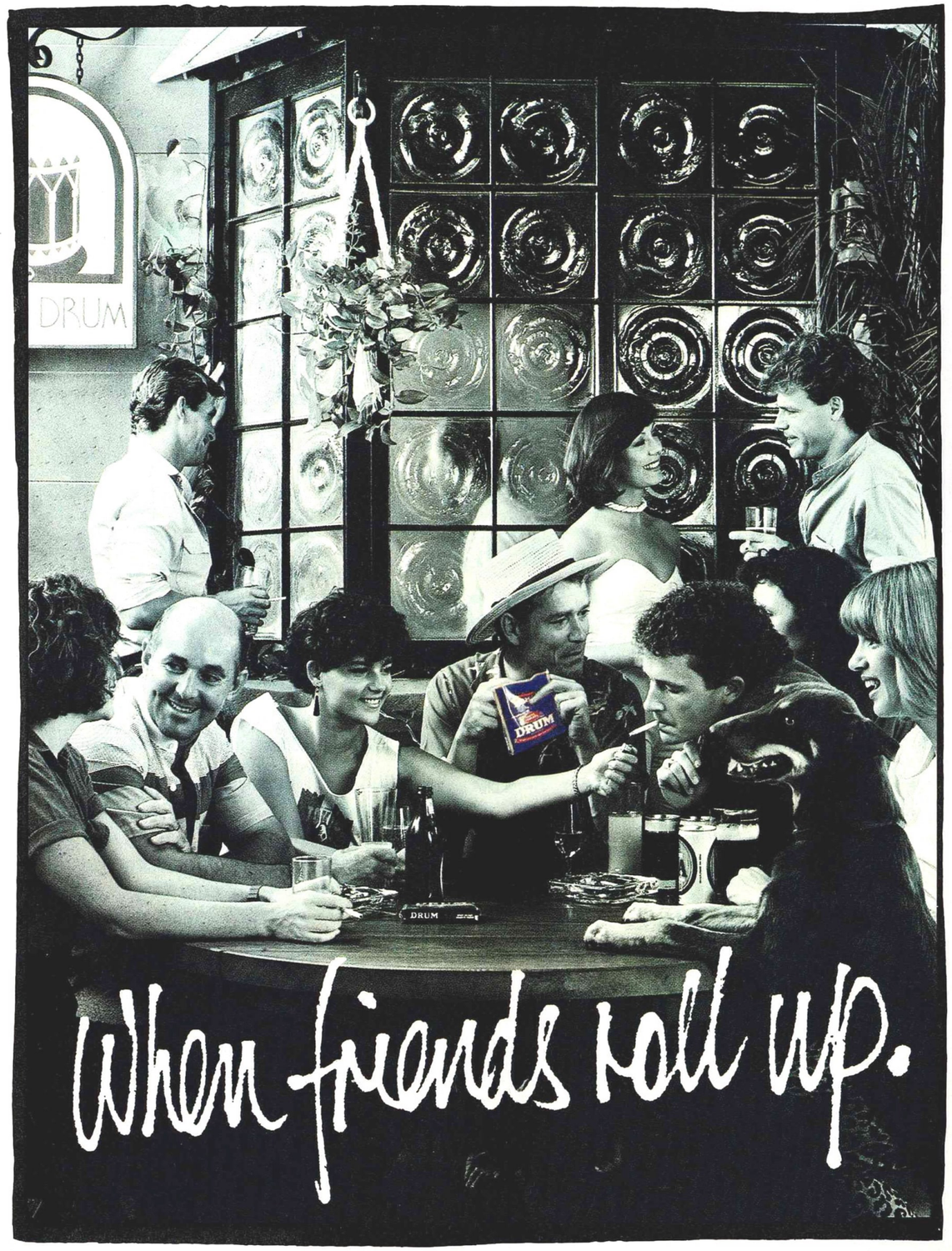
Contrary to Mr Valderrama's implication, none of the individuals quoted in the story are fictitious. The practice of assigning pseudonyms to protect the identities of such individuals is not merely defensible but compulsory in the context of a country whose record on human rights needs no elaboration. As for the "social welfare projects" of Mrs Imelda Marcos, I can only refer Mr Valderrama to the article "Don't Cry For Me, Filipinos", in September Penthouse. — Greg Hunter

Magnificent Manarchy

Penthouse, your July issue was the best ever. Thank you!

The short feature on the incomparable Dennis Manarchy was exactly what I've been waiting to see for some time. His use of "unresolved images" and intense color in his photographs make him an unrivalled artist.

Since I am an amateur photographer, such rare features are a great source of inspiration and enjoyment. In the future I would greatly appreciate seeing more pictorials of this nature. — *M.M., Carlton, Victoria.*



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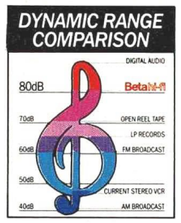

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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True confessions

I spent half of my teenage life with a hard-on. Oscar Wilde was right when he said it was too bad that youth was wasted on the young. I couldn't agree more. I just wish I had half the sexual power I had then. Now that I have the girls, I don't have enough hard-ons to go around. In my teens the situation was reversed. Not only was I a kid with sex on the brain almost every waking hour, but I was an Irish-Catholic kid. I hated confessing my sins of lust and masturbation to Father O'Neill, who advised cold showers and prayer. These penances never worked. I just had to get a screw!

My cousin Tom came to my rescue. Tom gave up being a Catholic because he liked sex too much. My parents warned me to stay away from him, but I liked going to his place because he had all these sex magazines that I could jerk off to. He told me that it was natural and healthy for me to be interested in naked ladies and to want to pound my beef for satisfaction. Tom lived just across the street from the church, so I felt even guiltier enjoying my evil lifestyle just steps away from Father O'Neill.

One day Tom told me he had a surprise waiting for me in the wardrobe. When I opened it I found a nude woman standing there looking right at me! Tom laughed when I let out a scream of surprise. When I took a second look I realised that it was one of those rubber love dolls that are sold in porno stores. She had great big tits and a slit betwen her legs. As he placed her on his bed, Tom told me that it was time I lost my cherry.

I heard the church bells ringing across the street and saw people pour out of the church. A wedding had just taken place, and the bride and groom, along with dozens of family members, were gathered on the steps. Tom pulled out his cock and jerked on it. "Just look at that bride," he sighed. "Tonight that lucky bastard will screw her virgin pussy."

I paid no attention to him. I was more interested in screwing my virgin cock into this love doll. I knew she wasn't real, but it was a change of pace.

Tom told me to take off my clothes and get started. I did as I was told. He gave me a few instructions, and I was on top of the doll fucking my iron-hard dick into her phony quim in no time. My head swam. I was in a frenzy of sexual heat. Her big tits were firm and smooth, and I could easily imagine myself actually screwing a real woman for the first time in my life.

My cousin stood next to me pulling on his prick while taking turns looking down at me, then across the street to where the wedding party had gathered together outside. Now and then he muttered something about the bride's unbroken cherry and what a lucky bastard the groom was.

I kept thrusting my pubescent prick into the doll, which was not only tight but grasping. It didn't take long for me to come. My juice spat out of my dick and into the gash. I let out a long, satisfied moan.

"Now suck her pussy," my cousin told me. "Suck your come out of it," he whispered.

I couldn't refuse because, after all, he was letting me stretch my sexual wings by fucking his love doll. I pushed my face between the doll's legs and tasted my own load as I sucked. Tom then told me to suck the doll's tits.

I brought my hungry mouth down on one of her scarlet nipples and chewed on it. Suddenly a rush of warm air passed over my lips and the doll shot past me and out the window! I had bitten a hole in the rubber tit and let out all the air!

I watched in amazement as the doll flew across the street and danced in the air above the wedding party. The people below looked up and shouted in horror at the naked woman who looked as if she was flying on her own power. After a few loops, she fell. The deflated doll draped itself over a flagpole.

The people in the wedding party started to chatter while the bride, in her virginal white, simply stared at the doll, aghast.

To this day I haven't gone back to confession. As a matter of fact, I quit being a Catholic, just like my cousin. How could I ever tell Father O'Neill about what I did?
— *Name and address withheld*

Long time coming

When I say she "caught me in the act", that's exactly the truth. We were spending a gorgeous summer weekend alone at my parents' holiday home at the beach. Jill, my lady, had taken the car to buy groceries in town, leaving me temporarily alone, and shortly after she'd left the urge to masturbate came over me.

In the small ground-floor bedroom with the window facing the patio garden, I felt myself safe from intrusion. Flopping down

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

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Australian PENTHOUSE

VALUE SHOPPE

FORUM

on the bed, I unzipped my fly and took my penis in hand.

At first I felt only a vaguely pleasant sensation, but soon I'd coaxed myself into a full-blown thumping hard-on. I closed my eyes and dreamily jerked off. A few highly enjoyable minutes passed. Then I inadvertently opened my eyes, and there, standing right in the window, looking in from outside, was Jill, smiling playfully. I froze up instantly, and my penis grew soft. There was nothing in Jill's expression to indicate disapproval or anything other than affection. But I felt invaded, caught off guard. I had never allowed myself to be seen masturbating in my life.

Jill immediately came around and entered the bedroom. Sensing my distress, she took my hand in hers and, looking at my penis, murmured supportively, "Does that feel good?" I nodded grudgingly. She bent over and took my penis in her mouth just long enough to make it hard again. And then she quietly asked me if maybe I would go on doing what I'd started before she interrupted. She said she'd like to watch me do it, because she loved me and wanted to learn my most intimate secrets.

A lightning flash of excitement flew between us as we stared at each other. There were butterflies in my stomach, and my cock was again stiff as a board. Gingerly I reached down and tentatively grasped the shaft, then made a fist around it. The head was swollen, and a drop of milky fluid appeared at the hole. I made a preliminary stroke, pulling my foreskin over the glans, then slid it back again.

Jill stared at my exposed penis with wide eyes. She kissed me again, lightly, on the lips. "That's extremely sexy," she whispered. Encouraged by her response, I started milking my cock in earnest. Much to my surprise, my shyness gradually gave way to a heady pride, an almost exhibitionistic thrill. Jill's face was red, and she was obviously affected by the sight I made. She began to squirm on the bed, but she remained sitting and did nothing more overt than bite her lip.

The first wad of sperm jetted out and fell back over my beating fist. It was a fantastic orgasm, and I couldn't hold back a gasp as I went on shooting off into midair. There was a lot of semen. Jill was breathing heavily, her eyes glued to my prick.

When I was done, she stood up and took off her clothes. Without a word she climbed on top of me and rubbed her wonderful breasts all up and down my body, over my cock, till I was again hard enough to fuck her. We screwed with a blissfully emotional intensity till we both came like volcanoes. — *Name and address withheld*

All in a day's work

I work for a small manufacturing firm and have always been skeptical of those Forum letters about employees and their bosses who get it on during work. I used to think all work relationships were platonic. Well, all that changed yesterday.

My boss was having problems with the doorknob on his office door, so when I went to see him, I was told to enter through his business partner's empty office. His door was slightly ajar, and I peeked in to see if he was in a meeting with a client. What I saw was the boss and his very sexy blonde assistant locked in an embrace, French-kissing deeply. It's not often that you get to see free, live porn so I stuck around.

He unzipped her dress and slid it off her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. Her magnificent breasts were held only by a skimpy bra and her legs were covered with very sheer nylons. After she had discarded these items, she stood there naked while the boss quickly stripped. His only words were, "Suck me."

Silently she slid to her knees. His erect member bounced before her face. Its hard sleekness seemed to be a direct extension of his cold, brittle personality. Taking it in both hands, she caressed its length and admired its beauty. It twitched unexpectedly in her hands and a drop of semen oozed from the slit in its purple head. With the tip of her tongue she licked the drop away, teasing the small opening.

Running his fingers through her thick hair, he jerked her head forward and rammed his cock down her throat. Fighting the gagging reflex, she relaxed her throat muscles, allowing the full length to enter her. She coated his slender prick with a thick covering of saliva by running her tongue along its hard bulges. With increasing urgency he started to fuck her mouth. As his cock jammed in and out of her, his loosely sacked balls slapped her chin. She then wrapped her tongue around his prick, creating a warm, slippery nest. The more she sucked, the hotter she became.

He whipped his cock out of her mouth and said, "Get on your hands and knees." Obediently, she fell on to her hands and knelt in front of him. He pulled her hips toward him, and sank his cock into her. She tensed in pain as he fell on to her back. With both arms around her waist, he began to plunge in and out of her with alarming speed. Trying to keep upright under his weight, she braced herself on her arms and wiggled her arse into his crotch, adding a new twist to his frantic screwing.

His hands clutched at her swinging breasts and his deeply buried cock battered the walls of her canal, adding immeasurably to her pleasure.

His cock abruptly vanished from its burial place and he ordered her to lie on her back. He then lay on top of her beautiful body and plunged his cock deep inside her pussy. Wrapping her long legs around his trim waist and raking his back with her

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long nails, she bucked, twisted and kicked. Screams of lust issued from her lips, "Oh, please don't ever stop; fuck me, faster, harder, oh, help, oh." Suddenly she tensed up and with one final thrust they both climaxed.

Suddenly, I found myself all sweaty, with a raging hard-on. I decided that I didn't really need to talk to the boss right then and returned to my desk. I had a difficult time getting through the rest of the day. But I learned one thing for sure. Management is the place for me.— *Name and address withheld*

Dirty old man

I guess I'm a dirty old man. I'm not really old, but I am in my early fifties, and I must have looked old enough to the two girls in their twenties who rented my house last summer. I'm a musician and something of a maverick. I live alone in a house I built in the bush, and when I need extra money I rent my house for the summer months. It works out well.

That's what I did last summer, and instead of going away as I usually do when the house is let, I pitched a tent in the bush on a hill overlooking the house. The girls didn't mind: they were friendly, easygoing types. I've had my share of women in my day, still do, but it's been a while since I've attracted anyone so young and lovely as my two tenants. That's why, when the opportunity to spy on them came my way, I grabbed it.

It started one hot afternoon when I was bird-watching. I let the binoculars wander around till the waterhole at the edge of the bush came into view. That's when I saw my tenants, splashing in the waist-high water, totally nude, frolicking happily and completely unaware that they were being admired by one very horny landlord.

Fascinated, I watched them wade out of the water and lie down on the mossy ground to dry off. Brenda was a brunette with a lush body and heavy breasts, Suzie a strawberry blonde with pert tits and boyish hips. The contrast in their looks was an especially pleasing addition to the visual treat of those two young beauties lolling away the summer afternoon under my intense gaze.

Of course, I wasn't just standing there, passively ogling them. While one hand held the binoculars, the other reached down to unzip my fly and yank out my engorged cock. It was the most exciting feeling, knowing that I could see them and that they didn't know it, letting my eyes roam rampantly over the nude beauty while my hand stroked my penis, totally unbeknownst to them.

What turned me on even more than their beautiful breasts were their bushes. Brenda's was thick and dark, while Suzie's was the same strawberry-blonde color as her hair, but curlier. I pictured going down there and begging them to let me suck their sweet pussies. I saw in my mind's eye my head buried in Brenda's dark, hairy thatch, then eating Suzie's vaginal flesh, sucking on her clitoris till she screamed in climax.

At that moment my fantasies ended as my own climax crashed down on me. I came and came in sweet waves of the purest pleasure, my semen bursting from my cock and splashing to the ground below. For a long time afterward, I stood there, savoring the orgasmic afterglow in the dazzling sunlight.

That was the first of many times I spied on Brenda and Suzie that wonderful summer. Their breasts and arses became as familiar to me as those of any woman I'd ever loved. I never had any physical contact with them. In fact, I never had any but the most superficial exchanges with either of them. In reality, that is. In my fantasies, I touched, caressed, kissed and fondled their lovely young bodies to my heart's content.

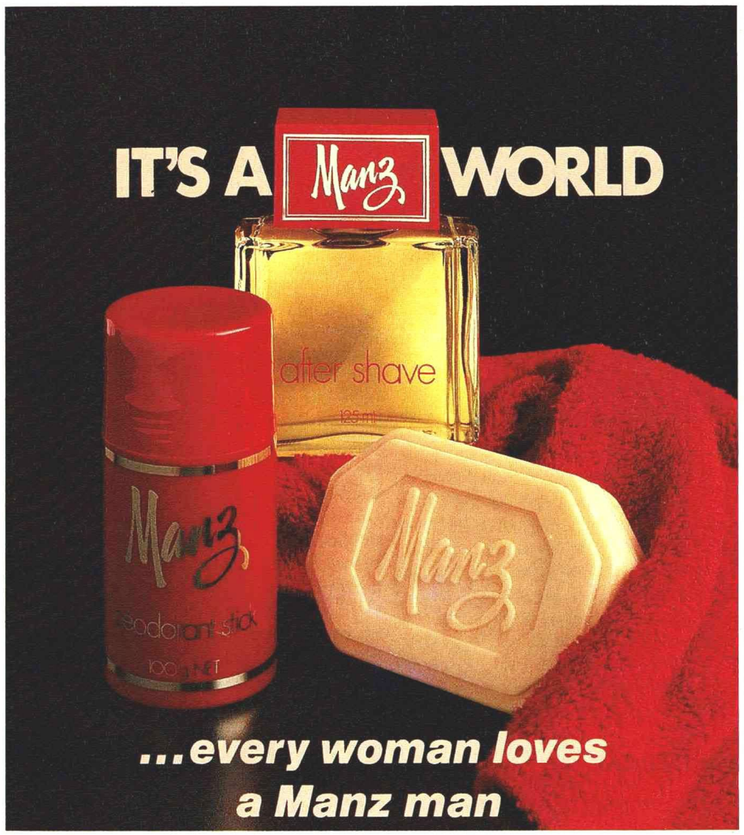
I'll never forget my two young tenants of that summer, whom I knew so casually in reality yet so intimately with my binoculars. They made me feel virile and vigorous, as I hadn't for years, and for that they'll always have my gratitude, though they'll never know it. — *Name and address withheld*

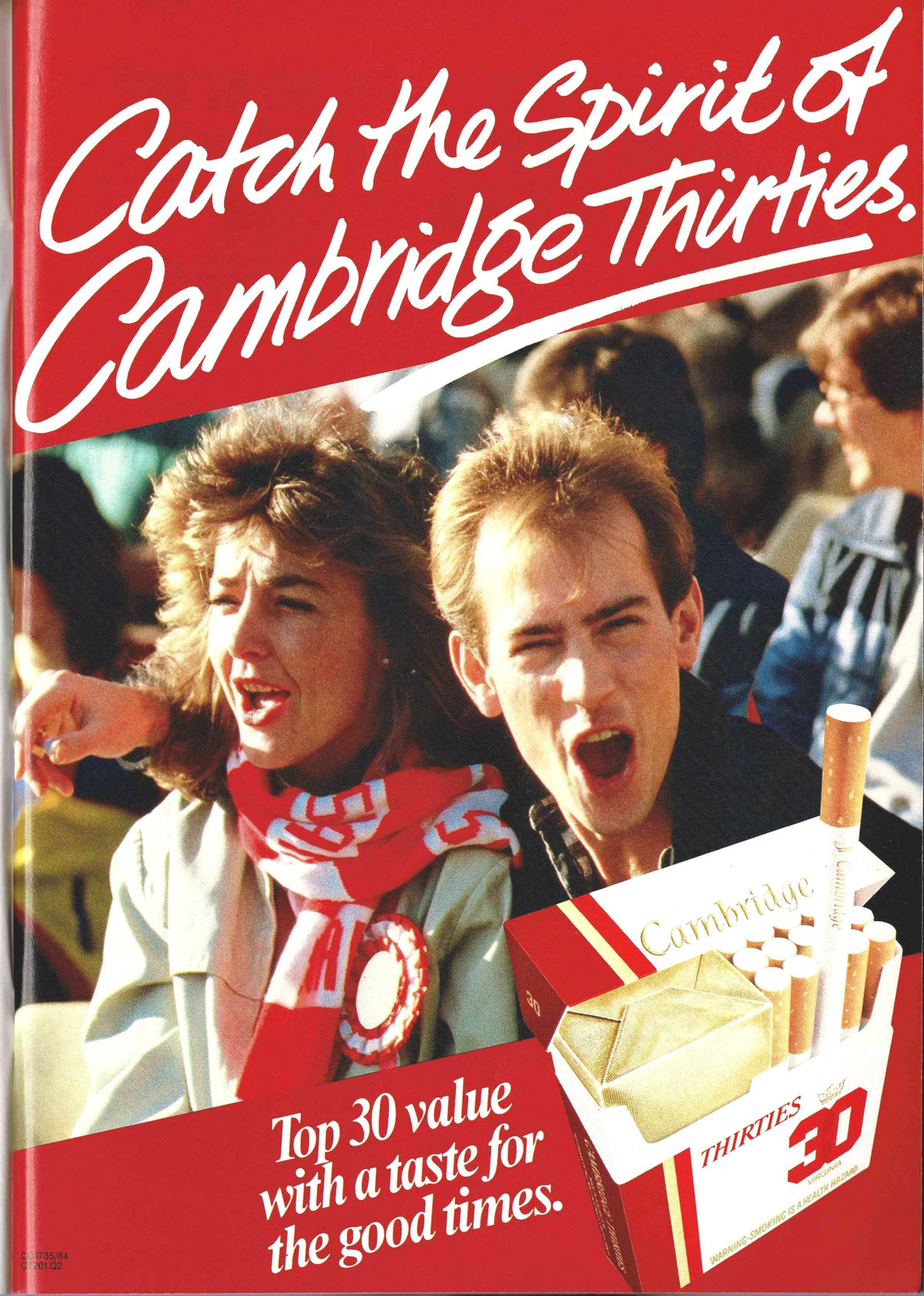
A lucky break

Every man on the beach stopped dead in his tracks, hearts skipped a beat, waves stalled in midair, and dogs catching frisbees hung suspended when she, a seraph of femininity and spendor with light blonde hair, a dark-tanned body, and perfectly rounded breasts, came strolling by. My two friends were as astounded as I was and wanted me to call her over. Being the good friend that I am, I did just that. During her hip-swaying walk over, I pulled out three hairs from my chest. When Miss Perfection arrived, I told her that the three strands in my hand were pussy hairs and that I wanted one of her pubes for my collection.

Instead of blushing, running off, or delivering a feminist lecture, she slowly moved her hand to the outer edge of her snatch. Erections swelled in silence. Our dicks nearly ripped through our trunks when she plucked one of her pubic strands and let out a soft breathy moan. She then handed the blonde curl to me. I trembled as I reached for it. Once I had secured it in the palm of my hand, I sniffed its sacred aroma. Then she asked me to come over to her house that evening when her parents weren't around. She gave me her address, then left. I said so long to my friends, who were all in shock, and I left to prepare for my date.

When I arrived at her secluded suburban home I tried the doorbell but got no





answer. When I walked around back, I found her lying on a lawn chair, scantily dressed. I approached her, and she led me by the hand to a quiet spot underneath three large shady trees.

She began to kiss me passionately. I fondled her breasts with fervor, then wrestled her to the ground, where my hand, like a snake, made its way downward until it slipped under her panties. My hand, which was held tightly to her crotch by the elasticity of her panties, unfolded her luscious pussy lips. My middle finger drilled deep inside her and moved in a clockwise motion. It became almost unbearable for her as I sped my finger's recurring journey around her walls. I sensed an orgasm building inside her. At the very moment when she was about to explode, I rubbed the crotch of her panties between her pussy lips to create an even more glorious orgasm. When she came, she screamed at the top of her lungs.

After a moment's rest, she went after the bulge in my pants. After she unzipped me, she took my cock into her mouth and began to work on it with dynamite lip-and-tongue action. I was drowning in ecstasy. I came rather quickly and shot my burning hot load into her throat. The unexpected explosion nearly choked her, but she was able to recover and swallow every drop.

Now that we were well-acquainted, we quickly undressed. With my razor-edged tongue, I went right to work on her steaming twat. I lapped up her juices for what seemed like an eternity.

She told me to stop, then crawled on top of me and began moistening my penis with her spit. When it was fully drenched she grabbed it by the base and jerked it up and down with lightning speed until it was rock hard again. She then asked me to fuck her. Instead of answering, I rolled on top of her, spread her legs wide, and buried my rod into her. Wildly, I shoved in and out of her. She met each of my thrusts with raised hips. I pulled out before I ejaculated and unleashed my come all over her stomach and breasts. I watched as she rubbed the fluid into her pores as if it were suntan lotion. Despite the soreness of my dick and my aching back, we were able to fuck one more time that afternoon.

As fate would have it, I never learned the identity of this wild nymph. Two weeks later I was transferred across the country miles away, and I never saw her again. — *Name and address withheld*

Cramming time

I am a shapely brunette, tall and dark, with smooth skin, and succulent thighs. I had a sheltered childhood, so when I went to university I was eager to find out about everything uni had to offer.

One evening during the first week of term I was trying to study in the library, but it was difficult to concentrate because of the heat of the sultry night. I noticed that my black T-shirt was becoming damp and was clinging noticeably to my breasts.

As if the heat weren't enough to ruin my concentration, I couldn't keep my eyes off the gorgeous athlete studying across the table from me. He was large and muscular, with glinting blue eyes and a mass of tousled blond hair. As he wrote, my eyes strayed from my book to his strong, powerful hand that moved across his notepad. I couldn't help but imagine how his fingers would feel caressing my hard nipples.

Gradually I noticed that he too was beginning to stare at me. I turned my head away to avoid his intense gaze, but I'm sure my hot blush betrayed my secret desire. Embarrassed, I buried my face in my book.

Suddenly, I felt his bare foot caress the back of my knee. I looked up to meet his hungry stare as his foot pressed upward. I bit my lip to contain a sigh as I yielded to his delightful probing. I slid my hips forward on the seat to meet his quickening strokes. My pussy was throbbing and getting wet under the skilful rubbing of his foot. Our eyes met. We both knew what we had to do.

Without a word, he stood up and I could see the eager bulge under his tight jeans. I followed him through the stacks, my eyes stayed fixed on his broad back and his

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firm, boyish bottom. He turned sharply into a dark corner that housed a phone booth.

As he pulled my body against his, we squeezed into the booth. His burning tongue sent desire throughout my quivering body as he explored my mouth, ears, and neck. I slid my hands under his shirt to caress his back, slowly moving them down to grasp his muscular buttocks. As I squeezed his bum, he unzipped his fly and I felt his huge cock press against me.

His hands slid up my sides and slipped off my shirt. I groaned with desire as he buried his face in my luscious tits. I began to heave and buck as he alternately sucked then playfully nilbbled at my breasts. At the same time I ran my hands up and down his rock-hard shaft as he moaned with excitement.

Then to my surprise, he took the phone receiver in his right hand and wrapped my body with the cord. He slowly ran the receiver between my breasts and down toward my steaming pussy. He rubbed the hard plastic against my clit until I begged for the real thing. He was only too glad to oblige.

As he thrust into me, I shrieked with pleasure. I grew hotter and hotter as he pumped deeper. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to take all of him. But somehow I opened wide enough.

Digging my fingers deep into his shoulders, I knew I was about to come. Our bodies blasted into orgasm together as he shot quarts of creamy jism into my bursting, shuddering box. We stayed in the phone booth until the library closed, then we ventured out to explore new territory, new positions, and new sensations. — *Name and address withheld*

Filling cavities

I am a 35-year-old dentist practising in a small town. Yesterday was a rather routine day, but it ended on a spectacular note, and an exceedingly sexy one.

My last patient of the day was my wife, Angie. She is a beautiful woman of 28 with a curvy little arse and a great set of tits. Assisting me was my nurse, Rosalyn, who at 19 is already a divorcee. Rosalyn is a very open person who is not afraid to discuss anything, sex included, and we often exchange opinions on intimate subjects. When she started working for me four months ago, my wife took to her immediately and the two became good friends. Just how good I was soon to find out.

Following routine X-rays, general oral examination and prophylaxis (cleaning), Rosalyn left Angie and me alone in the treatment room. No sooner was Rosalyn out of the room than my wife started telling me how horny she was and how badly she needed some hot sex. I reminded her that we were not alone and said she'd just have to wait until we got home. Just then Rosalyn popped back into the room and said that whatever we "old married people" wanted to do was fine, as long as she got to join in.

I turned to look at my sexy assistant and found her wearing only a pair of tiny lace panties. Startled, I looked at my wife, who grinned and said that she and Rosalyn had a surprise for me. In one motion she pulled her dress up over her head and tossed it aside. There she stood in a black bra, a black garter belt framing her naked pussy and sheer black stockings.

Angie and Rosalyn started helping me out of my clothes, explaining that they had been planning this for weeks. My wife reminded me of my fantasy of making it with two females at the same time and said that she wanted it to come true. As soon as I was naked, the women put me in the dental chair and lowered it flat, parallel to the floor. Then Rosalyn slipped out of her tiny underpants and straddled the chair, her pussy hovering over my disbelieving face.

A moment later, Rosalyn was grinding her sweet pussy against my face and Angie was rubbing her bra-encased tits over my swelling cock. When my tool was rock-hard, she straddled the chair and sank down on to my pole of flesh. From under Rosalyn's pussy I could see her and my wife fondling each other and occasionally kissing. I was so excited I couldn't hold back, and I shot my load into Angie's pussy.

Without giving me a chance to rest, the women pulled me out of the chair so that Angie could lie down. As soon as my wife was in the chair, Rosalyn started licking her pussy clean and saying how she had known that my semen would taste good. In no time at all, I was hard again and Rosalyn, seeing my erection, motioned for me to get behind her. I did, slipping my cock deep inside her very wet pussy in one fluid motion. Using slow steady strokes, I worked my cock in and out of her as she munched on my wife's pussy.

She started bucking and moaning, ramming her fanny back against my thrusting cock so hard and fast that I had to hold tight to the arms of the chair. Rosalyn would lick Angie's pussy on the forward stroke and then impale herself on my cock on her backward stroke. It didn't take much of this to push us over the edge. My sexy wife and equally sexy assistant both came explosively. As I started spurting, Rosalyn jumped up, grabbed hold of my hose and directed the stream of semen at Angie's heaving tits. Then she smeared my come over my wife's breasts.

The three of us cleaned up, dressed and went out to have a drink. Over drinks, Rosalyn and Angie said they just might spring another surprise on me one of these days. If it's as good as the first one, I'm going to have myself a great time. — *Name and address withheld.*

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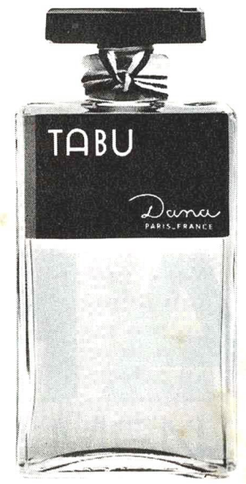

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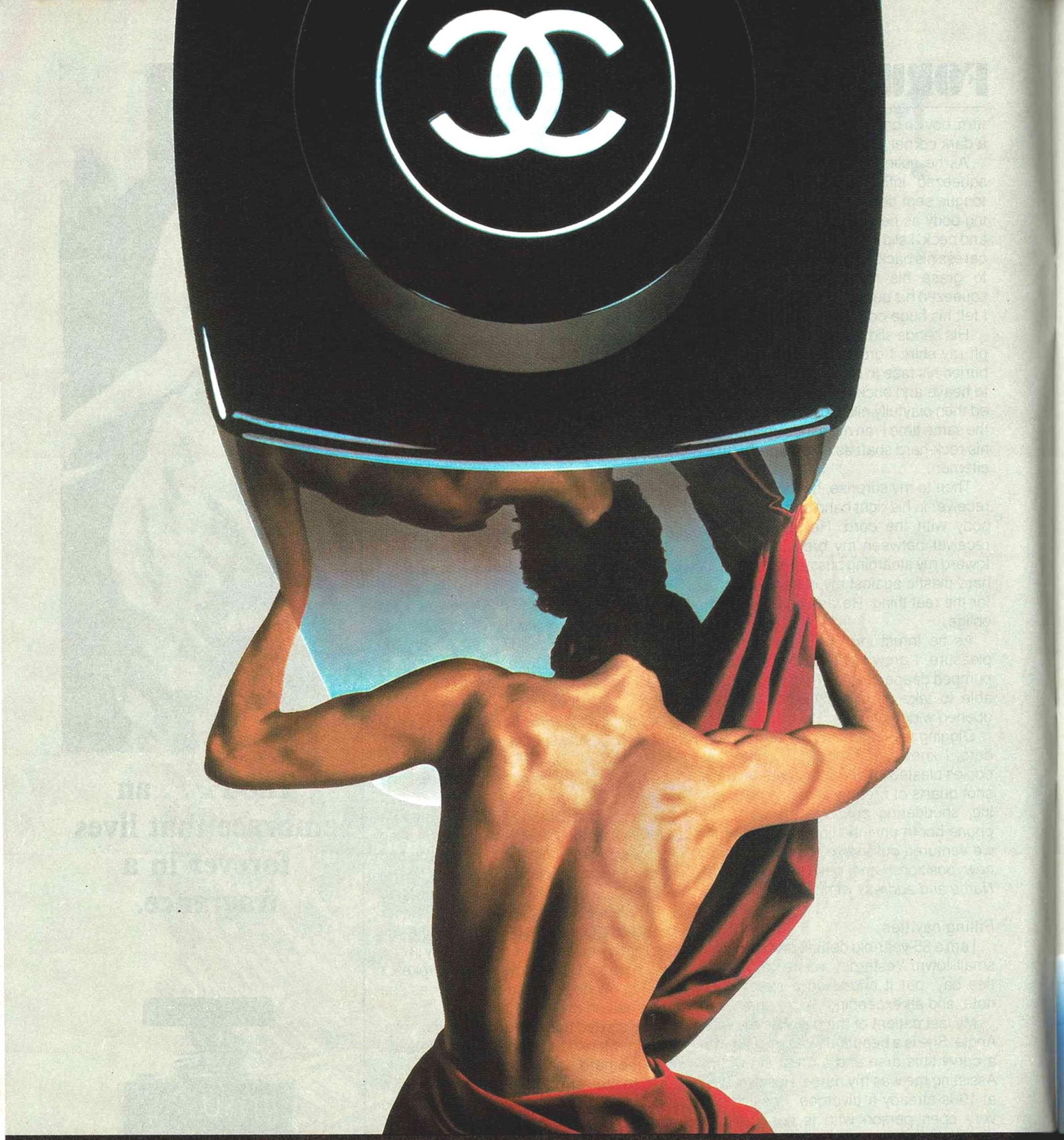

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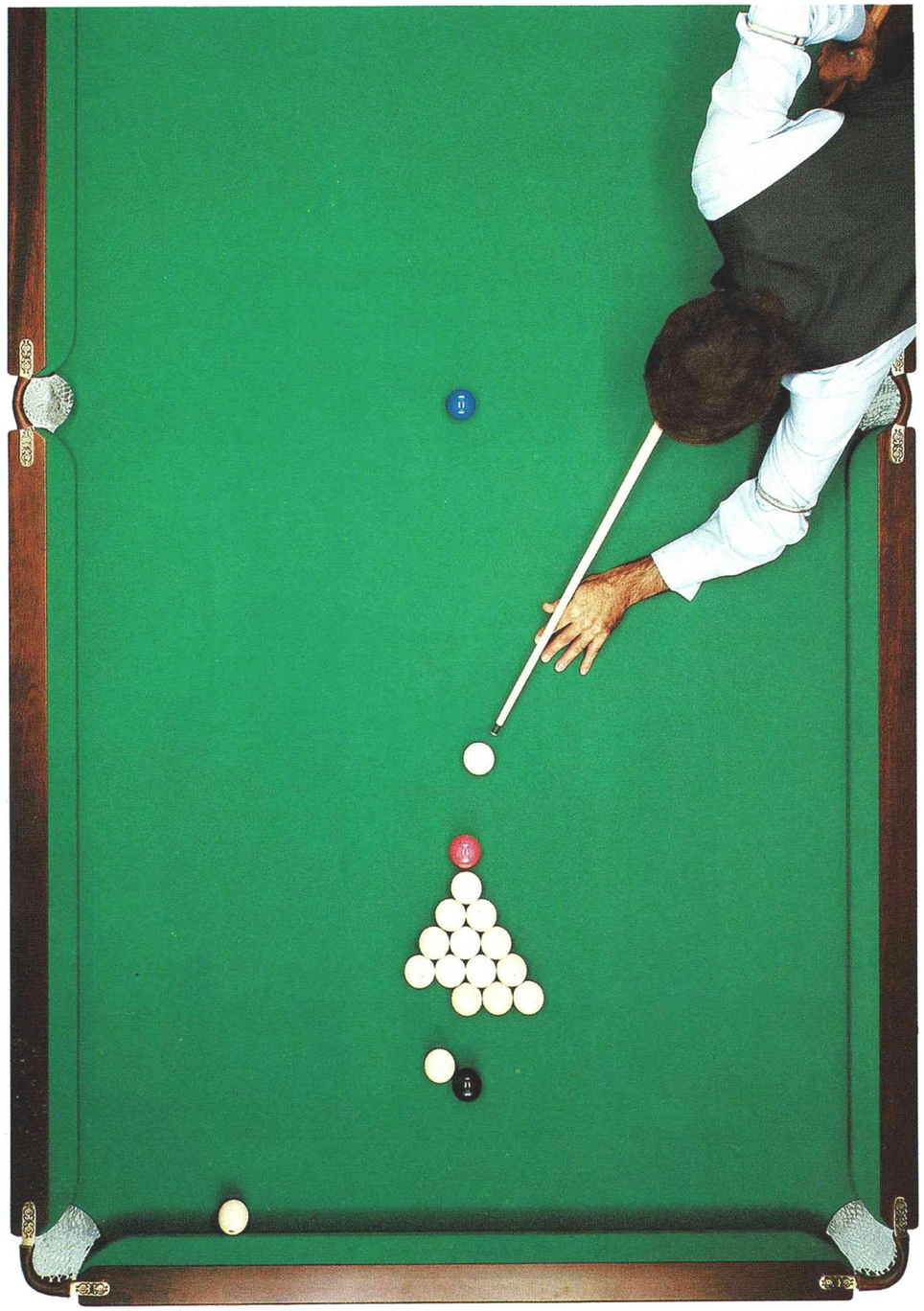
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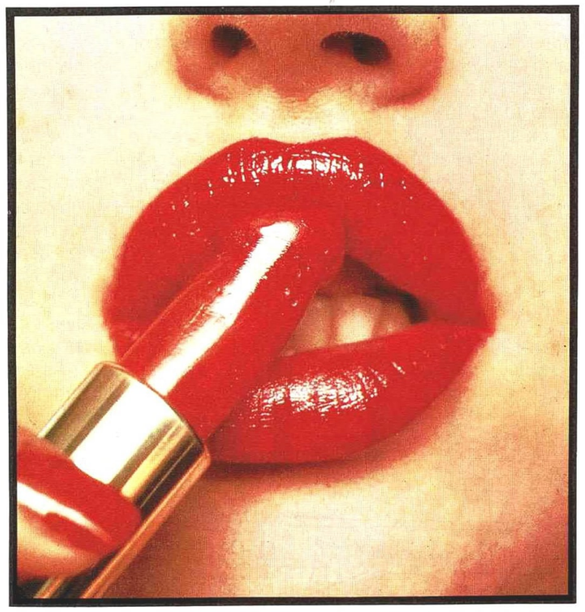
LETTER OF THE MONTH

My 26-year-old wife, Susan, and I have been married for nearly eight years. We have two sons, who are both in school. Before we got married and during our first year together we had sex frequently (three to four times a week), and it was intense. I have always enjoyed foreplay — fondling and kissing — but I get so involved when arousing my lover, stroking and licking her, that I make her come several times and completely forget about my own need to come. My wife, in turn, caresses and sucks me to the verge of an explosive orgasm before she mounts me.



After a year, our sexual frequency dwindled continuously until it got down to about once a month around three years ago. Thinking this was merely due to boredom (a frequent problem in marriages), I began to initiate new forms of sexual pleasure into our monthly sessions, such as vibrators, etc. My wife was more than willing to try these things and always enjoyed them to the point of multiple orgasms. Recently she has been masturbating and using the vibrators on herself while I watch, which drives us both wild. We end up screwing in a frenzied passion of sexual lust. But still no more frequently than once a month.

As our experimentation continued she began to purchase her own vibrators, and much to my delight, she also bought many sexy, revealing teddies, in which she parades around the house. Being only 26, Susan has a body like one of the pets in Penthouse. *Just looking at her in tight jeans or anything else she puts on gives me an instant erection. This can get pretty embarrassing in public since my old fellow isn't easy to hide. I am very proud to be seen walking with her, since in her sexy clothes and make-up she turns a lot of men's heads. As she walks around the house with her tits barely concealed, pert nipples straining against lacy fabric, and slender legs leading to a beautiful, hair-framed pussy, my dick strains in anticipation of a long night of passionate sexual adventure and sweet release. Before we get to bed, however, I usually find her in a change of clothes. Then she gives me the cold shoulder, and says, "I don't feel like it tonight. Go to sleep."*

Feeling as if our problem may not be sexual boredom after all, I thought it may be due to her dissatisfaction with my appearance. Since I'm 30 years old now, I have probably lost my sexual appeal over the years. Three years ago I bought a set of weights and started a rigid exercise program, which I continue up to this day. The results were surprising. I even received an occasional comment of encouragement from my wife. Also, I paid special attention to keeping myself clean and well-groomed, and I had my wife pick out all my clothes in hope that she would only want me to wear what she thinks I'd look good in. Still we have not had sex more than once a month, if at all.

Whenever her girlfriends came over, their conversations always led to sex, and eventually she bragged about the size of my cock and my technique between the sheets. This seemed to arouse the other girls, and they made comments about how they would like to give me a try, etc. There's nothing I would like more, but I'm a little shy, and I'm afraid a direct come-on to one of them might get back to Susan.

Confused over why she even mentioned these things to her friends and intrigued by their teasing come-ons, I worked up the nerve to ask simply: "Do you want to see me go to bed with one of your friends? Do you want to screw other men? Do you have fantasies about making it with another woman? Or perhaps a

XAVIERA

threesome?" All her answers were expected responses. No, she didn't want any of these things, and if she ever caught me with another woman, she would divorce me. Still the conversations with her friends persisted, along with their sexual teasing.

At wit's end, I convinced my wife that her lack of sexual desire was causing me severe mental torment and suggested that she seek professional help. Thankfully, she agreed. After spending a lot of money on doctors, ranging from gynaecologists and psychologists to hypnotherapists, we both walked away baffled, and I was even more depressed.

I was advised to bring her flowers and gifts every week and hold and kiss her without trying to get into bed, so she wouldn't feel like a sex object. I tried to help restore her self-respect. The doctors asked me several times if I though she might be having an affair, but I know that it isn't possible. My office is very close to home and I drop by unannounced all the time. In addition, whenever she goes anywhere with her friends, I can account for her whereabouts. She doesn't drive so she's home quite a lot and seems to be content there most of the time.

In the past year I have even tried to score. But I'm afraid my technique must leave a lot to be desired. I have struck out 100 percent. The girls tell me they like me as a friend. Damn it, I don't want any friends! I need sex and a lot of affection!

Your expertise in these matters comes from a different source than other professionals we've seen. Could you please offer some solution to my problem? — B.R.

As usual there are two points of view for this situation. I think that you are too nice, as you say, and that you are shy and bashful. You need character-building more than bodybuilding. You give in too easily to your wife. You try too hard to please her, and I suspect that she, in fact, gets a sexual thrill out of making you suffer.

Compared with you she may have a much weaker libido, which was artificially raised by the excitement of your excellent lovemaking in the first phase of your relationship. As happens to many wives, however, she may not be sufficiently occupied with her kids and housework, and is bored with the thought of regular sex.

Perhaps your doctor's advice is the wrong approach. Maybe what she needs is a brute. You've tried every aspect of kind persuasion, and it doesn't seem to work. The alternative is to put your foot down and make it absolutely clear to her that without sex your marriage is not a complete relationship.

INDEPENDENT ADDICTION

I have what I think is a unique problem. I have never heard of this before, and I have never seen it in a magazine. This is the first time I've told it to another person. My problem is that I am a dyed-in-the-wool masturbation addict.

I have masturbated in every imaginable place. I have jerked off in movie theatres, in my school, in every room of my house, in public bathrooms, in the streets at night, with other people, in front of an open window with people watching, on a ferris wheel, on a crowded bus at night, and many other places.

I have achieved orgasm in various ways, too: sticking my meat between the seat and lid of the toilet, tying a string to my foreskin and a doorknob while moving back and forth, flexing my spitting dog until I reached orgasm (which, by the way, was during class), and via many other methods that I can't go into here. Needless to say, there's hardly an item of foodstuff in my larder that hasn't been included in my sexual experiments.

This has been going on for about 10 years now. I have been trying to quit for about four years and have not made any progress yet. I'm wondering if there's anyone out there with the same overwhelming problem. I get the feeling that I'm a sick, sick man. Don't tell me to get lucky more often, because that is impossible for reasons I do not feel like getting into. — H.K., Sydney

Although your letter sounds a bit corny, it is far from unique. I receive many letters on this subject every month.

Masturbation is a healthy form of exercise, like jogging or swimming, and it helps to keep the appropriate organs in good working order. It *does not make you go blind* (unless you squirt the semen in your eyes), nor does it stunt your growth. I see no reason for you to give it up.

As a substitute for normal sex, it is a harmless pastime — unless you do it in public. Also, using things like vacuum cleaners or doorknobs is potentially dangerous, because you may do yourself a permanent injury.

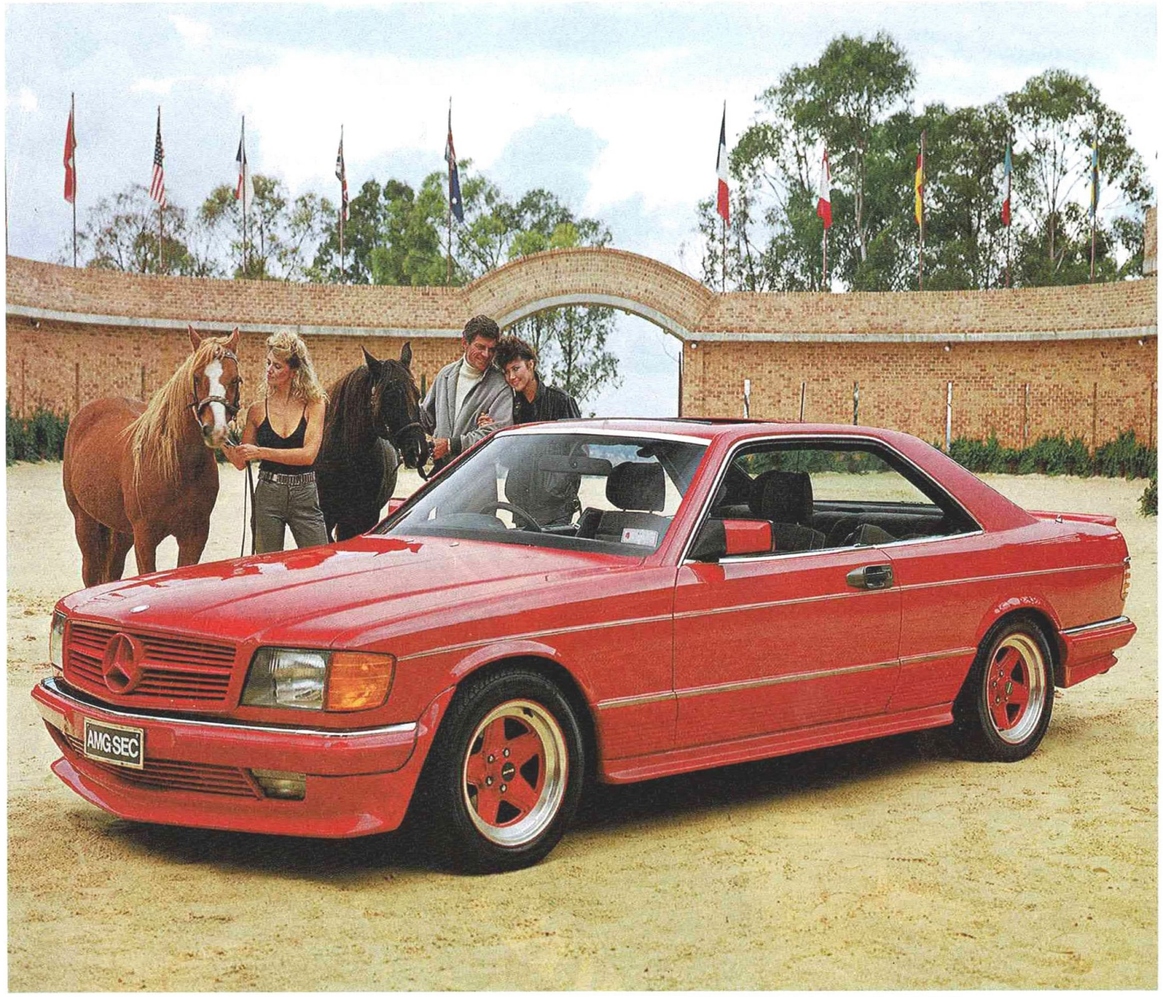
A boyfriend of mine once sang this song for me to the tune of "Funiculi, Funicula":

One night as I lay dreaming
I pulled my pud
It did me good
I knew it would
Lash it, bash it, beat it on the floor
Knead it, squeeze it, pinch it in the door
They say that sexual intercourse is absolutely grand
But, for me, I much prefer to do the whole thing with my hand.

In your case, however, masturbation seems to have become a solitary obsession, so much so that you are becoming more and more of a hermit and are afraid to go out into the world and meet women. I think your problem is revealed in the last line of your letter. But unless you feel like going into it, I cannot help you.

"Congratulations, Boswick. I've chosen you to fill a long, vacant executive slot."

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...



This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes . . . except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

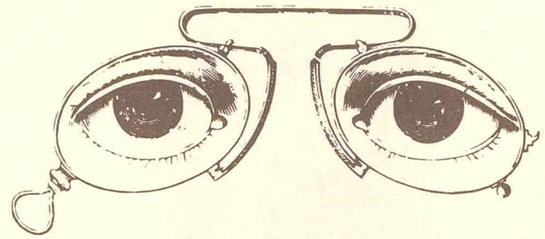
Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary . . . better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ 206



VIEW FROM THE TOP

A NEO-NATAL NIGHTMARE

BY GREG HUNTER

I have a recurring nightmare. It seems to be triggered somewhere in my subconscious each time I scan the morning dailies and alight upon an item such as "BABIES WITH NO MOTHERS!" or "NOW, PREGNANT FATHERS!" or "PHILLIP WANTS TO HAVE A BABY!" Try as I might to resist, a morbid fascination compels me to read on. And thus the seeds of my trauma are sown once again.

The dream opens on a polished corridor deep in the labyrinthine bowels of a suburban hospital. I am looking for the door labelled: "COUNSELLING — RECALCITRANT MALES." I knock, then enter in a shambling fashion on command. I take my place opposite a greying, matronly social worker who prepares to go over the arguments with me one more time. Her patience is near exhaustion, and the hands with which she grips the plastic clipboard are drained of blood, the knuckles bristling white.

"Mr Hunter," she begins tersely, "it is our considered opinion that your reluctance to bear your wife a child stems from a profound neurosis. Despite all the arguments we have presented, your deep-rooted male chauvinism has led you to harbor irrational fears concerning the process of masculine childbirth. I will reiterate our objections to your stubborness, and if you refuse once more to agree to an impregnation, I will have to assent to the Board's recommendation that your wife apply for a divorce. Approval would in that case be automatic, of course.

"Now let us consider the situation at hand. Your wife is a successful career woman whose time is at a premium. She desperately wants a child, but is rightly concerned that a pregnancy at this stage of her life would place an intolerable burden on her social and professional development. You, on the other hand, are unemployed. Since you are not a member of either of those male classes for whom pregnancy is clearly counter-productive — I refer of course to the genetically engineered slave-clones and neo-athletes — and since you are not currently engaged in any useful activity, your refusal to assent to the impregnation places you in grave danger of joining that class of useless outcast males for whom society has coined the term 'drones.' You have admitted that you could not conceive of a more unsavory option, yet you continue to resist the obvious solution to the problem.

"At the same time, on a purely clinical level, your fears in relation to the proposed pregnancy are unfounded. The procedure, as I have explained on numerous occasions, is a simple one. Ectopic pregnancy consists of the implantation of an embryo produced in the test tube from your own sperm and an ovum donated by your wife. The embryo is implanted in your abdomen and the child is delivered by Caesarian section. The mortality rate for both the father and the child is no higher than that which applies to an old-fashioned maternal pregnancy.

"The alternative you have proposed — that of awaiting the breakthrough which will enable science to proceed with the development of the artificial womb — is a selfish one. It takes no account of your wife's ardent desire to produce an offspring while in the prime of her life. Therefore, your position is utterly untenable in the eyes of the Board. You have one week to change your mind. Go home and think about it carefully."

I *have* thought about it carefully. I have wept copiously for the wealth of literary imagery that has been cruelly rendered obsolete at the stroke of a scalpel. I have wept for the memory of the immortal bard, whose wonderfully barbarous line "Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped" had to be hastily rewritten, along with numerous others, at the direction of the Committee for the Eradication of Biological Chauvinism in Literature. I have even wept for the demise of all those little cliches like "insurance from womb to tomb" which once lent to the human condition a sense of predictability and permanence. Now, in this age of masculine pregnancy, even the most evocative of all male cliches — the traditional Australian beergut — no longer evinces its symbolic power.

And so, imbued once more with righteous indignation, I confront my spouse and reaffirm my stoic recalcitrance. She flies into a rage, than breaks into uncontrolled sobbing, and finally admonishes bitterly: "It's because you hate children — that's why you won't have our baby."

"No, my dear," I respond. "In fact, I *love* children — but I can't bear them."

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

THIN ICE

After some overseas jaunts including a stint supporting David Bowie and a made-to-order soundtrack for Russell Mulcahy's *Razorback* (EMI), chief florist come iceman Iva Davies returns with **Icehouse's** third album, *Sidewalk* (Regular). "Back-to-a-band-format" Davies has let his demo tapes be dissected and individually seasoned by all concerned. Most vocal tracks are first takes, which gives Davies little chance to do anything but wear his influences on his throat. We hear

Iva Davies' *Sidewalk . . . stylish but unoriginal*

someone who has been listening to Bowie and Bryan Ferry, and who appears more than familiar with Jim Kerr of Simple Minds. The arrangements echo middle period Roxy, Simple Minds ("Shot Down" and "Sidewalk"), and solo Davies ("Stay Close Tonight" bears a resemblance to "Great Southern Land"). The other players have their moments to shine, like when Guy Pratt's bass growls to the fore ("Don't Believe Anymore") and Joe Camilleri drenches it in emotive sax. The self-proclaimed "fathers of modern new-wave music" are back with a stylish, if not particularly original effort.

Dragon address the *Body And The Beat* (Polygram) in a classically pop manner for their return to stardom, offering a sense of security and continuity to gig-scarred veterans of an ever transient industry. This New Zealand beast of olde has regained its teeth (Marc Hunter) and copped a transfusion of new blood on the way with drummer Terry Chambers (ex XTC) and keyboardist Alan Mansfield (ex Robert Palmer). Unless you committed yourself to a bomb shelter over a year ago this album's "hits" will be familiar: catchy, big beat froth that makes good commercial sense, without being chest-beating anthems for the new age.

Lament (Chrysalis) is **Ultravox's** fourth fully-fledged album since early mentor John Fox departed and it sees them regaining some of the ground they lost since the excellent *Vienna.* Always masters of the mock heroics, they have finally taken control of the production and have been surprisingly reserved in their use of Textural Thickening Agents. The main variation in feels still seems to be what they had for breakfast (some days you just don't feel The Beat as fast as others) but they have absorbed more diverse sounds from the likes of the Thompson Twins.

Frontline (CBS) sees **Redgum** as a serious, if pedestrian, rock band — expect their scratch mix of "The Sentimental Bloke."

The Bop Girl, aka **Pat Wilson,** outdoes those masters of generic compilations, K-Tel Records, with her seven track *Strong Love* (WEA), where she meets the B52s, has breakfast, does her Old McDonald's Farm mantra, goes surfing and falls prey to killer bees.

Hot on the heels of their excellent but largely ignored *Danseparc* **Martha And The Muffins,** now simply M&M, take a *Mystery Walk* (RCA) with strong sounds but weaker songs, while **Laura Branigan** claims *Self Control* (Atlantic) but exercises her usual European-tinged pop histrionics.

Not ones to be ignored, **The Cure** have taken up their story at *The Top* (Sire) with a "Caterpillar" recap and an album of thundering ditties.

Band years are as contracted as those of your favorite domestic animal — which puts **Chicago** with their *Chicago 17* (WEA) in line for their telegram from the Queen. Meanwhile **Vanilla Fudge** (yes, you read right) have reformed to keep themselves in the style to which their accountants had become accustomed, although why remains a *Mystery* (Atco).

Ultravox . . . *more diverse*

With *Domino Theory* (CBS) the **Weather Report** seems to be much the same as *The Day Before* — often aimless, and with some forgettable cornball lyrics. *Time Exposure* (Epic) is master bass man **Stanley Clarke's** excuse to play the bass without too much worry about the songs . . . oh well, nice pops Stan.

Blancmange pump out some strong foot tapping feels on their second album *Mange Tout* (London) while **Echo And The Bunnymen** manage to sing "take me internally" on their *Ocean Rain* (WEA) whilst keeping a straight face.

In the land of very large singles, former handbag of the month, **Marilyn,** is in a decidedly dreadlocked mood for *You Don't Love Me* (Mercury). Registered pubescent pout, **Madonna,** is on the *Borderline* (Sire) of tedium with a large "Jellybean" mix and a short (stature) song. **Wham** resurface as faves of drivetime DJs. They follow with Arthur Murray precision the nostalgic footprints of a doo-wop Billy Joel, imploring *Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go* (Epic). **Natasha** is "wild and free" in her north-west London *Homeland* (Liberation) — Big Country goes disco. In a voice that reeks of Manhattan ennui, **Dominatrix** flex their leather-clad bodices through *The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight* (WEA). **Nina Hagen** graces us with English and German versions of her *New York, New York* (CBS) as well as a cinematic version of "Zarah." **Psychedelic Furs** have found chart *Heaven* (CBS) with an hysterically "contemporary" New York remix of "Heartbeat." **Was (Not Was)** stretch their jokes even further on *Out Come The Freaks* (Ze), and **Private Lives** have remixed and rereleased their *Please* (RCA) in an attempt to save a good song from an unmarked, independent grave. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILM

ALL AMERICAN GUYS

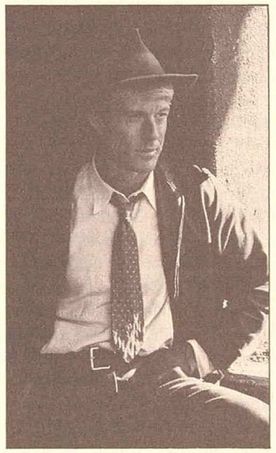
The central role in **The Natural** could have been tailor-made for Robert Redford. Roy Hobbs, the baseball hero of the film is a clean-cut, scrupulously honest, dashingly handsome, all-American good guy. He's also got a healthy helping of masculine mystique, that stand-offishness that reeks of rugged individualism. And if the role wasn't originally tailor-made for Redford, you can bet your bottom dollar that during his three-year absence from the screen, Redford did quite a bit of overseeing as a busy band of seamsters snipped to let it in a bit here, out a bit there, until it snugly enveloped the blue-eyed, white-toothed image he's seldom strayed from in his film career.

The Natural is an American sporting legend adapted from Pulitzer Prize-winner Bernard Malamud's first novel. Young Roy Hobbs is a kid whose natural ability with a bat and ball is encouraged by the kind of dad children always have in American sitcoms.

The night after Roy's kindly pop dies in the fields, a bolt of lightning rips apart the giant tree under which he drew his last breath. Little Roy sees it as a sign and sets about crafting the baseball bat to end all baseball bats from its sundered stump. The stuff of legend, or what?

A few years later Roy's the hottest thing on a diamond, waiting to be discovered. He gets a shot at a trial with a big team and packs up his bat, has a last tender roll in the hay with his "Tess Trueheart" girlfriend Iris Gaines (Glenn Close) and hops a rattler for the big smoke.

At a stop along the way he shows what he's made of in a contest of skills with The Whammer (Joe Don Baker), the country's number one homer hitter of the day. Roy's pitching strikes The Whammer out, proving to one and all that this young



Redford as slugger Hobbs

hayseed is a cert for the Baseball Hall Of Fame. Then tragedy strikes when golden-haired Roy is lured from the straight and narrow and undone in a nasty incident involving a mystery woman (Barbara Hershey).

Cut to New York more than a decade later as an ageing, unknown drifter is signed to The Knights, a team down on its luck and up to its cap in corruption. At last the cinematographers can dispense with Vaseline-lensed attempts to pass Redford off as a pink-cheeked 19-year-old. Hobbs is the tight-lipped, mysterious player who joins The Knights under sufferance of Pop Fisher (Wilford Brimley), the team's crusty old manager who looks like losing the team to his evil partner Judge Banner (Robert Prosky) if the boys don't win the pennant. As the oldest rookie in the league, Hobbs has to prove himself, and he does.

The pennant however is not within the Knights' grasp until Hobbs has singlehandledly battled corruption, temptation and bad luck in the form of blonde cutie Memo Paris (Kim Basinger), the threat of blackmail from conniving sports reporter Max Mercy (Robert Duvall) and ultimately diced with death. Finally, crippled and bleeding internally, but with the knowledge that his teenage sweetheart and the son he never knew he had are up there in the stands, slugger Hobbs belts one into the stadium lights to win the game and shower the field in waterfalls of sparks.

The Natural's take on the American Dream is apparently making it a fortune in the States. Perhaps its tongue in cheek fairytale flavor does have a certain schmaltzy Disneyland appeal. But in my books, it is as lacking in character as it is purposely lacking in credibility. I like a bit more crunchiness to get my teeth into beneath a sugar coating. Beneath *The Natural's* glass and half of full cream corn lies an oozing sickly syrup. Just like the lumpy side of Robert Redford's face, nothing with any interest or punch ever makes it to the screen in this one, despite its very strong cast. I came away feeling like I'd just eaten three packets of Fantales to read the wrappers, not having learned anything and feeling like I wanted to puke.

An even more blatant All American Good Guy, if you can believe that, juts his square jaw forward in **Top Secret** — a crazy, "spoof on everything" film from Americans Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker. They made up the team that put together the comedy *Airplane*!, released in Australia as *Flying High* a few years back.

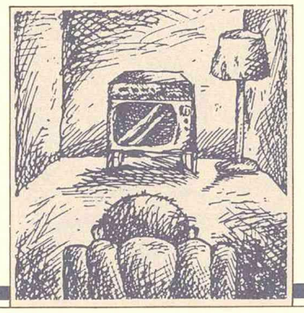
Well, their feet are no closer to the ground in this effort, which follows the adventures of a clean-cut American rock star Nick Rivers in East Germany.

Nick is invited to East Germany to represent his great nation at a cultural festival. At least that's what he's led to believe. Unbeknownst to him, the event is being staged to divert the world's attention from a plan by the East German High Command to reunite East and West Germany under neo-Nazi rule. The jack-booted bad guys have kidnapped and imprisoned world-renowned scientist Dr Flammond and are blackmailing him into creating a deadly secret weapon on the threat that his sweet daughter Hillary will be killed.

That's just the start of it. *Top Secret* takes so many twists and turns and loops that it is in danger of tying itself into one big loosely ravelled knot. It sends up everything from World War II Nazi flicks, prison escape epics, "set out back" surfing stompers to rock the maltshop movies *a la* Elvis. There's also a liberal lashing of espionage parody and the obligatory send up of the farewell scene in *Casablanca.*

Young American actor Val Kilmer is great as Nick Rivers and English actress Lucy Gutteridge is suitably succulent and delightfully dotty as Hillary. Omar Sharif pops up for a few wet joke scenes, to prove perhaps that he's still alive and is not above making a fool of himself. Peter Cushing makes a heavily disguised appearance in one of the film's cleverest, though not funniest scenes.

For fans of the *Flying High, Kentucky Fried Movie* genre, *Top Secret* is a must. It's certainly not what you'd call a "ball-tearer" for it attempts to shove too much into too little space with scant regard for a build to climax. But what the heck, a laugh's a laugh after all, and *Top Secret* has at least one for everybody. — *C.J. Mackay.*



VIDEO

POVERTY ROW PRODIGIES

Various countries, including Australia, have established film schools to educate their young film makers and hopefully promote strong and nationalistic indigenous film industries. However, in terms of eventual productivity and sheer entertainment value, perhaps the most fertile film training establishments have been in the hands of American private enterprise.

Exploitation producers, Roger Corman and the team of Samuel Arkoff and James Nicholson (American International), almost single-handedly established the current wave of American cinematic leaders through their tightwad methods of production, their (mostly) faultless nose for what audiences wanted *and* their exploitation of the young bucks of film who would, eventually, become the crown princes. Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*), John Milius (*Conan The Barbarian*), Jack Nicholson (pick one of a dozen films), Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper (*Easy Rider*), Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show*), and Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather*), are but a few of the talents who cut their teeth on Corman and American International's poverty row flicks. Not surprisingly, considering their later rewards, they all talk of their time churning out "B" to "Z" grade films on impossibly miniscule budgets with a great deal of retrospective fondness.

Warren Oates blazes as gangster John Dillinger

Boxcar Bertha, directed by Martin Scorsese before *Taxi Driver*, and **Dillinger**, written and directed by the violence-loving John Milius, and both distributed through Roadshow Video, are prime examples of the Corman/Arkoff/Nicholson formula. Both are set in the days of the Great Depression, both have an accent on violence, and both glorify that violence without trying to make complete mugs of the audience — in much the same way as George Miller accomplished with *Mad Max II*. Both films feature individuals hard done by the system who wreak havoc on that system, and then are made to pay for their reckless ways.

Milius has a love affair with *the gun*, and the men who live by it, and with the saga of John Dillinger he found a perfect coupling. Dillinger was a run-of-the-mill gangster at a time when the likes of Bonnie and Clyde, Baby Face Nelson, Ma Barker and company were causing havoc across America. Strangely, films have been made about every one of those gangsters — and not at all about the men who brought them to justice! Dillinger, who became Public Enemy Number One, might well have faded into the annals of criminal history had it not been for the betrayal that finally brought him to justice.

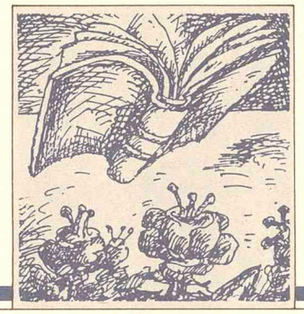
As is his bent, Milius wears his heart on his sleeve with *Dillinger* (the title role being played by the late Warren Oates), glorifying his criminal adventures, showing him to be an individual out of step with his times — yet undoubtedly a man amongst men. To balance Dillinger, Milius features the cigar-chewing lawman (played by veteran Ben Johnson in another of his "salt-of-the-earth" performances) who proves to be Dillinger's nemesis; he's the man who may not go along with all that the law is, but who nonetheless will try to make it work come hell or high water.

Boxcar Bertha, produced by Roger Corman for the American International duo, gave Martin Scorsese his first real jab at getting away from the low budget, almost underground, films he had been doing up to this time. Concerning the experiences of a lady of the Depression, Bertha Thompson, played by Barbara Hershey, *Boxcar Bertha* follows this "Queen of hobo jungles" as she becomes an outlaw of her times, making use of the lovers she takes on along the railway tracks to rob trains. During the Depression there was no shortage of men to draw upon, the railroads being the artery for jobless Americans desperate to bum rides from one end of the country to the other.

The apple of Bertha's eye is a rebel unionist, Big Bill Shelley (played by small David Carradine). Shelley is part of the developing community of socially conscious who are intent on bringing the railroad barons to their knees. In this case the baron is H. Buckram Sartoris, played by Carradine's father, John, one of the true rebel veterans of Hollywood. The road to social consciousness is not an easy one for Shelley, as is the case with Bertha. Scorsese actually uses Shelley's personality development as something of a trial run for his Robert De Niro character in *Taxi Driver.*

In fact, that's part of the enjoyment in looking at the early works of these writer/directors — spotting the seeds of ideas they developed later on down the line. Many of Hollywood's superstar actors, directors and-writers must shudder at the things they once did to keep the wolf from the door (such as Sylvester Stallone's infamous skin-flick, *The Italian Stallion*, and Steve McQueen's portrayal of a bug-eyed youth in *The Blob*).

Home videos give the interested viewer, prepared with one of those movie rating books and a bit of film nous, the opportunity to seek out the best, the worst, and the most embarrassing, in the fledgling days of the contemporary stars and their directors and writers. — *Denis Whitburn*



WORDS

CONVICTED TASTES

Under his own moniker and a variety of aliases, Richard Beckett has been entertaining Australians with his commentary on their eating habits for almost three decades. Now he has lent his entertaining blend of irreverence and erudition on Epicurean matters to an historical look at food in Australia entitled **Convicted Tastes** (Allen and Unwin $18.95).

In his introduction the author makes the ominous point that the phrase "choke a brown dog" originated in Australia.

But there's much more to the local tucker than prawns and pavs. Beckett makes some fascinating observations about aboriginal eating habits, looks at the meagre food supplies brought out by the First Fleet, and describes Australia's culinary heritage as "the middle class solidness which is truly Anglo-Saxon."

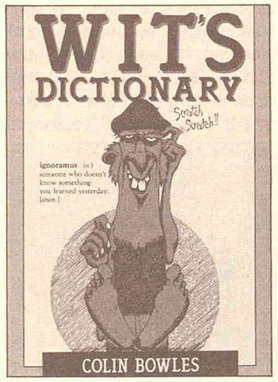
After considering the picnic, the pub, and the curse of the sheep, Beckett concludes by reviewing the influence of European and Asian migrants on local eating habits, once again bringing a refreshingly down-to-earth objectivity to his subject matter, eg: "Chinese eating houses up until the 1950s produced a bastard cuisine aimed at satisfying westerners who were in the main drunk."

Convicted Tastes confirms Beckett's status as one of Australia's most colorful culinary commentators. If you want a quick taste of his style turn to page 90 and check his advice on The Great Australian Barbecue.

Wit, according to G.K. Chesterton, is a sword meant to make people *feel* the point as well as see it. In the case of Colin Bowles' **The Wit's Dictionary** (Angus and Robertson $5.95) the point is a tickler rather than a barb. This hilarious compilation is described by its author as a dictionary that goes beyond mere definition and gives you the real meaning of the words you hear every day, eg: "bookie (n) a pickpocket who lets you use your own hands."

Bowles, an occasional *Penthouse* contributor (turn the page to read his latest piece) and accomplished comedy writer, provides a fair percentage of the definitions in the book, for example: "guillotine (n) a razor that removes all traces of hair from the neck up." He has gleaned the rest from a diverse collection of writers and personalities.

Cruddy compilations and boring books of lists are a dollar a dozen on the humor shelves these days. *The Wit's Dictionary* stands apart as a genuinely funny book, a compulsory companion for the dedicated ad libber — a man who stays up all night memorising spontaneous jokes.



The ad libber's Bible

David Hume exploits his experience as a British financial journalist to maximum effect in his first novel **Outbid** (Heinemann $24.95), the story of a crisis in the giant Scotch whisky empire Blenders, and the dealing which saves it.

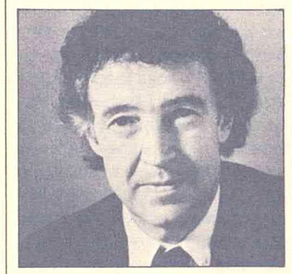
Obviously on familiar ground, Hume writes like a good journalist, with confidence, impact and economy. The corporate battleground, the boardroom, is no place for the faint-hearted. Blackmail and murder are among the devices used by desperate men fighting for huge stakes. Ambitious Tim Weston, chairman of a growing merchant bank, determines on the biggest move of his career — the takeover of Blenders. But he finds himself in conflict with Sonkay Spirits of Japan and a ruthless Chicago liquor millionaire. Weston soon finds out that they do business in a different manner to the British.

Have you ever wondered what paraplegics, nuns, old folk, prisoners and prostitutes think about sex . . . or how they do it? Neither have I. Gael Knepfer has, and the result of her curiosity is the book **Sex In Australia** (J & G Publications $9.95), a collection of quotes and comments gleaned from interviews with more than 200 ordinary and extraordinary Australians.

This is a unique publication. Casting aside the current morbidly clinical and analytical approach towards the sex act which the bulk of recently published books on the subject have adopted, she considers sex in human terms, looking at it not in terms of physical performance, but with regard to the feelings of her subjects.

Knepfer's naivety on the printed page is occasionally irritating, but it was obviously an asset in her interviews, encouraging some frank and startling admissions. Her conversation with a 40-year-old Catholic nun is a revelation. " 'I fell in love with a much younger nun. She used to come to my room in the early hours of the morning and undress and get into bed with me, and we would kiss and cuddle and touch each other's breasts.'

"This nun, sitting quietly in front of me, folded her arms



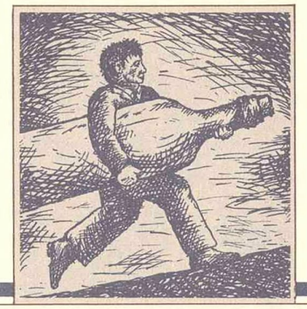
David Hume

across her body and fixed her gaze on my eyes and said, 'I've never told anybody this.' I asked her if it was still okay for her to be talking to me and was it still okay for me to write her into our book?

" 'Yes,' she said quietly, 'I feel much better talking.' "

In this instance, and in many other cases in the book, Knepfer's subjects' confessions appear cathartic for them and at the same time seem to provide some vicarious thrills for the interviewer. But where does this unqualified compilation of quotes leave the reader?

In my case — and I must admit a certain degree of jaded prejudice, having reviewed the majority of books on the subject of sex published over the last 36 months — I was left bored and bemused. Although it is peppered with the odd interesting admission, for the most part there is no aim or point of view in *Sex In Australia.* It is merely a collection of irrelevant quotes and confused confessions which will hold as much fascination for the layman (unless he's a committed voyeur) as a book titled *Bowel Movements In Australia. — Colin Hinton*



LIQUOR

SPIRIT OF SCOTLAND

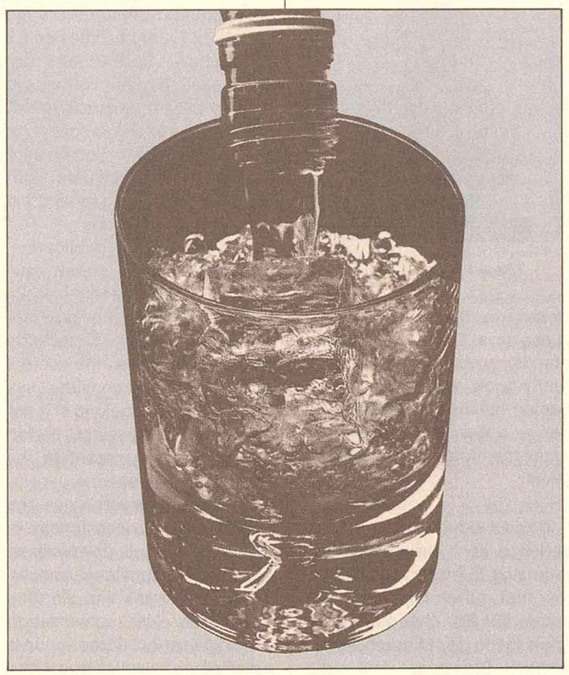
Recently, I journeyed to Scotland with a group of other writers in search of the secret behind the making of Scotch: that inimitable spirit that has inspired many a poet, anchored many a business deal, and spurred many a late night on the town. But after a few days, we all began to feel like Dorothy and her friends in the *Wizard Of Oz* — what we had thought was a straightforward task was becoming a seemingly endless search. In our case, we were seeking the evasive wizards who are perhaps most responsible for creating the distinctive taste of each Scotch — the master blenders.

There was no problem in getting to talk to the wonderful chaps who have made the single malts (from which blended whisky is made) for decades. In fact, we were even given the opportunity to taste the spirit directly from the oak cask in which it had been aging for a good 17 years. But even though we trekked across lochs, through firths, and over moors to one distillery after another, we were continually told that the elusive master blender had just slipped out of our reach.

Our hosts and the distillery managers were unfailingly courteous and informative in explaining how single malts are made: germinated barley is malted in a peat-fired kiln; the barley is then mashed with local spring water, which ferments the mash. The alcohol is then distilled and finally aged in traditional oak casks. After a certain period of years, the spirit is usually blended with others.

And this was what was so frustrating, we explained. We wanted to learn how each company determined its blend. And we wanted to know why the master blenders always seemed to be away, or out to lunch, when we arrived. Granted, the formula for each whisky brand is carefully guarded — but we weren't out to steal company secrets, we merely wanted to meet one of these enigmas of the whisky industry who seemed to be taking on the aura of a legendary medieval alchemist.

Finally, after applying group pressure we were granted a brief audience with the master blender in Kilmalid — a plainly-clothed but distinguished gentleman named Jack Goudy. Goudy courteously, yet cautiously, submitted to our barrage of questions. "How do you determine a blend?" the oenophile of the group asked. Cautiously, Goudy answered, "Solely by nosing the whisky. Blending is like conducting an orchestra; it's mixing together single malts with grain whisky to complete perfect harmony."



"Are you a chemist?" piped another writer. "No. I determine a blend purely by instinct." "What smells do you look for?" "There are layers of smells, layers of complexity. Behind the original smell is yet another smell. We name each smell, such as peaty, iodine, smoky, steel, and even 'hen pen.' " When pressed to tell more, he hesitated and blushed, saying, "There are more words we could use, but not in the presence of ladies."

Unlike a wine-maker, a master blender doesn't taste the spirit. After hours he may occasionally pour a wee dram from his own special blend, but during a day of blending he only "noses" the Scotch. Goudy claims that "the nose is 5000 times more accurate than the taste." To ensure quality control year after year, a blender must ad-lib on occasion. If a single malt is not available, then he must determine the closest substitute. A blended Scotch can contain 40 or more single-malt whiskies in addition to a neutral-grain whisky (usually corn). The style or distinctive flavor of a blended Scotch depends on three variables: the ratio of malt whisky to grain whisky, the age of the whiskies, and the origin of the malt whisky. That ratio in blended Scotch is usually about 40 percent malt to 60 percent tasteless grain whisky, although this can vary substantially with each blend.

Age is a crucial factor in influencing the taste of Scotch. So crucial that the blender must sample every new shipment of single malt (keeping a phial for his library) to ensure that the whisky has mellowed properly. Aged in virgin oak casks, or oak casks that once held sherry, the whisky will take on a faint vanilla flavor or tinge of sherry flavor. In addition, the wood tends to give Scotch its amber color. As a rule, the longer the time in wood, the darker the color and more distinctive the flavor. The third factor determining the character of whisky is geography. For example, a whisky from Islay tends to be heavy and peaty, while a Highland malt is lighter and the flavor less pronounced.

Saying goodbye to Jack Goudy we finally realised that, like Dorothy, what we had been seeking was right in our backyard all along. Meeting the master blender was an interesting and informative experience. When all was said and done, however, was there only one fact about Scotch that really mattered? Goudy said as much as he stood at the door of his modern alchemist's laboratory: "Sipping Scotch is truly one of the natural pleasures of life." — *Lynn Keurcha.*

SEX

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Psychologists tell us that we are constantly revealing our deepest thoughts and attitudes in the things we wear, the food we eat, and even in the words we use. The latest studies from research centres in the US and the UK tell us that we can learn a lot about ourselves and about each other by examining the pet names we give to familiar things. And, as any student of Freud will tell you, we reach a state of maximum transparency when discussing, looking at, thinking about, or indulging in, sex.

It follows then, that the various pet names we all have for the sexual act reveal a lot about the people who use them. Here then, published for the first time, is an in-depth survey of those colloquialisms, and an assessment of the people who include them in their vocabulary.

Fornicate: is either a priest or a member of the Campaign for Moral Rearmament; wears a vest and Y-fronts and has a fetish for boy scouts; doesn't enjoy healthy sex but likes peeking at choirboys through holes in the vestry wall; is a selfish lover, preferring to be chained up and whipped at regular intervals.

Plant the pud: suffers from the Sarah Lee syndrome — an unfortunate build-up of pastry around the penis; is probably still at school, or if not, should be; thinks of sex as something dirty, and with him it probably is; tends to boast about his sexual achievements, the majority of which are imaginary.

Have sex: is a doctor, or possibly a lawyer; has a very clinical outlook on life, timing the duration of his wife's orgasms on his digital Seiko; is a very tidy and meticulously clean person; likes everything being in its proper place, and cannot stand inefficiency, shoddiness or frivolity during working hours; frowns on stupidity, bawdiness and lewdness. In other words, is a right royal pain in the arse.

Have relations: works for the government, or could be a funeral director; has a pipe and glasses and wears pyjamas and slippers; likes his sex life to be formal and punctual; feels guilty about sex and employs polite euphemisms when discussing it. Either all that, or he really does *have* relations, and should see a psychiatrist.

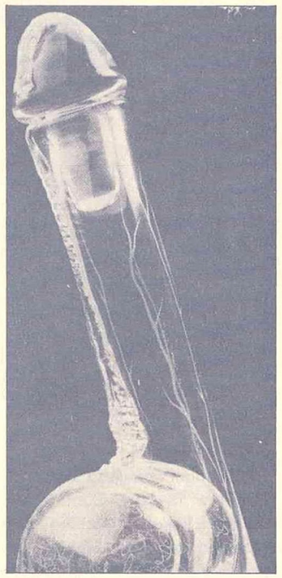
Have a naughty: suffers from severe case of arrested development; keeps his old school uniform in the cupboard and goes to reunions; wears suspenders to keep socks up and reads girlie mags in the lavatory; sniggers at dirty jokes and peers down the receptionist's dress at any given opportunity; if a manual worker, tends to have blistered hands from over-vigorous masturbation.

Give her one: probably a car salesman — real macho type; frequents saloon bars and men's clubs; very much a goal-oriented person; not so good in the sack, as tends to relax once it's in; probably has a pet name for his penis; a potential rapist; has latent hostility feelings due to frustrated Oedipal affections for his mother. Would you buy a used car from this man?

Make out: probably a teenager or John Travolta clone; wears tight jeans and lurex underpants and enjoys going to discos; becomes moody if not the centre of attention; not bad in bed though tends to show off and pretend that friends are watching; has a tendency to hum "Saturday Night Fever" when reaching orgasms; eats Crunchie bars.

Make love: eternal romantic, more commonly found viewing Walt Disney pictures and Fred MacMurray movies; fantasises about Julie Andrews as she *used* to be; favorite movie is *Sound Of Music;* can be a considerate lover — if his girl has the patience to wait until after marriage and if she is still attractive to him after eating all those chocolates.

Play mothers and fathers: is either sick in the head or is a kindergarten Casanova.



Score: highly motivated individual — real macho type with high achievement factor, bit of a loner; probably wears a moustache; either self-employed or a salesman; not much of a lover — looks good in the window but a bit of a disappointment when you get him home; he may ask you to sign a receipt afterwards. As he is only after numbers, there's not much chance of doing any repeat business, although he may ask for a referral.

Do it: grubby type in a mac; frequents lower class cinemas featuring blue movies; enjoys exposing himself to girl guides; had a repressed childhood, probably in a Christian Brothers' school; pillar of society when not stalking the streets.

Have a nooky: strange one, this — can be a bit of an oddball; individualistic, non-conformist; accident prone, especially when jumping off cupboards; harmless, but likes to do odd things with bananas and whipped cream. Most probably a policeman or prominent Queensland politician.

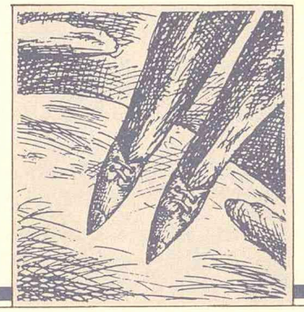
Screw: real red-blooded heterosexual, or a carpenter; has a voracious appetite and will eat your lunch at any opportunity; tends to alcoholism and *braggadocio;* one of the boys; does not worry about actually performing the act; pounds the horn at drive-ins during the love scenes; can be a good lover if you can get him sober — this is easier said than done.

Have the one: bit of a smoothie — has a cute line in patter; can be found in all walks of life; not a bad lover but may ask for a rating every time, sometimes *during* the act, and gets discouraged if he does not get more than 10 out of 10; his love nest may have mirrors around the walls — he's not really that erotic, he just likes to check his style; polished performer with enormous ego; good for parties.

Fuck/Root: totally crass individual lacking in style; probably a laborer, farm worker or federal politician; has voracious appetite, offset by inability to use a knife and fork; totally selfish lover who shouts his own name during orgasms, and prefers masturbation anyway.

Go to bed: shy person with a lot of sexual hang-ups; respects his lovers the morning after, and they *all* hate him for it; is very insecure; masturbates and fakes orgasm.

Twinkies: needs to see a psychiatrist. — *Colin Bowles*



TRAVEL

DISCOUNT DEPARTURES

The Germans have a word for it: *schadenfreude*. It translates roughly as "pleasure at another's discomfit." And it's frequently the explanation for the smug, satisfied look on the face of the passenger next to you on your international flight. There you are, sitting quite happily with your scotch and soda, contemplating the holiday or business trip you'd paid good money for, and here's this jerk telling you his seat cost him $500 less than yours.

It really does pay to shop around for your air travel. The secret is not to go direct to airlines: there you'll always pay full freight.

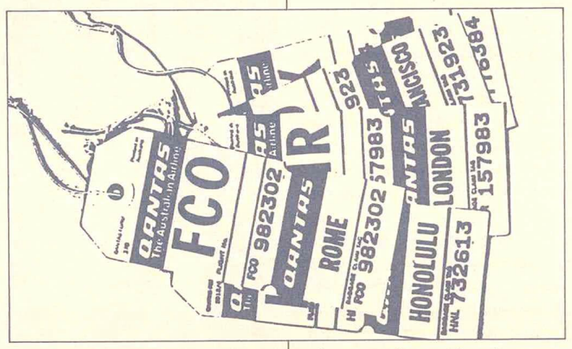
Instead, look in the travel classified ads in the metropolitan weekend papers. There you'll see dozens of ads placed by agents specialising in cheap fares, often stating some very attractive prices. But don't try just one; get quotes from several.

The variations between agencies — and sometimes even between different employees in the same agency — are amazing. It depends on how the fare is calculated, how far the agency is prepared to stretch a point, and so on. There's a bewildering variety of fares on every route. Some agency staff are aware of all these fare structures; many aren't. So shop around.

Specialist low-fare agencies are the outlets for the dirty end of the airline market. That doesn't mean they're shonky, although some will be prepared to bend the rules. Competition for a sluggish international travel market means airlines are prepared to cut even their own throats to get bums on their seats.

We can consider just one route — Sydney-Los Angeles-Sydney — and see what types of fare schedules are available. The normal economy ticket costs $3224 and it allows unlimited stopovers within the maximum permitted mileage and is fully negotiable for a seat on the same route on another airline.

But Passenger A saved $490 for a point-to-point QANTAS economy ticket; he gets no stopovers and transfers en route are restricted. Passenger B, who has a Japan Airlines/QANTAS Circle Pacific ticket saved $1345. It's an advance purchase ticket, so he's far-sighted enough to have taken out cancellation insurance in case something drastic stops him flying.



Passenger C saved $1654 on a "Pay now, fly now" Continental Airlines ticket travelling via Auckland and Honolulu — the long way round. Being prepared to fly an even longer way round, D made a $1780 saving with an Air New Zealand advance purchase ticket flying via Auckland, Nadi and Honolulu.

Best of the lot was E, who took an Air Pacific flight valid only on Air Pacific via Nadi and Honolulu; on the return, he had to pay for an overnight stop in Nadi, and cancellation and amendment charges applied. But, on a saving of $1919, he could afford it.

Once you're talking to an agent, make sure everything about your flight is explained to you. IATA regulations on international ticketing are so deviously complicated that the unwary traveller's path is a potential minefield. Take care in examining your ticket — those letters in the code boxes all mean things.

Look at the Status box; it should read "OK." Any other code means you don't have a reservation. Don't, however, assume that OK always means okay — always reconfirm and keep a note of your reservation reference close at hand.

Some tickets have a column marked X or O: O means you can stop over; X means you can't. If there's nothing in that column, usual practice is to read it as O.

Fare Basis and Ticket Designator boxes carry a series of codes so complex you could fill a dozen pages with explanation and you wouldn't be any more informed. Beware of K. It means your flight has been designated as ultra-cheap and that can mean anything from a sparrow-fart departure time to a seat in the dunny.

Other codes in the designator box declare the seasonality of your fare: L is the lowest; if you have H, O, J, or Z, ask about the exact dates of the seasons because you might be travelling in the middle of a fare change.

If you have a really cheap ticket, look for more codes and ask for an explanation. CL means you have a priest's ticket, so go and buy a dog-collar or you could find you're in an unholy row. Any G designation means the agent has wangled you a group fare; be careful if you're a group of one. EX is an excursion fare with restrictions on how long your trip can last and when you can come back. Check them carefully so you don't get a rude shock along the way.

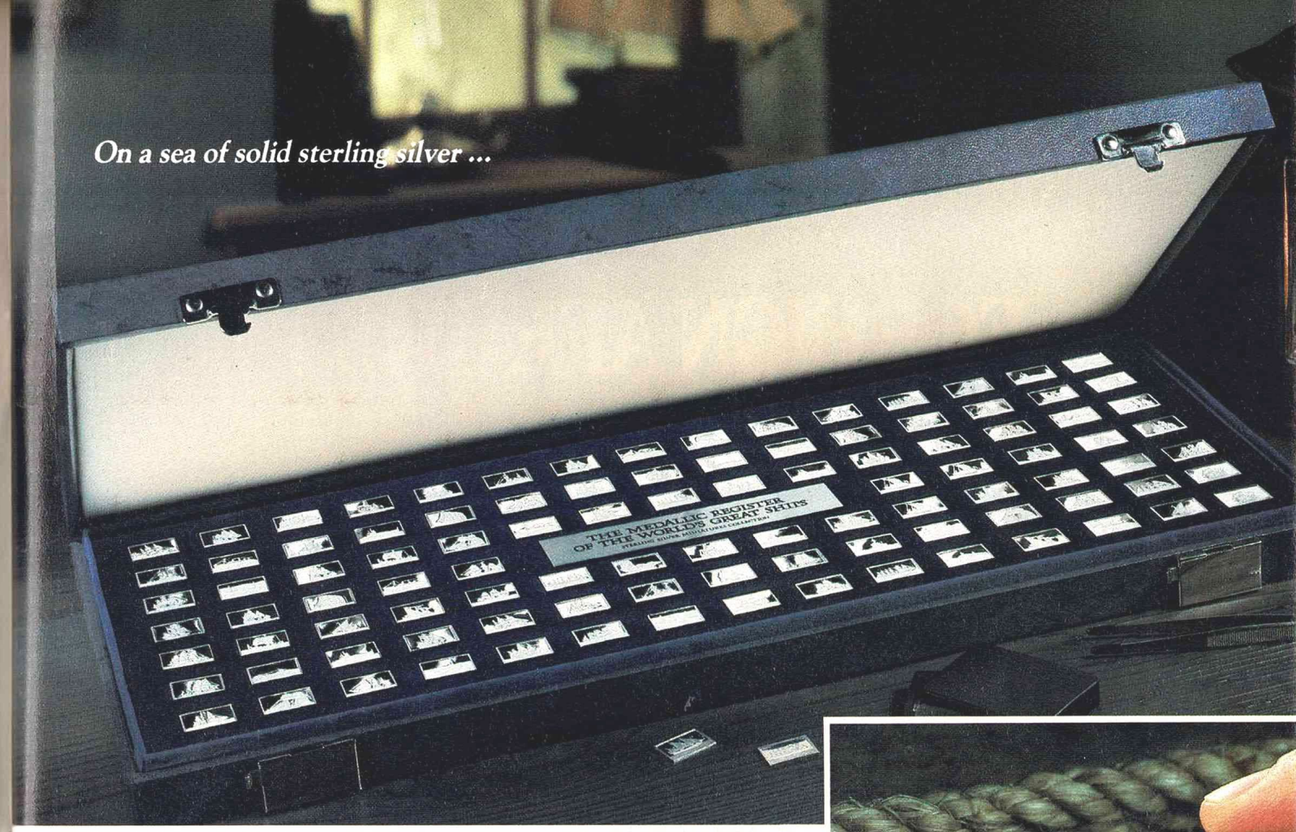
Look at the Coupons Not Valid Before/After box: absence of an entry there means the ticket is good for a year from the date of issue. After that, it's worthless. If you'll be away for more than a year, renew the ticket before the expiry date.

Also pay attention to the Form of Payment box. It's important if you want a refund. If you paid by cheque it can lead to problems; cash or credit card is best. And make sure that you're the person named on the ticket. "Agt/Nonref" means that you have to go to the issuing agent for a refund; the airline doesn't want to know.

The Endorsements/Restrictions box is worth a look, too. "Non-endorsable" here means your ticket is restricted to the airline you've booked with. If you get stranded you have to wait for their next flight.

The Allow box tells you how much luggage you can carry without incurring excess charges. You could run into trouble if your flight involves more than one carrier.

Really, there are dozens of things to watch for. You may even find out that two singles are cheaper than a return. The lesson should be that you do need to take a little care in seeking out a cut-price fare, but the potential financial savings are more than adequate compensation. — *Fred Baker*



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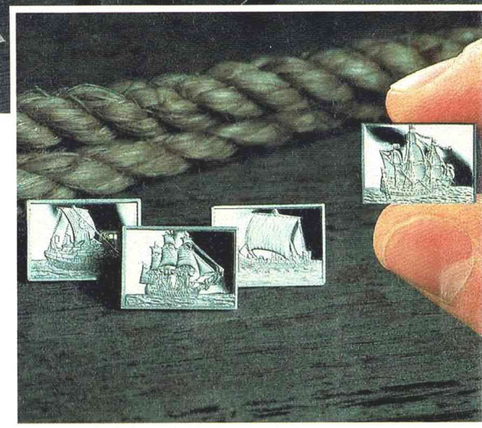

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Even the cold winter winds off the Snowy Mountains have failed to blow away the stench surrounding Canberra's Foreign Affairs department

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY ADRIAN TAME

The head of the Public Information section of the Department of Foreign Affairs strode the 30 metres of carpeted corridor leading to his office door. His orange track-suit top, white shorts and runners contrasted oddly with the sombre, dignified atmosphere of his surroundings. The building was known, not always affectionately, as "the Kremlin", and was situated in the political heart of Canberra, not far from Parliament House. Don Witheford, a greying fitness fanatic in his early 40s, had just cycled the 12 kilometres from his home. The time was 9.20am, and he was running late. Even career diplomats with 22 years' service behind them are expected to arrive at work on time. The date was Friday, the 13th of January, 1984. It was going to be a black Friday for someone.

It was Witheford's custom to let himself into the office with his personal key, close the door behind him, and change out of his cycling or running gear into something more befitting work. That morning the room was still in half-darkness as he went to push the door shut. But he never got that far. Two police officers entered the room the way cops do in the movies. Witheford knew immediately they weren't there to tell him that his cycle was illegally parked.

The first power-play involved the diplomat's clothing. The two cops wanted him vulnerable and pink-kneed in his shorts. There wasn't time for him to change, they said. Witheford, a former head of the Philippines-Burma section, stood his ground and achieved an important victory. A few minutes later he was wearing his suit and had placed a call to the Administrative and Clerical Officers Association, organising a lawyer for himself.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

AFFAIRS

During the next four hours a series of far-reaching events was to change irrevocably the lives of Witheford and a number of other individuals working in the rarefied atmosphere of the upper levels of the Foreign Affairs department. The first bombshell dropped when a senior department official, Acting Management Division Head Mack Williams, entered Witheford's office and, in the presence of the two police officers, suspended him from duty. Witheford had known Williams since primary school, and had attended the christening of his only son. There was something almost surreal about Williams' actions now.

Suspending someone from duty in Foreign Affairs is roughly the equivalent of ordering an MP from the debating chamber in the House because his shoe laces are undone. It doesn't happen every day. In fact, the last time anybody in the Diplomatic Service was suspended was 15 years earlier in Bangkok, where an administrative officer was allegedly caught with his fingers in the lucrative area of Australian aid supplies. At any time during the past 15 years there have been roughly 4000 Foreign Affairs department personnel in Australia and scattered around the globe. And, if the good oil on these matters is to be believed, any number of them have been sprung with their trousers down or their bank balances bulging. But suspension is not considered a solution. A sudden recall to Canberra, maybe . . . or subtle but unremitting pressures aimed at forcing a resignation. But not suspension. It draws attention. And the first thing you learn about Foreign Affairs is that they love attention like Neville Wran loves the ABC. So the suspension of Witheford was an indication either of how deeply he had sinned, or more probably, how loathsome his presence had become to his superiors.

After a search of Witherford's office the action transferred to his home. Here four police officers conducted a further search lasting two hours. Witheford carried on a phone conversation with his lawyer throughout. ("They want to ask me such and such. Shall I answer?") The cops didn't like it one bit. But Witheford remembered the earlier questioning of his wife in a small, windowless room at Canberra police headquarters. On that occasion the cops kept telling her what a hopeless, inefficient, dishonest fool she had saddled herself with. Not unnaturally she had cried a great deal while they were telling her this. So Witheford didn't feel inclined to cooperate with the four officers rummaging through his private life.

As the search continued the *word* was going around Canberra like wildfire. A top-level Foreign Affairs department official had been arrested. He had been leaking top-secret documents to the media for a decade or more. But now Mr Big was under wraps; the leak had been plugged. What the rumormongers overlooked was that Witheford hadn't touched a top-secret document for more than 10 years.

At the end of the day the police search had turned up a number of documents. One was a folder entitled: "By hand, submissions to the Minister." Another was a file: "Head of missions, domestic staff, Tehran." Others were personal files on Miss J.R. Henderson and Department Secretary Peter Henderson. Two weeks passed and Witheford was charged with three offences under Section 30 of the *Crimes Act* — taking documents out of the possession of the Commonwealth without lawful excuse; having in his possession Commonwealth documents without lawful excuse; and having in his possession at his home Commonwealth documents without lawful excuse.

> Suspending Witheford from duty had been a step without precedent for 15 years, but charging him with criminal offences was virtually unheard of

Suspending Witheford from duty had been a step without precedent for 15 years, but charging him with criminal offences was virtually unheard of.

So the news of criminal charges against Witheford hit Canberra and Australian embassies around the world with a force of 10 on the diplomatic Richter Scale. And the big question on the stiff upper lips of all those incredulous public servants was, quite simply, "Why?" What had Witheford done to bring down on his head the concerted wrath of a department so conditioned to turning a blind eye to transgression that most of them had forgotten what it looked like?

Anybody who bothered to ask Witheford himself would have received a lengthy and disturbing explanation. Summarised, it went something like the following. In 1975 Witheford was serving as counsellor in the Tehran embassy at the time Ivor Bowden was Ambassador to Iran. Witheford and Karl Henne, Senior Administrative Officer at the embassy, reported certain concerns about the running of the embassy to Canberra. The officer appointed to look into their allegations was Peter Henderson, son-in-law to the late Sir Robert Menzies. Mr Henderson was also an old school friend of Mr Bowden, from their days together at Geelong Grammar and later at Oxford University.

Soon afterwards, Witheford was told he had "an unsatisfactory attitude to his ambassador", and was recalled to Canberra under a cloud. He continued to push his claims after his return, but as the years passed Witheford's single-mindedness seemed to affect his career. He kept on talking, but nobody wanted to listen. Then he chanced upon an unlikely ally — Cyril Primmer, a Labor senator from the same Western Districts of Victoria as Malcolm Fraser. From early 1982 onwards, Primmer launched a series of hideously embarrassing allegations about the upper echelons of the Foreign Affairs department. Protected by parliamentary privilege, he stated among other things that the department was run by a small group of people "who could not be trusted with the petty cash" — people who would "sell their grandmother . . . to get a promotion." The senator placed literally scores of embarrassing questions on notice, and made it quite clear that he would continue trotting out his privileged accusations forever, if need be.

And then, on the night of November 30, 1983, something deliciously insane happened at Melbourne's Sheraton Hotel. A group of grown men, some wearing strange masks and toting deadly weapons, decided to use the hotel, along with its staff and guests, as the backdrop in a drama of staggering folly. When the dust settled there were several highly influential people baying for the blood of those responsible. And within days, as rumor piled on rumor, it became evident that the entire fiasco had been some form of hopelessly misguided exercise of ASIS, the Australian Secret Intelligence Service. The acting head of ASIS at the time was a Mr John Ryan, a man with a long and distinguished career in . . . the Foreign Affairs Department. Enter Senator Cyril Primmer, sharpening a knife. Again using parliamentary privilege, the senator described Mr Ryan as: "A crook, a bureaucratic bully, a professional liar, a bad drunk, a social embarrassment . . ."

There had never been vast amounts of conjecture as to where Senator Primmer had been getting much of his ammunition for the non-stop, two-year barrage he had been firing against the department and its heads. You didn't have to be Laurie Oakes to know that Don Witheford was one of the men feeding the bullets into the breech. So when Senator Primmer began trotting out details of Mr Ryan's service as Ambassador to Italy or Laos, or High Commissioner to Canada or Ghana, or Consul to Singapore or New York, there were again no prizes for guessing where his information came from. Ryan had very little alternative but to succumb to the attack and resign as head of ASIS, amid warnings from Bill Hayden that Senator Primmer had caused great harm and pain.

So, if the gossip was accurate, Don Witheford had really placed himself in the firing line this time. Not content with two years of hauling several of the most senior officials in the department through the mud, he had now used his undoubted expertise to hammer the last nail into the coffin of the head of ASIS. Something had to give, and on Friday, January 13, 1984, it did. Don Witheford became the first member of the Diplomatic Service in 15 years to suffer the indignity of suspension. The three charges followed a fortnight later, and department heads sat back rubbing their hands and waiting to see Witheford get his at long last.

At least, that was the gospel according to Don Witheford. He would never admit for a moment that there was anything improper in his contacts with Senator Primmer, but he knew only too well that he was the prime suspect. And the Ryan disclosures were obviously the last straw.

For Witheford's version of events to make any sense, there has to be some understanding of the workings of the upper levels of the Foreign Affairs Department, and of the men who wield the power there. They are relatively faceless individuals, half in Canberra and half in overseas missions. Most of them have spent 20 to 25 years getting where they are, and most have very definite views on tradition and the importance of institutions like the old school tie. Their educational background is often similar, and the circles in which they move are mapped out for them from an early stage in their careers. Their salaries range from around $50,000 a year to $70,000, and carry tax-free overseas allowances of up to $20,000 a year. (Such allowances go a long way when one is able to eat at an official function five or six nights a week, and make only a modest contribution to rent and other living expenses.)

When in Canberra these men live in expensive but unostentatious suburban homes in the $100,000 to $300,000 price bracket. They park at the Kremlin each day in their own specially-reserved spots. They become extremely angry when these spots are poached by underlings, and respond by trapping the culprits' vehicles by blocking their exits. They wear the same clerical grey three-piece suits, and became frightfully upset in the early Seventies when the then department head, Whitlam appointee Alan Renouf, tried to introduce a yellow diplomatic uniform. They view with similar disdain the Kremlin canteen, where the lower orders have lunch. Instead they drive to the Commonwealth Club, where the company and the food is more to their taste. If their lunch hours are sometimes a little extravagant, then so are their working hours — many of them arrive at the Kremlin at 8.15am and do not depart before 7pm.

Occasionally the families of senior officials get in on the act and demand privileged treatment. On arrival at his new embassy one ambassador addressed the assembled staff in the following terms: "In this post there will be a distinct order of priorities. I come first, my wife is second and my daughter third. Now bear that carefully in mind." The wives of at least three senior officials have taken this sort of statement very much to heart. One woman officer was sent home to Canberra from an African embassy after refusing her ambassador's wife's order to do the washing up. Wives at the Colombo and Bonn missions both experienced trouble with their toilets during inconvenient times at weekends. Both responded by ordering staff to the embassy for a little unrehearsed plumbing.

But it was never simply arrogance that

> Diplomatic staff have almost become conditioned to act as unofficial procurers of sexual partners for their visitors

upset junior members of the department. Corruption and a penchant for unrestrained gratification of physical needs also gave cause for concern. Visiting politicians and senior civil servants do not always set a good example of restraint and fidelity for the staff of embassies and consulates. Many men (and to a lesser extent, women) choose overseas trips as the safest times to stray from the straight and narrow, so diplomatic staff have almost become conditioned to act as unofficial and unpaid procurers of sexual partners for their visitors.

But this system doesn't always work as smoothly as it might. For years a question remained unanswered on notice about a senior politician's activities in the Near East. The individual concerned was said to have ordered an embassy staff member to organise him some female company for the night. The staffer refused, pointing out that his terms of employment did not include pimping. Incensed, the politician began ranting about what he would do to the officer's career when he returned to Canberra. Unfortunately for the politician, the officer got in first. He wrote full details of the incident in a report to Canberra, and, as legend has it, succeeded in having the politician dragged over the coals on his return. For many years this was seen as the only skeleton in a particularly powerful man's cupboard.

Much more spectacular was the incident at a formal diplomatic function held in South America in the early Seventies. The Australian head of mission in attendance, clearly feeling the effects of the generous hospitality, excused himself from the table and found his way to his hostess's bedroom. There he chose for himself a fetching selection of lacy lingerie and, wearing his new finery over his suit, returned to the dinner party. The dozen or so guests present attempted to hide their horrified embarrassment beneath nervous laughter, but nobody ever took the frustrated mannequin seriously again.

While most such incidents have involved a healthily heterosexual outlook, the more deviant avenues of sexuality have not been neglected by our diplomatic corps. The adoption of young Indo-Chinese males as close companions has caused raised eyebrows in one embassy, and in another an Australian high commissioner's lengthy relationship with his young houseboy prompted all kinds of concern. Even less discreet was the behavior of a counsellor at a party at a South American embassy. The counsellor devoted two hours to an impassioned but vain attempt at seducing a visiting Public Service Board officer, who was finally reduced to explaining that he was not homosexual.

Another senior and most distinguished member of the department was renowned for his nocturnal wanderings around Canberra. It wasn't so much the evening air he enjoyed as the view through certain suburban bedroom windows. The police picked him up one night, and there was hell to pay before they could be persuaded against pressing charges.

Such behavior has had its inevitable effect on the moral fibre of the department. Already allowances are claimable for de facto partners, as long as the relationship is of 12 months' standing. And the talk is that the taboo against homosexuaity will be the next to fall.

If rampant sexuality and calculated rudeness to the lower orders are two characteristics of the department, then so is a certain light-fingered approach to areas like expenses, allowances and other perks of the service. It is simplicity itself, for instance, for a senior diplomat in an overseas embassy to overstate his liquor bill for entertaining. Vouchers and receipts are appreciated, but rarely demanded. One political appointee in London claimed $20,000 without so much as a parking ticket to justify his largesse. When questioned about this he explained that he had been told not to bother with such trifles. No further questions were asked.

AFFAIRS

Apart from liquor and food, extra domestic staff is sometimes required for a particularly extravagant embassy reception — and who is to remember whether there really were four maids waiting at table, as well as the additional kitchen staff? Inventing extra bodies is small fry compared with some of the lucrative flights of fancy dreamed up by certain officers. One man was fond of compiling guest lists of entirely fictitious characters to attend his imagined functions. Such lists were meticulously filed and sent to Canberra for payment.

Every now and then the game is given away by a particularly injudicious piece of fiddling. One diplomat, for instance, submitted an unusually hefty bill for a meal he shouted for a group of contacts in an exclusive restaurant. He had some fast talking to do when a superior pointed out that the restaurant had been demolished six months before he enjoyed its hospitality.

With so many legal perks available, it is perhaps surprising that such skulduggery is practised on so wide a basis. Greed, the sweetness of stolen fruit and the unlikelihood of detection are all possible explanations. But when a man can make around $15,000 in two years simply by buying and selling a car without the tiresome necessity of paying duty, he has to be a dedicated fiddler to start imagining fictitious butlers as well. Immunity from retribution is a powerful temptation, however. And they do say that to be sacked from the Foreign Affairs department an individual must be of junior rank, without friends, without an old school tie and, most importantly, he must be unaware of where any bodies are buried.

When Don Witheford began work at the Tehran embassy in the mid-Seventies he had already spent more than a decade in the department — time enough to become uncomfortably aware of the lifestyles and attitudes of certain of his colleagues. Witheford never fancied himself as a crusading David eager to take on the Goliaths of the diplomatic corps. It was much less romantic than that. He was simply a man who felt certain standards of behavior were demanded when in the service of one's country. And, more importantly, he did not feel inclined to turn a blind eye when he felt those standards were not being maintained.

So the things Witheford experienced in the Tehran embassy stuck in his craw for a long time afterwards. His initial attempts to report back to higher authority had, as Senator Primmer would claim, foundered on the systematic closing of ranks which allegedly operated in these situations. But undeterred, Witheford and Henne continued with their accusations over the next six years, getting nowhere and achieving little more than the unremitting hostility of their colleagues. And then, in 1981, Senator Primmer appeared on the scene.

A Labor senator who had consistently displayed a stubborn streak of independence, Cyril Primmer was no typical by-product of Victoria's Western Districts squattocracy. He had a young son who was much loved among the state's motorcycle fraternity. And when that son was killed in a road accident half the bikers in Australia turned out in a chrome-studded denim and leather-clad horde to pay their last respects. Senator Primmer was photographed at the funeral with his arms around the shoulders of two particularly fearsome-looking members of the dusty army that had thundered halfway across Victoria to share his grief. Not really Western Districts style.

Senator Primmer first heard of Witheford's vain attempts to bring attention to the Tehran embassy affair from men who had chewed the cud with several Foreign

> One political appointee in London claimed $20,000 without so much as a parking ticket to justify his largesse
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Affairs staffers during the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (CHOGM) in 1981. His first salvo was fired in February, 1982, when he asked questions about the embezzlement of $593,000 from the Australian Embassy in Washington the previous year. Although this fraud had no connection with Senator Primmer's subsequent allegations, it is worth noting that the money ended up as a down-payment on a brothel in Athens.

Indirect contact was made soon afterwards between Primmer and Witheford, and so began the horribly compromising catalogue of transgressions trotted out under parliamentary privilege over the next few years by Senator Primmer.

The thrust of Senator Primmer's allegations over Tehran was that the ambassador, Mr Bowden, had embezzled a sum of money variously reported as between $10,000 and $15,000. This money had allegedly been paid after the misuse of departmental vouchers. Mr Bowden, it was claimed, had paid his son sums of money for clearing snow from embassy property over several winters. There were more than adequate numbers of embassy staff for such duties, it was claimed. There was also the allegation that Mr Bowden had brought an English nanny to Australia at the taxpayers' expense some years earlier. Senator Primmer went on to say that when Don Witheford attempted to report his suspicions in Tehran, Mr Henderson, the department head, had protected Mr Bowden. Senator Primmer pointed out that both Mr Bowden and Mr Henderson had attended Geelong Grammar School, and referred to a well-known faction within the department called the "Geelong Mafia."

Tony Street was Foreign Affairs minister at the time, and soon found himself constantly answering questions in Parliament about the progress of departmental and police investigations into the Tehran affair. As fast as Mr Street announced the latest probe had cleared officials of all suggestions of wrong-doing, further allegations were thrown up, and new avenues of inquiry were opened. As Senator Primmer put it during one of his many speeches at the time: "I believe we have here evidence of white collar crime right in the heart of government . . . accompanied by a massive cover-up by people entrusted with taxpayers' funds to do an honest job." The senator also called for the suspension of both Mr Bowden and Mr Henderson pending the outcome of investigations.

In mid-July, 1982 the Department of Finance investigation into the Tehran affair announced its finding that on the evidence available there was no basis for action against Mr Bowden. Tony Street suggested that Senator Primmer "must now ask himself whether his actions have been consistent with the standards expected of a member of this parliament."

If he thought this slap on the wrist would effectively end the affair, Tony Street was guilty of gross misjudgement of character. Less than two weeks later, Senator Primmer told the Senate: "The minister is, in my view, making a vain attempt to defend the indefensible — to protect two of his top officers from the exposure of their actions in the Tehran affair." The senator suggested that senior officers in the department had "succeeded in fully implicating the Department of Finance and the Australian Federal Police in a disgraceful cover-up." He continued: "Officials paid to protect the taxpayer have, instead, worked to prevent the exposure of an ex-ambassador who has preyed on the public purse for more than two decades. Police officers, sworn to uphold the law, have bullied witnesses to withdraw their evidence against these corrupt Department of Foreign Affairs officers, and have falsely reported that no evidence exists against them. At least three ministers of this government are knowingly involved in this cover-up, which has even extended to withholding from the Parliament important documents relating to the matter." More specifically, Senator Primmer alleged that Mr Henderson had "commenced to implement a bold and shameless cover-up plan" and had been guilty of "crude acts of retribution" against Don Witheford.

In his longest speech to date, the Senator detailed in full his allegations against Mr Bowden over the nanny's fare, the clearing of snow from the Tehran embassy grounds, the misuse of departmental cars, false claims for extra servants who were "a figment of his imagination", and the "routine" submission of false certificates.

Through November and December '82 Senator Primmer continued his attack, combining questions on notice with increasingly embarrassing and virulent accusations against Mr Bowden, Mr Henderson and other department officials. This resulted in a third inquiry early in December, when the Administrative Services Minister, Mr Newman, instructed the Federal Police to reopen the case.

May, 1983 saw a whole new batch of Primmer allegations, again in the form of questions on notice. Several of these dealt with nepotism within the department, and others with the retirement, on medical grounds, of Sir Nicholas Parsons, a former head of the department. A few months later, on the same issue, Senator Primmer asked: "Were medical reports rigged to the effect that Sir Nicholas was unable to do any work whatsoever, thereby costing the taxpayer an extra half a million dollars?"

Such allegations, even couched in question form, against a former permanent head were anathema to high-ups in the department. They weren't exactly music to the ears of the Foreign ministers of the time, either. The first of these, Tony Street, had no compunction as a Liberal minister in rebutting the Labor senator's allegations. But when Bob Hawke swept to power in March, 1983, and appointed Bill Hayden to the Foreign Affairs portfolio, there was much conjecture over which way he would go. He could hardly lambaste a fellow Labor parliamentarian, one who had resisted his overthrow by Bob Hawke, over the man's repeated allegations. But neither could he tolerate continued attempts to portray his department heads as less than honorable men.

So Bill Hayden took the middle ground by pointing out that investigation of Senator Primmer's claims was running up a six-figure cost to the taxpayer. And he told Parliament it was also causing "great damage to the morale and confidence of the administration of Foreign Affairs."

Cyril Primmer was not impressed. "Mr Hayden cannot play the ostrich with his head in the sand much longer," he responded.

By late 1983, Senator Primmer was naming more and more high-ups in the department; was cataloguing new and ever more spectacular allegations of corruption, nepotism and inefficiency. The senator's basic philosophy on the issue was best encapsulated by a speech he made to the Senate in the middle of 1983: "I will not rest, Mr President, while the people of Australia continue to be represented by a Department of Foreign Affairs run by a small group of people who could not be trusted with the petty cash, and who would sell their grandmothers . . . to get a promotion."

Apart from the gravity of the allegations being pressed by Senator Primmer, one other strange aspect of the affair was the manner in which the media, both in Canberra and Australia-wide, virtually ignored the issue. After initial reports on Senator Primmer's statements early in 1982, scarcely a word was published on his subsequent revelations, although all were supported by parliamentary privilege.

But nobody could afford to ignore what happened in Melbourne's Sheraton Hotel

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on the night of November 30, 1983. And there were three people, in particular, who were determined to see that ASIS would carry the can for its monumental folly. They were Victorian Premier John Cain, his Chief Commissioner of Police, Mr Ian "Mick" Miller, and the Sheraton's manager, Mr Nick Rice. Senator Primmer was another who entered the post-Sheraton fray with glee, using information (in all probability supplied to him by Don Witheford) to catalogue ASIS head John Ryan's alleged shortcomings. If Witheford's theories are to be believed, it was this attack on Ryan that finally brought the combined wrath of the department down on his head, and resulted in the three charges brought against him.

But once again, things didn't quite work out the way the department had intended. The first problem cropped up when it emerged that Witheford had been illegally suspended: the man entrusted with the job did not have the required qualifications. Then came the equally awkward business of Mrs Carmel Van Dartel.

Mrs Van Dartel had worked for the department for eight years, six of them in the diplomatic mail section. She knew Don Witheford by sight, but had never spoken to him. But she knew enough about the workings of her former employers to become highly indignant over what she considered unjust charges brought against a former workmate, albeit one to whom she had never been formally introduced. So Mrs Van Dartel did what many people do when they feel righteous indignation. She wrote to her local paper, the *Canberra Times*.

The text of that letter, written on February 5 and never published, was as follows: "I have been following the press reports in connection with the action by the Department of Foreign Affairs against one of its officers. The officer, Mr Witheford, should be commended for his attempts to give airing to some of the irregularities and incompetence within that department. I fail to comprehend why Mr Witheford has been singled out for exposure to the full wrath of his department. It would appear that one of the sins committed by Mr Witheford is that he dared to allege certain irregularities at the Australian Embassy at Tehran concerning phantom employees. These allegations were a subject of open discussion within the department as long ago as 1980. As an indication of the unfairness of the situation in which Mr Witheford has now been placed, I should like to refer to several irregularities which came to my attention during the period of my employment with the department, and in response to which, to my knowledge, no action was ever taken. Why then, I ask myself, has the department seen fit to take action against Mr Witheford, when, in all fairness, action should also have been taken against:

(1) Those persons (including several politicians) who have blatantly used the diplomatic mails to bring back to Australia at public expense the booty from overseas shopping excursions for such diverse items as motorcar tyres, clothing and a grandfather clock.

(2) The officers responsible for the disappearance of a bag of classified cables. The material was subsequently recovered from a motor vehicle panel shop at Kingston.

(3) The officer who removed a number of classified cables from the department and dumped them on his compost heap, from which they were eventually recovered."

The reason why the *Canberra Times* never published Mrs Van Dartel's letter did not emerge. Possibly it had some connection with the paper's reluctance to publicise Senator Primmer's catalogue of allegations against department heads. Either way, while the *Times* was hesitating, Mrs Van Dartel decided to go elsewhere, and took her hot potato to Laurie Oakes. True to his reputation, Laurie gobbled it in one gulp. He whipped her around to the Foreign Affairs building and filmed her for television news.

AFFAIRS

Mrs Van Dartel's role in the affair began to take on more and more significance as the early months of this year passed. She reported that she'd been approached by Foreign Minister Hayden's office in an attempt to persuade her against going public with her allegations. The approach, allegedly from a senior staffer, made allegations about Don Witheford. Witheford's lawyers seized on this and wrote back to Hayden's office more than once, but received no reply.

At the same time, Senator Primmer was continuing to trot out details of alleged misuses of diplomatic channels. Among the more spectacular imports he mentioned in the Senate were a yacht (in kit form) for a high commissioner and war souvenirs including machine guns. But then, in late May of this year came another real bombshell dealing with the historic events of November 11, 1975, when Gough Whitlam was unceremoniously dumped from his position as Prime Minister. If Senator Primmer's sources were to be believed, Gough wrote a number of letters to the Queen in the two or three weeks leading up to November 11, but these letters never got through to Buckingham Palace. They were "intercepted" in the mail room. *Penthouse* was told that up to half a dozen such letters were held back, and not sent on until after November 11. In Paris, where Gough was maintaining his rage as Australian Ambassador to UNESCO, the allegation obviously came as a surprise. He immediately sought more information.

On March 14, 1984, Witheford presented himself before Magistrate Kevin Dobson in Canberra Court to answer the first of the three charges brought against him. To say that he walked from the dock a free and utterly vindicated man is an understatement. In dismissing the charge Mr Dobson delivered a stinging broadside against the department. The case against Witheford, he said, had been "conceived in prejudice and born in bias." He also went to some lengths to make it clear he believed the bias and prejudice stemmed from departmental officers and not the Federal Police.

The significance of this emerged on May 3 when Mr Henderson was questioned closely in the Estimates Committee by Senator Michael Tate (ALP, Tasmania). Mr Henderson was first asked whether disciplinary action had been taken against the departmental officers who conceived the prosecution against Witheford. He replied that the police had found evidence of misconduct, and had decided, in conjunction with the Attorney-General's Department, what legal action should follow. Senator Tate pressed the question further. "Do you understand Mr Dobson's remarks to have been made in relation to the police or in relation to the department?" Mr Henderson: "Mr Dobson made his remarks in relation to what he thought was the sequence of events. The sequence of events was as I have described them to you." Senator Tate: "Do you believe he saw the conceiving of the prosecution as being within the womb of the department or within the womb of the police?" Mr Henderson: "It was within the realm of the police." This contrasted oddly with Mr Dobson's exact words: "I find it very difficult to get away from the feeling that this prosecution was conceived in prejudice and born in bias on the part of some officers in the Deparment of Foreign Affairs, and not, and I stress not, by the police officers concerned in the case."

Mr Henderson's statement in the Estimates Committee was eagerly seized upon by the growing band of Witheford supporters. They had already staged a number of highly embarrassing demonstrations both outside and within the dignified portals of the Kremlin, and on more than one occasion had stormed past security guards and into the inner sanctum, where they distributed their pro-Witheford literature.

> If Primmer's sources are to be believed, Whitlam wrote several letters to the Queen before November 11, but these letters never got through to the Palace

While all this high drama was being enacted at the Kremlin, Senator Primmer was establishing in the Senate that Mr Ryan had returned after resigning from ASIS to the Foreign Affairs department on his $60,000 a year salary, pending decisions over whether or not he be disciplined for the Sheraton Hotel fiasco. Then, on May 8, both Mr Ryan and Mr Henderson announced their resignations. Mr Henderson said he wanted to stand down on September 5, because that was the fifth anniversary of his appointment to the $71,000 per annum post, and he felt five years was long enough for anybody in the top job. Mr Ryan made no statement other than a bald announcement that he was resigning from the Commonwealth Public Service. He was unavailable for further comment.

Predictably, Senator Primmer had a word or two to say in the Senate the day after the resignations. "Let me make it abundantly clear. The abortive misuse of the criminal justice system, at a cost to the taxpayer of tens of thousands of dollars, with the aim of destroying Mr Witheford, was basically motivated by Mr Peter Henderson's burning desire to root out one of my main contacts inside what he regards as his personal fiefdom." He continued: "Could anyone now seriously challenge my belief that the prejudice and bias, so clearly depicted by his worship (Mr Dobson) on March 16, have been typical of the present ruling clique in Foreign Affairs for many years?"

And then, just to rub salt in the wound, Senator Primmer referred to another spectacular act of diplomatic blasphemy committed in the wake of the appointment of Mr Bowden as Ambassador to Pakistan. A plan to hold a demonstration at the airport to protest Mr Bowden's departure had fallen through the previous week, so Senator Primmer had taken matters into his own hands. He had written a message to Pakistan's President, General Zia, and had personally delivered it to the Pakistani ambassador in Canberra. The letter read in part: "I am writing to draw your attention to the deep concern felt in the Australian Parliament, the Public Service and the wider community at the assignment of Mr Ivor Bowden as Australian ambassador to your country. Mr Bowden has been the subject of a range of serious allegations involving dishonesty since as long ago as 1960. More recently and commencing in 1982 I have ventilated a number of instances of financial misconduct by Mr Bowden. There has been, and is still continuing to be, an unprincipled campaign by Mr Bowden's supporters in the Department of Foreign Affairs and elsewhere to cover up his misdeeds."

It is not hard to imagine what effect such a letter would have on Mr Bowden, knowing as he did that his new hosts in Pakistan would have received it at almost exactly the same time as he was presenting his credentials to them. Senator Primmer justified the letter by telling the Senate: "I regard Mr Bowden as a singularly unsuitable ambassador to anywhere. I am genuinely surprised that the Government of Pakistan ... has agreed to accept Mr Bowden."

About a week later, on May 17, Witheford's long campaign secured another victory when the Director of Public Prosecutions, Mr Ian Temby, QC, announced he was dropping one of the two remaining charges. Two down, one to go. The charge Mr Temby did not see fit to proceed with involved allegations that Witheford took three files out of the control of the Commonwealth. The remaining charge involved a file, "Heads of Missions, Domestic Staff, Tehran" allegedly found during the raid on Witheford's home. At the time of going to press, this charge was set down for hearing in mid-July. ○—

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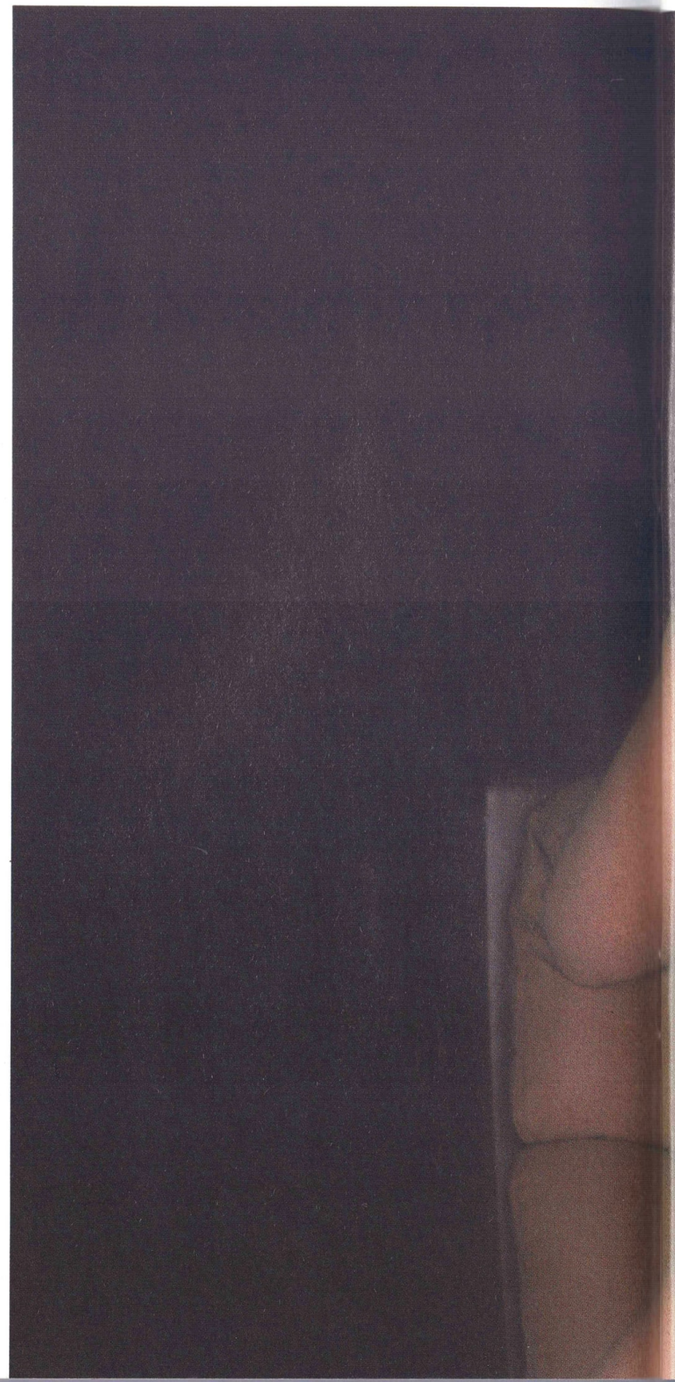
CHATTERBOX

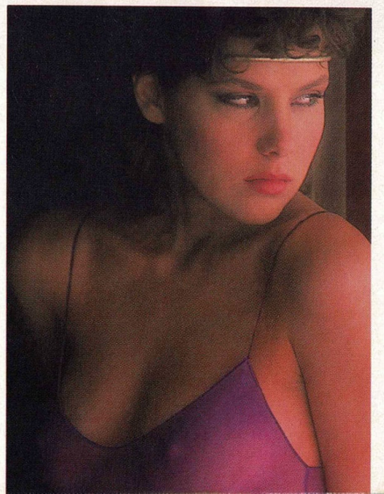
Even a relatively laid-back city lifestyle seems like life in the fast lane for brunette beauty Debbie Tays. "I grew up in a small country town where things were relatively backward. By the age of 18 I knew that if I had to go to another CWA home bottling demonstration, agricultural show or Sunday school picnic I'd curl up and die of boredom." Instead, a very determined Debbie packed up her gear and headed for the city. "My family manufactures farm machinery and they wanted me to work on the accounts side, but I've always been pretty artistic and I'd like to be a set designer."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

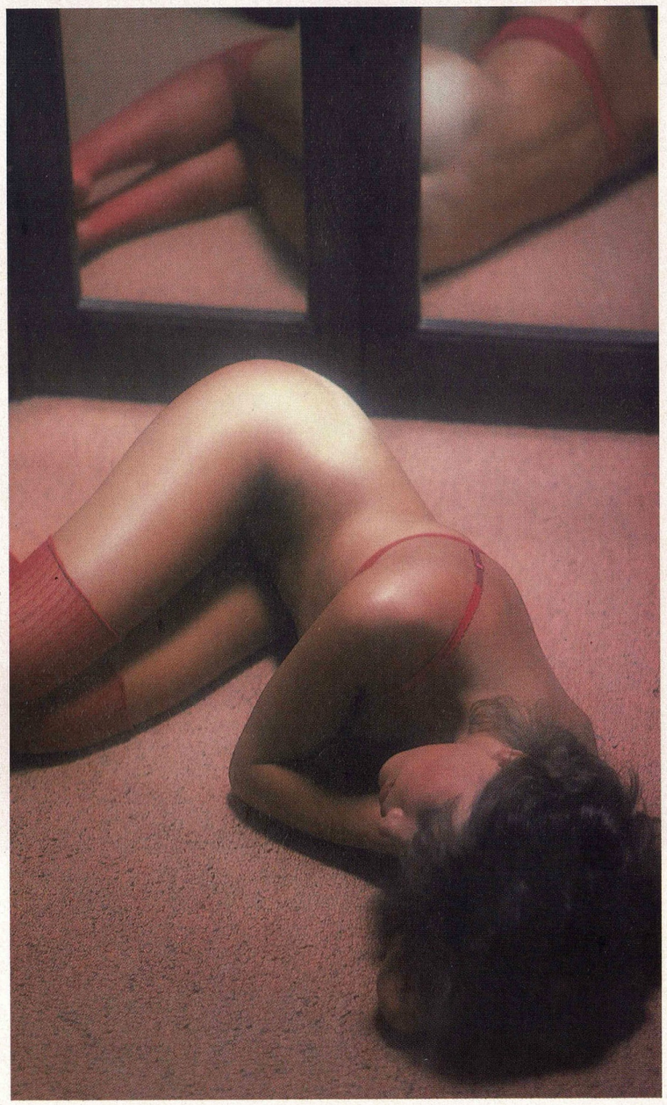
Lured by the hope of better work, better money and better men, Debbie stayed at the YWCA until she found a job as a stagehand at a small theatre. The work is hard but challenging. I've built up muscles I didn't know I had," she says.



Debbie is determined to retain her values and sense of propriety in the city. "My two older brothers warned me about dangerous things like drugs," she whispers. "They even made me smoke pot once, so I'd know about it. It made me so sick that I haven't touched the stuff since."



"My brothers are wholesome, athletic types, and that's the kind of men I go for. Blokes in really good condition seem to have so much energy in bed."



"I also eat healthy food to stay slim. Back home the guys call fat girls 'grain-fed pork.' They always called me a chatterbox, because I talk so much. But it's the best way to get to know people. And besides, now I can talk my way out of anything."

How a small-time hustler became an international cocaine kingpin . . . with a little help from some very important friends

MISTER BIG

BY JOHN CUMMINGS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

This is a story of greed, money and power. A story of a great criminal conspiracy. And as in all great criminal conspiracies, there was a mastermind at work: a man whose business acumen and sheer ruthlessness made him the biggest narcotics kingpin in the world. His name is Robert Vesco, and how he got where he is today is a story of some consequence. What will unfold here is a lesson in business strategy, the story of how one man took over a major role in what may have been, and possibly still is, the most profitable criminal enterprise of all time.

Behold the mastermind. He is usually described in journalese as a "fugitive financier", but he has become much more than that. Vesco brought his considerable talents for organisation and making business deals to bear on the problem of how to move illegal narcotics into the United States. Briefly, Vesco has revolutionised the system under which the stuff is smuggled into the US, and has gone some way to solving the problem of how a major narcotics dealer can hide the vast profits from his business.

Robert Vesco acquired early in his life a reputation as a hustler and maker of assorted small deals. And he would probably have remained just another small-time hustler were it not for his involvement, in the late Sixties, in Investors Overseas Services (IOS), a worldwide mutual fund based in Switzerland. He first encountered the fund when it was searching desperately for the resolution of certain problems, among them a prohibition by the Securities and Exchange Commission from selling its securities in the United States. IOS was also cash poor; this combination of circumstances attracted Vesco's interest. Vesco proposed a plan. He would provide his help and money to enable IOS to gain a foothold in the United States, in exchange for a seat on the fund's board of directors.

The total cost of this rescue operation would be $5 million. At first blush, coming up with that much money seemed far beyond Vesco's reach. He was presiding over a number of small Florida companies and with luck he might have been able to raise $1 million. But where was the other $4 million to come from?

It was here that Robert Vesco demonstrated his grasp of the shady side of capitalism. In this case, it amounted to saving IOS with its own money. The scheme worked like this: Vesco set his sights on a little bank known as Butler's Bank, in the Bahamian capital of Nassau. The bank was named after its owner, Allan Butler, an ambitious Harvard-educated businessman who wanted to elevate himself from the small world of Bahamian banking to the big time. Vesco turned up, smooth, fast-talking, an almost hypnotic speaker on the subject of money. In short, Vesco seduced the bank into becoming an unwitting partner in his bailout scheme. He got the fund to deposit $4 million in Butler's bank, which served to buttress Vesco's position as a major financier. Then Vesco arranged the "rescue" of the fund via the Butler bank, which meant essentially that he was saving IOS in the United States by using the fund's own money.

The little bank was later to play an even more important role in Vesco's career, but for the moment it is enough to note that in 1970 Vesco pulled off one slick deal, a deal that catapulted him into the rarefied ranks of financial manipulators. More important, the "rescue" permitted him to join the front ranks of the fund, from which he was then able to loot a pile of money. How much? Nobody is quite sure (estimates reckon around $200 million), but the fact is

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

that Vesco gutted the very fund he had "rescued."

A year after this astounding coup, however, Vesco's luck seemed to run out. On November 30, 1971, he was arrested in Switzerland on charges of attempting to remove securities from a Swiss bank. Held without bail, Vesco appeared remarkably unconcerned, considering that the Swiss take an extremely dim view of anything illegal involving their own precious banking industry.

The Swiss did not know it, but Vesco was holding an ace up his sleeve. It came in the form of a telephone call from a senior CIA official to Hans Walder, the chief of Swiss intelligence. There was "unusual interest in high government circles" in Vesco, the CIA man told Walder, and speaking on behalf of the US government — the name of Attorney-General John Mitchell was mentioned — it was hoped that the Swiss would release Vesco in his own recognizance. Walder, assuming that Vesco was therefore part of a major intelligence operation, dutifully made the requisite calls, and soon Vesco was released on $125,000 bail. Not surprisingly, he then left Switzerland and hasn't been back since.

At this point, the Vesco story becomes intriguing. The general impression has always been that Vesco was released because he made a secret pledge of $200,000 to Richard Nixon's campaign fund. But it has now been learned that the White House aided Vesco for more sinister reasons, and that these reasons had to do with preventing Vesco from coming to trial and talking too much. Put simply, Vesco had become a major narcotics kingpin in deals that involved several politically prominent people — and the White House knew it.

At the time of Vesco's relationship with Nixon's campaign fund, a super-secret federal strike force known as "Operation Eagle" began to function. Directed by the White House under a Nixon order to "make war on drugs", Eagle had two priorities: (1) to connect Fidel Castro with the growing flood of narcotics entering the southeastern United States; (2) to identify and neutralise the "Mr Bigs" of the drug trade.

Immediate targets of Operation Eagle were several of the hemisphere's major dealers, a number of whom were based in Miami, a key transshipment point for narcotics — especially cocaine and marijuana — moving north. One of the Miami-based dealers was Juan Cesar Restoy Sanchez, a former Cuban congressman who still had ties with many top Cuban politicians, including, curiously enough, Fidel Castro. Restoy, later killed in a shoot-out with US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents, was interesting for a number of reasons, not the least of which was his habit — unusual for a narcotics dealer — of keeping detailed records of his transactions with the participants listed under code names. The names were not difficult to decipher, particularly one referring to a big-money man who was underwriting deals all over the hemisphere, and who had set up major deals working for a number of smuggling rings. The code name *Bigotes*, "moustache" in Spanish, pointed to Vesco — who sported a bushy moustache.

According to Restoy's records, *Bigotes* was a real "Mr Big", receiving a cut on a long list of major narcotics deals. He did not smuggle the drugs himself, but he organised the deals and provided the working capital for certain dealers, along with other necessary logistics, notably fast boats. The discovery meant that considerable revision took place in the matter of Robert Vesco. At this point, it was known that Vesco had skipped to Costa Rica after fleeing Switzerland. Supposedly he was trying to buy himself Costa Rican citizenship, the better to avoid extradition problems. He was known to have dabbled in a few deals — one involved the manufacture of illegal machine guns in Costa Rica for shipment to the United States — but until then there had been no hint that Vesco might be mixed up in drugs.

> Vesco had become a major narcotics kingpin in deals that involved several politically prominent people — and the White House knew it

The inner circle of major drug smugglers knew better. They knew that Vesco had arranged to purchase a Miami firm that manufactured high-speed boats. Further, he had also contrived to buy a lot of special radar gear normally used to spot submarines. Then in June 1972, an undercover informant for the DEA recorded a telephone conversation between himself and a major Canadian mobster, during which the mobster ordered the undercover man to go to "Costa" and pick up $300,000 from Vesco to finance a major heroin buy that was to take place in Rome. Shortly after this, a mysterious series of notes were seized in a police bust on a drug deal in Rhode Island. Among the notes was this one: "$ to Vesco 6 million/ he picked up w/shrimper (Lansky)/'curier' (sic) beat up." The implication was clear: Vesco's name had become associated with big-time narcotics. Even in that world, $6 million is a lot of money. The reference to Lansky obviously meant mob moneyman Meyer Lansky.

In exile in Costa Rica, safe from any US extradition, Vesco could reflect on the manoeuvres that had moved him from a small-time hustler to a mover and shaker with international influence. Certainly, his lifestyle in Costa Rica during the early Seventies reflected that success — he lived in a sumptuous walled villa, surrounded by bodyguards. It might have seemed an idyllic, if somewhat boring, existence, but Vesco was not sitting around clipping coupons. He appears to have placed his faith firmly in the dictum that money is useless unless it's out there working someplace.

Also, despite the vast wealth he had supposedly cached away, life was expensive in Costa Rica. There were bribes to pay for the right to stay there in the first place, and round-the-clock security to maintain. Moreover, not everything to which Vesco turned his hand worked out. Occasionally, the business deals went sour; the narcotics business is notorious for arrangements that sometimes go awry.

But Vesco was working hard to solve whatever financial difficulties he was facing with an operation that was to have a major impact on the narcotics traffic entering the United States. Robert Vesco was about to enter the banking business.

There is a saying among US law enforcement circles: "It sometimes takes us a while to catch on, but when we catch on, we catch on good." Nothing better illustrates that old saw than the case of Columbus Trust, a Bahamian bank that, according to US federal investigative reports, laundered at least $100 million — the real total may be much higher — in dirty money (most of it from narcotics deals) over a period of fewer than 10 years. For much of that time, authorities were largely unaware of the role the bank was playing in hiding the vast profits of narcotics dealers. When they did catch on, they were confronted with a criminal enterprise of stunning proportions.

It had begun, they discovered, with Butler's Bank, which had unwittingly played so large a role in the Investors Overseas Services scam run by Vesco. In 1971, Vesco had quietly obtained control of Butler's through an entity called International Bancorp, one of the dozens of corporate shells he used to funnel IOS into the Bahamas. International Bancorp had already purchased the Bahamas Commonwealth Bank, which later listed its sole asset as a loan and investment portfolio of Butler's Bank.

In other words, Vesco was pulling one of his shell games, this time building a

MISTER BIG

banking empire out of nothing — or, in financial terms, creating a debt from one paper entity that was listed as an asset by another entity. And through a series of manoeuvres too complicated to list here, Vesco, via two confederates acting as frontmen, wound up secretly controlling a brand new bank known as the Columbus Trust.

By 1973, after Vesco had finished his financial shell game to hide his controlling interest in the bank, what had been created, ostensibly, was a typical Bahamian bank catering to foreign accounts. Bank regulation, nonexistent in the Bahamas, was rendered more opaque by another shrewd Vesco manoeuvre. Several large blocs of stock in the bank wound up in the hands of leading Bahamian politicians, including Prime Minister Lynden Pindling. And from 1973 until 1981 the bank functioned as a gigantic money wash, laundering the profits of drug deals. The authorities knew little of the machinations, although there was everlasting curiosity about what the drug dealers were doing with all their profits. This was no idle question, for profits — and what to do with them — lie at the very heart of the drug business.

Essentially the problem is that narcotics generate money in wholesale lots. Each tonne of cocaine is worth about $300 million when sold on the street. That represents a stunning profit margin over the relatively minuscule amount necessary to produce that cocaine in the first place. Indeed, there is so much money in narcotics that major dealers tend to discuss finance in terms of "pounds", meaning a certain number of pounds of $20 or $100 bills.

This may not seem like a problem, but vast wealth without the requisite visible means of support tends to attract the authorities, especially the US Internal Revenue Service. And the last thing a major narcotics trafficker wants to encourage is attention from law-enforcement officials.

Still, how can all that money be hidden? It was Vesco who provided the answer — a scheme so simple that it's a wonder nobody had thought of it before. The key was his bank in the Bahamas, where amid the quiet sounds of shuffling paper and clicking computer keys, several hundred million dollars (perhaps more; nobody knows for sure) in narcotics money passed through.

Reduced to its basics, Vesco's laundering scheme worked this way. A major dealer — call him John Doe — scores $2 million in profits on a major drug deal. He wants to hide the money. He gives his profits to Vesco's bank, which then invests them in one or more Caribbean-based real estate development companies. The money is then returned to John Doe in the form of profits from the Caribbean company. Simplicity itself — aided by the fact that most Caribbean countries have strict commercial secrecy laws, which make checking up on offshore corporations extremely difficult. In another variation on this scheme the money is given to the bank, which then "loans" John Doe large sums. This variant tends to infuriate IRS agents, who later discover that John Doe is not only hiding his money but is also filing income tax returns and deducting the interest on the "loans."

It took a while for US agents to catch on to this scheme. Their belated discovery was aided by the fact that the bank was also used for tax evasion schemes by American taxpayers. But first and foremost, Vesco's Columbus Trust operation was used to hide drug money. How well it worked until Bahamian authorities finally closed down Columbus Trust last year is best exemplified by the case of Vesco's

> There is so much money in narcotics that major dealers discuss finance in terms of "pounds", meaning a certain number of pounds of $20 and $100 bills

most important Bahamian business connection, Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas.

Even among the flashy world of big-time Colombian narcotics dealers, Lehder stood out. Known as "the kid", he had a number of distinguishing characteristics, among them a professed admiration for Adolf Hitler. Second only to the late Fuhrer in his pantheon was John Lennon, a devotion he underscored by placing a large nude statue of the late Beatle outside a hotel he owned in Colombia. When he heard that Lennon had been shot, a grief-stricken Lehder rushed outside his hotel and fired a pistol shot into the statue's chest, right about where he reckoned the real Lennon had been mortally wounded.

When he wasn't shooting up statues, Lehder was in the Bahamas overseeing a large-scale drug smuggling operation. He was one of several Colombian narcotics denizens who found a very hospitable climate in the Caribbean archipelago. The Bahamas, pockmarked by tiny islands and anchorages, are ideal territory for drug smugglers. Moreover, the Bahamas are only about 80 kilometres from the southeastern US coast — a quick hop across the water to Florida in a fast boat.

Lehder's money flowed into Vesco's bank in the form of a corporate fiction Vesco had created for the Colombian. Known as International Dutch Resources Ltd, it converted drug money into venture capital, buying up vast landholdings throughout the Bahamian archipelago. This transformed a drug smuggler into something of a legitimate businessman, but Vesco and Lehder didn't stop there. Their next step was an attempt to buy an entire country.

According to later sworn testimony by the Bahamian Commission of Inquiry, one Bahamian minister got a $600,000 bribe to protect Lehder's drug operations, and others were on a monthly retainer of $100,000. Indeed, the bribery operation was so systematised that some Bahamian officials suggested the idea of setting up a special financial pool, into which all the drug smugglers operating out of the Bahamas would contribute a set amount each month. From this pool, the Bahamas would pay off its national debt. Given the fact that fortunes in drug money were passing through the islands every day, it is possible that the debt would have evaporated rather quickly. (Certainly, some of the ministers of the Bahamian government would have accomplished this worthy goal in style. Because he co-operated, one of the ministers got a $25,000 BMW sedan from Lehder. When the minister's girlfriend wanted the same car, Lehder, tired of shopping for cars, simply gave her $25,000 to pick out her own model.)

What Lehder and Vesco got for their money, in addition to protection, was what amounted to their own little country. It was called Norman's Cay, in the Exuma chain southeast of the Bahamian capital of Nassau. With Vesco running real estate operations out of Columbus Trust using Lehder's money, the Colombian wound up as the biggest landholder on the cay. From this base, Lehder began running the best organised and most extensive drug-smuggling headquarters in the Caribbean.

The central lesson of this depressing litany of official corruption was clear: Vesco and narcotics-trafficking kingpins had managed to subvert an important portion of the Bahamian political and police structure. Like the pirates of old, who used to buy up entire colonial administrations, they had bought an official licence for crime.

Like other major Colombian dealers, Juan ("Johnny") Crump became aware of Robert Vesco through a friendship with another Colombian trafficker, Jaime Guillot-Lara. A wild character, Guillot owned a development of 2000 homes in Colombia plus a $400,000 mansion in Miami, along with a few yachts. Rumored to have made over $50 million in the drug trade, Guillot supported a lavish lifestyle.

Crump was impressed with Guillot's business acumen since, like Lehder, Guillot had carefully followed the Vesco scheme for investing narcotics profits into capital ventures, mostly Caribbean real estate. Vesco was of inestimable help in these money-laundering operations, but his interest in both men extended beyond the standard business arrangement. Vesco became aware that Crump and Guillot had gone into business with the Cubans, and it was this knowledge that provided him with still another inspiration.

The connection with the Cubans is the most puzzling aspect of the entire Vesco story, for there couldn't be two more unlikely business partners than Fidel Castro and Robert Vesco. Yet, an eventual partnership between the two men was probably inevitable.

In 1978 there was a renewed offensive by US authorities against drug smuggling, and there were growing indications that heightened Coast Guard and DEA vigilance was beginning to crimp the traffic. Clearly, some adjustments would have to be made. It was Lehder who provided Vesco with a suggestion. He informed Vesco that the Cubans had made contact with several Colombian dealers and proposed an "arrangement." At root, the "arrangement" amounted to pure political cynicism. The Cubans were supporting a leftist guerilla group in Colombia known as MI-9. The Cubans wanted to conceal the extent of their support for the guerillas, so the plan was to obtain US arms on the black market, then ship them clandestinely to Colombia. To do that required the help of the big drug smugglers. In return for official Cuban protection of their runs into Cuba, the smugglers would use their boats and smuggling routes to get arms to the Colombian guerillas.

Lehder, Guillot and Crump were all involved in the deal, which greatly complicated American enforcement efforts. Sanctuary for drug boats in Cuban waters outflanked the US picket patrols and made life for the smugglers that much easier. This was all of some interest to Vesco, but as usual, his mind was working far ahead. He had drawn an important deduction from the news of Cuban willingness to co-operate with the drug trafficking — despite a stern official government prohibition on all narcotics. That lesson, simply, was this: if the Cubans were willing to go so far as to actually co-operate with drug smugglers, what else might they be willing to do? A great deal, as it turned out.

One night during the autumn of 1982, a twin-engine Cessna 401B aircraft was cruising at low altitude over the Gulf of Mexico. Despite its sophisticated radar and the most advanced electronics outside the US Air Force, the plane somehow encountered a hazard for which all its electronics wizardry had not prepared it: a seagull.

The bird smashed into the plane's navigational system, badly damaging it. The plane limped to an airfield at Cleburne, Texas, where it encountered a reception committee of federal agents waiting to talk to the pilot. They wanted to know who owned the sophisticated machine with its state-of-the-art electronics and long-range fuel tanks. Such an aircraft, they noted, was probably not used for pleasure flights to South America. Most of all, the agents wanted to know how 383 kilograms of marijuana had got on board.

It turned out the plane belonged to an outfit called Buckhorn Trading Company, incorporated the year before in Texas and supposedly involved in exporting medical supplies to South America. But as investigators discovered, Buckhorn sure had an odd way of doing it. The firm's Cessna first flew to Anaheim, California, then back to Texas. Then it would head south into Mexico, and return to Texas. Invoices on its shipments claimed the final destination of the medical supplies was Panama. That made no sense until it was discovered that

> The connection with the Cubans is most puzzling, for there couldn't be two more unlikely business partners than Fidel Castro and Robert Vesco

in addition to shipping medical supplies, Buckhorn was illegally shipping computers and other electronics gear. And the final destination of those computers was not Panama. It was Cuba. What is even more interesting is that the return flight from Cuba stopped in Mexico, where a large load of narcotics was picked up and brought into the United States.

Thanks to an errant seagull, investigators had obtained still another glimpse into the growing Cuban connection with the drug traffic. More important, however, was that they were also given another peek into Robert Vesco's business affairs. Vesco by this time had established very close links with the Cubans and had devised a number of schemes for his new business partners.

The Texas scheme was only part of an extensive operation Vesco had formulated. All of it centred on what Vesco knew was the Cubans' most critical need: technology. The key was drugs. The Cubans had long proclaimed their abhorrence of anything connected with narcotics in any form, and they had managed to stamp out the illegal market inside Cuba (no small feat considering the country's legacy of deep involvement in the narcotics trade). But, as Vesco undoubtedly realised, business is business, and the Cubans were desperate for technology and money. This meant, as it often does, that certain principles could be bent. Besides, even if the Cubans remained puritanical on the subject of narcotics inside Cuba, this didn't mean they weren't willing to get a cut of the traffic headed northward, into the noses and veins of the Yankees.

How many "business" deals Vesco is still arranging is not known, nor is it known how much drug money he is still laundering throughout the Caribbean. But more drugs than ever are pouring into the United States, and there is such a profusion of cocaine in that country that prices have dropped.

As for Vesco's acquaintances, their fates have been mixed. Despite the indictment for drug smuggling against him in the US, Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas stayed for a while in the Bahamas, then resurfaced in his native Colombia, where he announced his candidacy for the presidency of the country. He made one radio speech, during which he startled listeners by boasting of all the money he had made from the "drug bonanza." He has subsequently disappeared.

Johnny Crump became a protected federal witness, and he provided much of the evidence that moved a federal grand jury to indict, among others, four senior Cuban officials on charges of drug smuggling. There is no possibility, naturally, that Cuba will surrender these men (one of them an admiral in the Cuban navy) to the United States for prosecution. Crump is now living under an assumed identity in the US.

Crump's friend, Jaime Guillot-Lara, was held in Mexico for a while after he was indicted in the United States, but inexplicably, the Mexican authorities let him go. He is another who has since disappeared. Some sources suggest that Guillot and Lehder are both in hiding in Cuba with Vesco.

Vesco himself continues to live in Cuba, currently under the alias "Bob Adams." Occasionally seen near his villa at Barlovento or around the island of Cayo Largo (a known rendezvous for drug-smuggling boats and the Cuban navy), he has the demeanor of a wealthy man without a care in the world. And no wonder: he apparently has all the money he needs, and the prospect of the United States extraditing him from Cuba is, at best, extremely dim.

Still, as his record clearly indicates, Vesco is a restless man, not given to sitting around and counting his money. And if he is not hanging around Cayo Largo for the fishing, then what *is* he there for?

Looking for business, probably.

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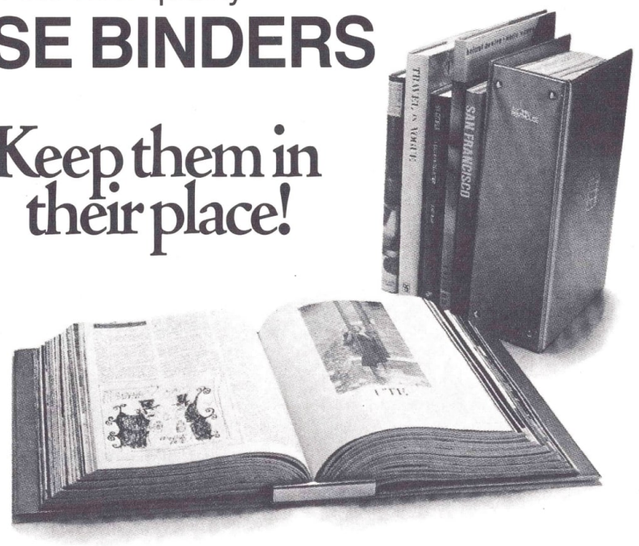

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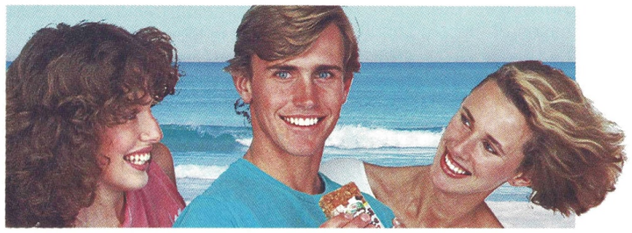

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THREE SPORTS CARS TO BE WON!

Ali is no longer "The Greatest", but contrary to rumor he is not down for the count

PROFILE BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

ALI: CHAMP OR CHUMP?

True, he no longer floats like a butterfly, nor does he sting like a bee. True, he is 10 kilograms overweight and a step or two slower. But a recent talk with the quick-witted, engaging, and fast-moving Muhammad Ali belies the media myth-makers' claim that, at 42, "The Greatest" is now a punch-drunk, poverty-stricken basket case.

There have been many horror stories told over the last few years about what has happened to the 20th Century's most famous athlete: Ali has suffered extensive brain damage; he's heading for the welfare rolls; he is a heroin addict; he's given all of his money to the Black Muslims. To add credibility to these fairy tales, doctors who have neither seen nor examined the former three-time world heavyweight champion have given expert opinions that he has suffered some brain damage by taking too many punches to the head during his long career. Writers who cannot even balance their own cheque books have written pages about the dissolution of Ali's wealth. And strangers who have witnessed a tired Ali at airports after 15-hour plane trips have testified that the champ has become a spaced-out junkie. To find out the truth, I visited the Champ at his Los Angeles home.

It was late in the afternoon on a rare smog-free day as I turned my car into the cul-de-sac where Ali's estate is located, inside exclusive Hancock Park. Ali was on the front steps and even at a distance, the face was unmistakable. Up close, he looked older, heavier, yet little different from the brash Cassius Clay who burst into celebrity as a 22-year-old heavyweight champion in 1964.

Ali greeted me warmly, but appeared sluggish and distracted. His mind seemed to be focused elsewhere. In barely audible tones, Ali told me that he was tired and expressed regret at having agreed over the telephone to be interviewed. He said he'd like to forget the whole thing. It occurred to me that perhaps the stories I had heard about him were true.

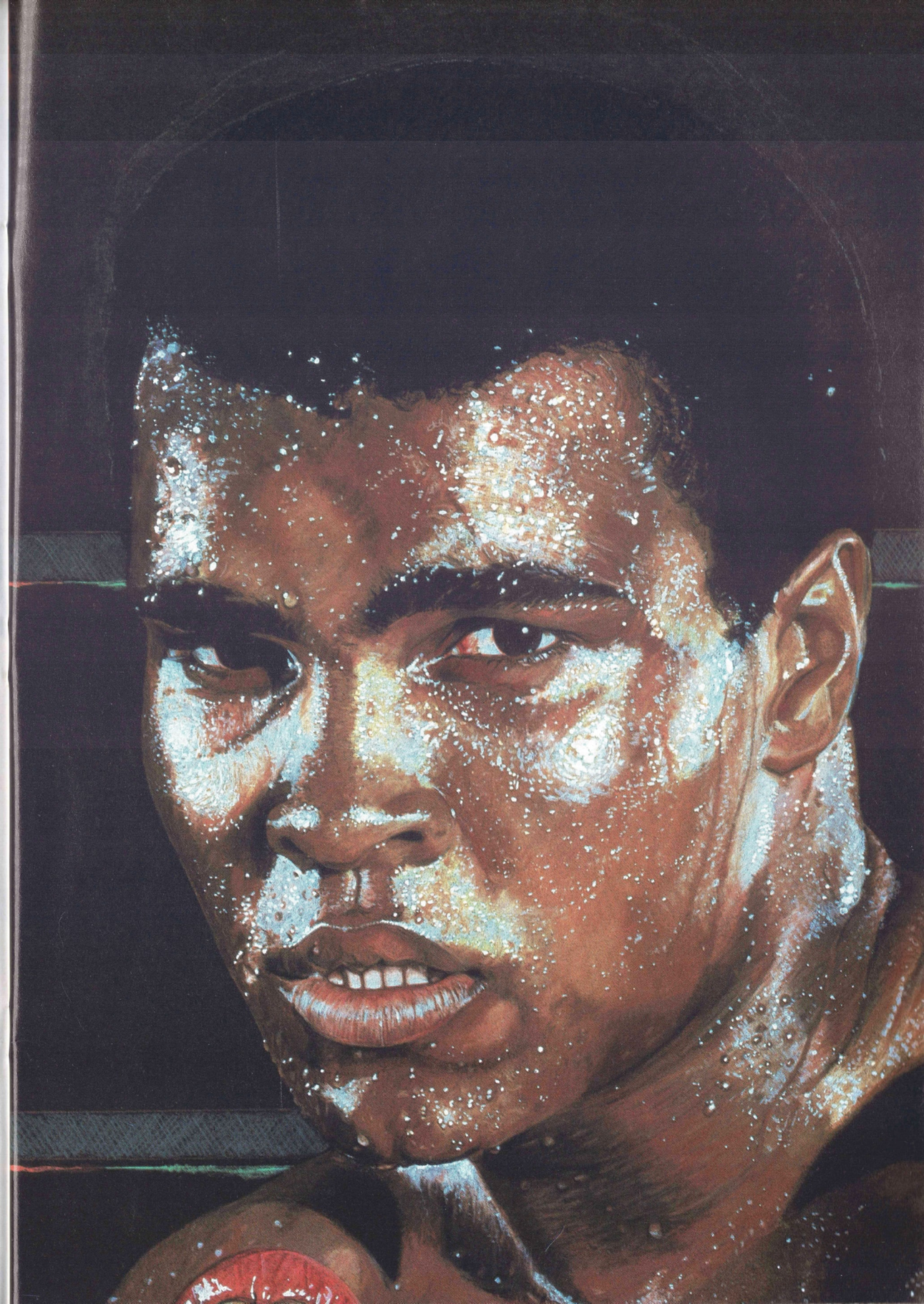
I tried to explain to Ali why I wanted to interview him: "Champ," I was almost pleading, "you're one of the most important figures . . ." Feigning shock and anger, Ali interrupted me, "Did you say that I'm an important nigger?"

Taken aback, I clearly repeated the word "figure." With mock anger Ali said: "I heard you say 'nigger.'" Then, flashing the famous Muhammad Ali grin, he agreed that I surely would have to be a fool to call the only three-time heavyweight champion in the history of boxing a "nigger."

Becoming serious, Ali then explained why he wanted to postpone our discussion. "I have this problem with hypoglycemia. I eat too many sweets during the day . . . by this time of the afternoon I'm not myself. (Ali's day is a long one, as he rises before five in the morning.) Come back tomorrow at nine to see the real Muhammad Ali."

Muhammad Ali, aka Cassius Clay, has always been a boxing champion. As a 17-year-old he was both American Amateur Union and Golden Gloves light heavyweight and heavyweight champion. In 1960, he won a gold medal at the Olympics. Turning professional, Clay became heavyweight champion of the world when he demolished the seemingly indestructible "Big Bear", Sonny Liston, in 1964. Like most of us, the new champion was

ILLUSTRATION BY TIMOTHY SCOGGINS



CHAMP

not unaffected by the Sixties. Unlike most of us, however, the champion did not follow the calls for rebellion but rather became a moral leader who spoke out for his people and against the Vietnam War.

Sportswriters and fans were simply not prepared for a heavyweight champion of the world who behaved the way young Clay behaved. He was not modest and humble, nor was he removed from the social and political turmoil of the decade. Taken under wing by the late radical Malcolm X (although Ali claims that Malcolm X's influence in his conversion to Islam has been overstated), Cassius Clay announced to the world that he had become a member of the Black Muslims. He changed his name to Muhammad Ali, although it took several years before some reactionary sportswriters stopped calling him Cassius Clay. Next, Ali announced his opposition to the war in Vietnam. Ali swore that if he was drafted into the army he would "go to jail rather than fight the Vietnamese."

Once the darling of the sports world, Cassius Clay quickly became the hated Muhammad Ali. Sportswriters and editorial page scribes were aghast at what they deemed the unpatriotic behavior of the new heavyweight champion. Why wasn't he more like the humble and acceptable Negro heavyweight champion Joe Louis? They should have realised that the legendary and flamboyant Jack Johnson had always been Ali's hero. In 1967, patriotic zealots in the world of boxing and in the media began to put the screws to Ali. He was stripped of his title and pressure was brought to bear on state athletic commissions to deny Ali the right to earn a living. He was out of work, and the world lost its champion.

But then, as now, Ali was a man of principle. He never backed down. He remained firm in his refusal to fight in a war he did not believe in. He became more involved in his new religion. But he also fought back. And Ali — being Ali — became the winner. It took a few years, but in 1974 he became, once more, the heavyweight champion of the world.

By 1980, Ali's fighting days were over. The body, strength, and reflexes of the 38-year-old Ali were not those of the 22-year-old Clay. After a disastrous attempt to regain the title a fourth time from Larry Holmes, he knew it was time to quit. It was then that the rumors and gossip about Muhammad Ali's decline began.

The next morning, I told Ali what Angelc Dundee, his former manager, had said recently: "I think Muhammad Ali right now is a bored individual. I feel badly for him because he's not in the glow anymore, the limelight. How do you replace what he was? You don't."

Ali smiled and shook his head. He had already been up for five hours, travelling to a mosque for morning prayers, then later walking his two daughters to a neighborhood school. He was alert, fresh-looking, and eager to talk.

"I don't miss the excitement of boxing. I get *more* excitement these days. See, when I was boxing I would be training, say, for three months in one location. I was stuck there, and the only people who I would see were those who were paid to see me. Now that I'm retired, I'm out in the public, not confined to three months in camp. I'm always travelling. I meet thousands of people at airports, in hotels, on the street. So I'm busier now . . . more active than when I was boxing."

Ali's activities these days are varied, but nothing is more important to him, nothing keeps him more involved in life, than his religion. Much has been written about Ali's conversion to Islam in 1964. Little of it bears any resemblance to the truth. A current theme in 1984, as it was in 1964, is that the Black Muslims brainwashed and took advantage of Ali. It has been implied that the Muslims have taken most of Ali's money and that he does not take the faith seriously. But Ali vigorously denies these stories.

> "I like the so-called bad publicity. In history only the so-called bad guys stay famous; the good guys they forget"

Ali cares deeply about his religion. It is the only subject that he discusses without the usual Ali flair and exaggeration. His religious beliefs may sound very simple, but as he says, "It's my life — faith and obedience to God." Whether at home or on the road, Ali listens to cassettes of religious sermons. He also writes and delivers dozens of sermons at mosques around the world. At one point in the interview Ali asked me to listen to two of the sermons he wrote and recorded. If anybody believes that he is tuned out from the world around him, they ought to hear him talk about his religion.

It was nearly noon and Ali interrupted the interview to leave for the gym. He works out about three times a week. Although some people have said that he doesn't care about his body any longer, Ali has remained very serious about maintaining his physical condition.

It seemed like a good idea to ride with Ali to his gym in Santa Monica. It was a mistake: riding in a car with Muhammad Ali behind the wheel is an experience best forgotten. Ali decided to leave his Rolls Royce back at the house and chose to drive the sleek $70,000 Stutz-Bearcat to the gym. Larry Kolb, Ali's financial adviser, who had just flown in from London, and Ali's longtime aide and close friend Abdel Koder Mondir were also in the car.

Everything was fine until we hit the freeway. Kolb told me to sit back and not to worry. "Worry about what?" I asked. Kolb said, "You'll see." Ali may no longer be lightning fast in the ring, but he is a silver streak on the freeway. We must have been doing 150km/h. Just as it was once impossible to corner Ali in one area of the ring, it is now just as impossible to contain him in one lane of the road. In a flash we were in the left lane, then the centre, then the right lane. When Ali found any of those lanes restrictive of his desire to keep our stomachs in our throats, he would ride the exit ramps before returning to the road at the last instant. There was no way I was going to interview him in the car. I did what Ali's more experienced passengers did. I closed my eyes and found religion.

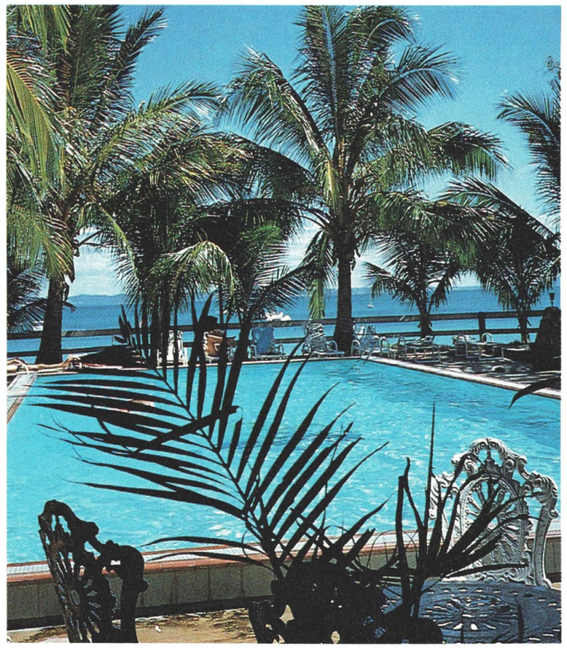
The Joe Louis Gym in Santa Monica is where Ali returns to the world he once reigned over. His presence is felt as soon as he enters. Heads turn, the peppering of punching bags stops, and greetings are called out from all over the room. Before he can work out, Ali has to give a few minutes of his time to managers who want to talk about their fighters, fighters who want to talk about their managers, and hangers-on who want something from him. One down-and-out character talks Ali into allowing him to wash his car for a few bucks. An elderly trainer gets Ali to pose for a picture with his crippled granddaughter. Promoter Bob Arum once said that Ali's biggest problem is that he can never say no. Watching Ali patiently and graciously grant these requests, you realise what a decent human being he is.

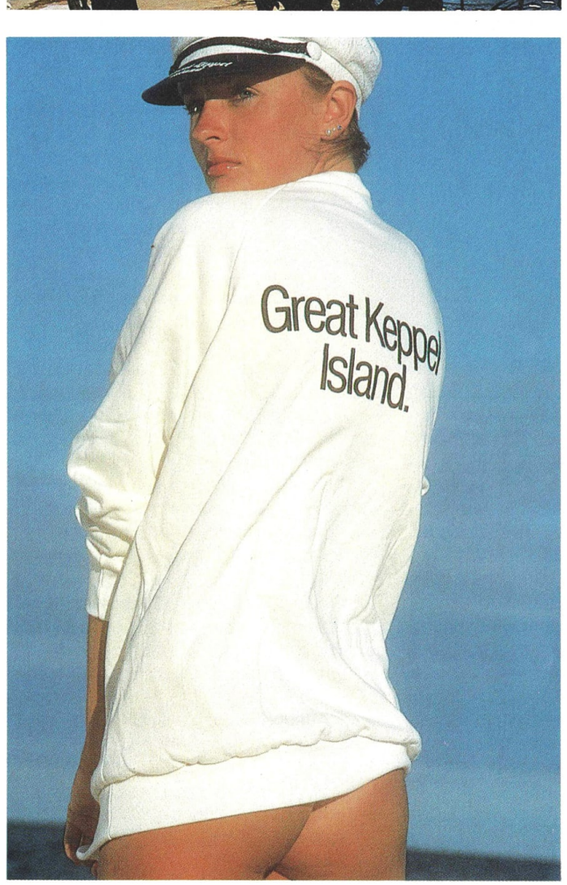
Ali's workout lasts about an hour. He spends most of his time punching both the light and heavy bags. His hands blur as he raps the light punching bag, and when he hits the heavy canvas one, I shudder at the thought of what those punches must have felt like when they connected to the midsections of his opponents.

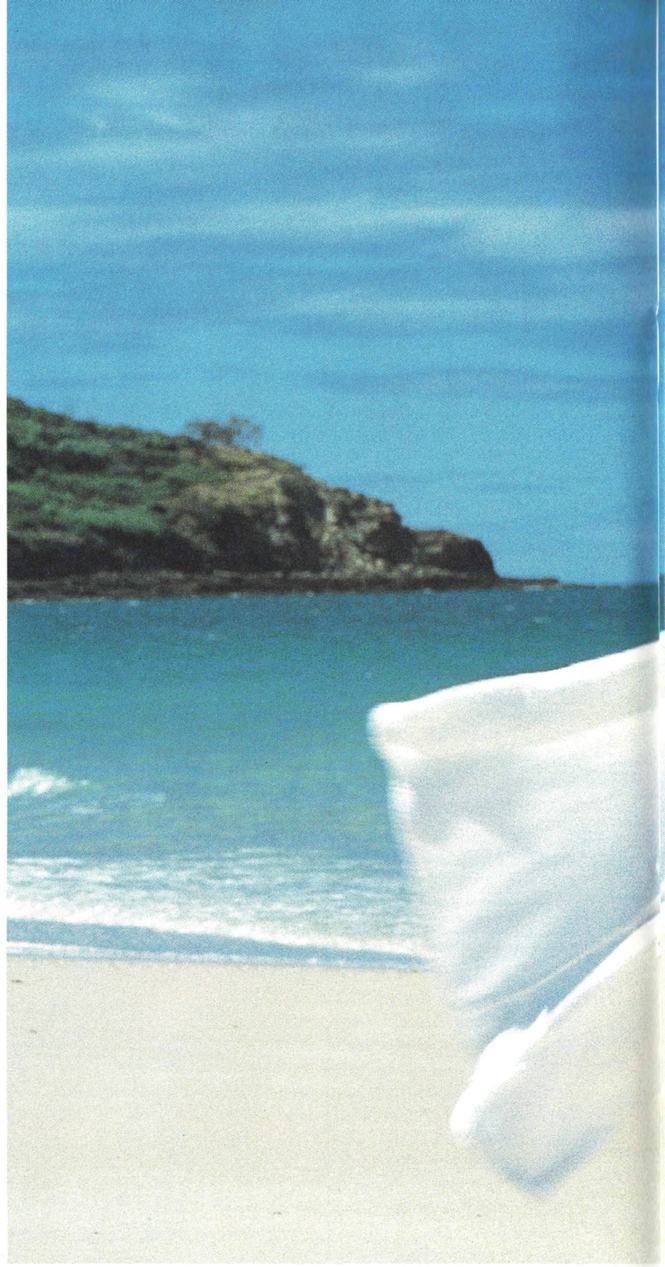
After Ali finished his workout he showered, and we headed back to his home. To keep my mind off Ali's unnerving driving technique, I asked Larry Kolb about the rumors of Ali's financial plight. Kolb laughed: "I can't tell you everything about Ali's finances, but I'll give you an idea just what sort of shape he's in. Ali's tax-free income, now I'm only talking

Continued on page 152

TRACEE



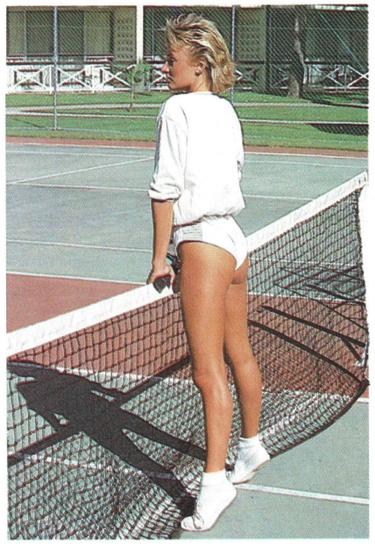




CYCLONE TRACEE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

On Great Keppel Island, where these shots were taken, the visitors and staff remember our Pet Of The Month as "Cyclone Tracee." Twenty-one-year old Tracee Edwards, of Melbourne, hit the island resort with such Bacchanalian force that even the most experienced revellers on the "Great Place To Get Wrecked" were left quivering behind dark glasses in her wake. Tracee, however, kept on powering for three days and now can't wait to get back.

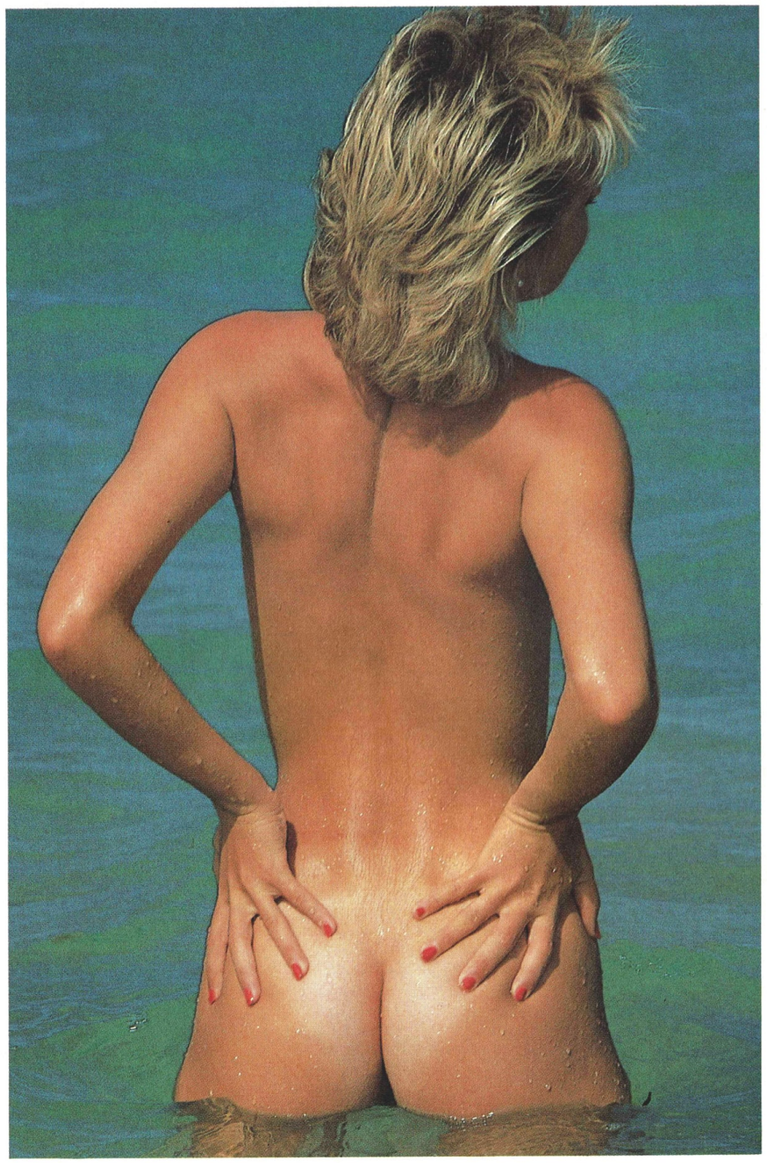


When Tracee's home working as a legal secretary she's suitably prim and proper. But place her near the warm oceans of the tropics and, just like a cyclonic disturbance, she becomes infused with an overwhelming energy.

"My inhibitions seem to fall away in an island environment," says Tracee. "While travelling up to Great Keppel, I was feeling very hesitant about the prospect of posing naked. But as soon as I hit that sunshine and relaxed atmosphere I couldn't wait to get into it."

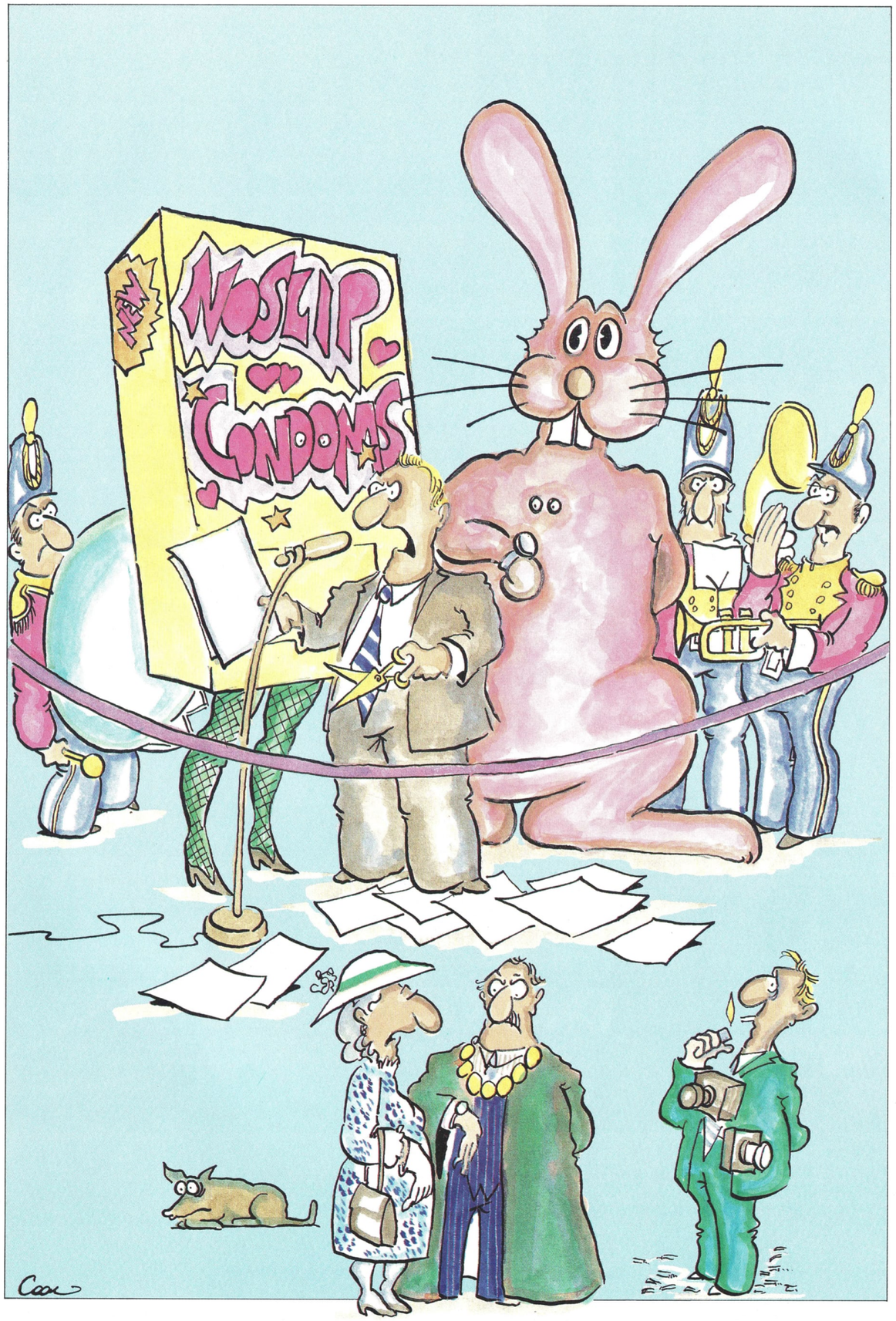
After a working week grappling with contracts and conveyancing, Tracee can usually be found jumping up and down at the VFL in support of her team, Carlton. She also admits a fondness for the deep throttle of motor racing, but a Blues' win brings her the most happiness.

When it comes to male company, Tracee likes them big: "I like tall men, well-built ones — no-one too skinny. And I also prefer genuine men. I can't stand a guy who's too full of himself."



The men that get Tracee going range from American actor Richard Gere to local comedian Rodney Rude. Lingering conversationally over Richard's gear and Rodney's rudeness is one of her favorite pastimes. Another is singing in the shower. She says she's got good lungs and can really belt out a tune. We don't doubt it.

MISS TRACEE EDWARDS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Pre-election prompting for MPs who plan to go public

COOK'S GUIDE TO POLITICAL PROTOCOL

DEPARTMENT OF PROTOCOL (PUBLIC BEHAVIOR)
Memo From:
Gordon F.X. Alloyhead OBE, OA, OM, FRZS
To: All Department Heads

Now hear this. Now hear this. Those of you who may have allowed your gaze to wander from the clock to the window will have observed the advent of a better class of weather. Spring has us by the sinuses and summer looms. Our little friends the birds have returned, rendering the mornings hideous with their whingeing and twittering, and our other little friends, the ministers and backbenchers, have also returned from their fact-finding forays into warmer hemispheres to do the same.

This is traditionally a time for pre-election activities. Many of our little treasures will wish to re-acquaint themselves with their electors. Some will need to be reminded where their electorates are. They will all be busying themselves with taking credit for the nice weather, showing off their Italian tailoring and adopting postures of concern. In short, they will be going public. This will, in most cases, come as a shock to everyone concerned. The most telegenic members will be carrying familiar heads on unfamiliar and frequently disgusting bodies. Even the lobby fodder members have only been seen from the neck up in those 20-year-old airbrushed photographs adorning election fliers that choke the nation's letterboxes at monthly intervals.

If the public were to discover what they really look like, sound like and eat like — not to mention what they've been married to all these years — it would cause a crisis of national confidence, and put undue pressure on our own leisure time as we attempt to explain it all away. The PM has stressed to me that since the government of the mainland, if not Queensland, is in the hands of an interlocking and seamless web of warring factions from all walks of his party, this guide should be made available to our state colleagues. Thank God we no longer have to concern ourselves with Tasmania — getting them into shoes was hard enough. However, to proceed:

EVENT: AFTER DINNER

This advice will also be relevant after lunch, after drinks, after the big match locker-room pissup and after church sherries. Those attending will be the local Rotary, the Real Estate Agents' Association, the local football club mafia and other notables linked by guilt, mutually profitable rackets and a desire to drink heavily at someone else's expense.

YOUR ROLE: To stay sober and to be seen to be standing with your lips moving. You have been invited because:
(a) it makes what they do seem legal;
(b) they're angling for a handout;
(c) one of them will attempt to bribe you afterwards;
(d) their regular speaker is in Our Lady Of The Healing Hands having a liver transplant.

Not many votes here but this is the democratic heartland, ie it's where the campaign funds come from. It is also the prime source of free sandwiches and paper cups at election rallies. And racing tips. Speak for 10 minutes on the subject of The Community. These people own it, or at least the mortgaged part of it. Avoid your favorite jokes (see Ethnic Events). Locate wealthiest citizen present and shake hands firmly until photographed doing so for local bugle.

ADVANTAGES: Being seen; being photographed being seen; gaining a reputation as an orator among people too drunk to do anything except sign cheques; campaign funds.

DANGERS: Giving these people the impression that you have the power to enact any of the following:
(a) rezone the park for home units;
(b) make sweeping changes to Australia's iniquitous tax system;
(c) put in a word to the judge.
Do not, if male, wait around for Fifi La Boom and her Dancing Coconuts to do the trick with the eggs and move through the audience. If female, it is unlikely that these pillars of the community will have invited both Fifi and your good self to share the platform — your problem will involve maintaining firm smiles through the leaden-footed references to "I never thought I'd see the day when . . . ", flowers and Margaret Thatcher.

WHAT TO WEAR: Male MPs should borrow a very expensive suit and wear it with an "Advance Australia" lapel button and a very ugly tie. Female MPs should stick to the Iron Curtain look — with handbag to allay resentment among wives.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICK COOK

COOK'S GUIDE

EVENT: SCHOOLS

In attendance will be hundreds of spotty pubescents with inflamed glands. They will regard you as the last in a long line of people who have lied to them before they stride boldly forth into law, futures broking, daddy's firm or drug running (if it's a private school), or sidle on to the end of a queue (if it's public). The former will not vote for you; the latter will not vote. Your target audience is the parent bloc, so cater for them.

YOUR ROLE: If you are a product of the institution, you will have been exhibited as proof that at least one former pupil has made it. If you are simply the local member, they are scraping the barrel. In any event, you will dwell upon:

(a) what a great country this is;

(b) what a great government we have;

(c) what a tremendous number of war casualties this fine old school has contributed, or if it's a girls' school, what a marvellous contribution to motherhood (Catholic) or the professions (Public) the school has made.

(d) youth as Australia's Greatest Natural Resource. Do not mention that, like our other natural resources, what happens to our youth is entirely in the hands of the Japanese.

You will then fork over a number of books. Do not drop them and do not linger moistly over handshakes, whatever your sexual preferences. Do not get buttonholed by brigadiers eager to discuss the perils of creeping socialism. Ditto with mothers eager to discuss moral standards and their relative decline. Avoid school heads eager to discuss funding. Ignore the drug taking in the car park.

ADVANTAGES: Being seen; if flagrant in attack on today's moral and educational standard, being quoted in the Murdoch papers; obtaining wistful flashbacks of your own dissipated youth; nostalgia over firm young . . . *(Deleted, G.F.X.A.)*

DANGERS: Derision from the young; unbearable boredom; atavistic panic at sight of nuns.

WHAT TO WEAR: Old pupils' tie; very sober shirt. If female, cover the knees. Clean your shoes; those nuns have automatic reflexes. It will not help to be sent outside.

EVENT: SHOP OPENINGS

This incorporates shopping centres, arcades and those boutiques and poofy shirt outlets which the spouses of your fellow MPs often run to break the tedium of a life which consists of constantly deferring to people like you. However, such events are vitally important since the larger grocers are often useful with loose change and chickens to raffle, and because shopping centres open from time to time in electorates where nothing else happens. To be frank, most of those concerned with such ventures would prefer the honors to be done by charismatics such as Rolf Harris, *Penthouse* Pets or Humphrey Bear, but if they are forced to come to you, grin, have a stiff drink and remember the local press.

YOUR ROLE: To cut a ribbon. Practise with nail scissors in the bathroom — injuries inflicted on the hairy hands of local businesspersons are not photogenic. Wax lyrically about the commercial recovery that is the direct result of your government's initiatives in the field of soft toys, hamburgers, frocks, no-name brand suppositories or whatever is appropriate. Keep your comments short. The adults will be disappointed that Stuart Wagstaff is not among them; the children will have expected Humprey Bear. If scantily clad and freezing models are handing out samples of the appropriate product, be sure to be seen taking one (except suppositories, lingerie etc). Use discretion in deciding whether product is in fact appropriate.

> After two hours you'll either suffer from a terminally extended bladder, or from an overwhelming urge to give your bum a good scratch. Don't!

ADVANTAGES: Fresh air; meeting models; photographs; valuable remedial training in handshaking, ribbon cutting, avoiding being trampled, etc.

DANGERS: Endorsing enterprise financed by drug money, tax evaders and race tipsters; being photographed with actors dressed as galahs, rabbits and suppositories. There is also the danger that certain critical elements will wonder why you haven't got anything better to do with your time, and will accuse you of being a publicity-hungry poseur who would shit in an eggcup on top of a flagpole if there was a photograph in it.

WHAT TO WEAR: Any artificial fabric that resists baby vomit, tomato sauce and lipstick.

EVENT: FUNERALS

For a politician these fall into several categories. There are state funerals for people who were much more successful than you will ever be. Their sudden swan dives often enable you to clamber — one rung at a time — up the ladder. Then there are the funerals of your predecessors, to whom you are even more specifically grateful. The other major category is that of your colleagues, or to put it another way, your enemies. In all of these tragic events there is the potential for much inner contentment. This should at least relax you enough to remember to look devastated, grim or lessened personally by the experience.

YOUR ROLE: If you are a minister, you will have to stand at the front. If a backbencher, you will be trapped in a morbid and sentimental throng of uncles, second cousins and people to whom the deceased owed money or child maintenance payments. Look at your shoes a lot. Try to think of a dead pet you may have lost as a child. Try to think of the number of things for which you never took revenge on the deceased. Try to remember the names of all of the seven dwarfs from *Snow White*. Try not to hum or to nod off. You may be called upon to reminisce. Remember the words "loving husband/wife . . . deep sympathy to family . . . tragic loss to party/country/government/bridge four . . . splendid war/charity/bridge club record. . ." Remember that there *are* times when you can lie like a President without anyone bothering to contradict you. This is one of them.

ADVANTAGES: Showing the human side of your good self, so often overlooked; demonstrating the capacity for forgiveness (now that it's too late); being noticed by your superiors just when they have finally realised that the deceased really will have to be replaced; sherry and little things on biscuits afterwards.

DANGERS: Being seen smirking, spitting, or breaking into a jig as you walk away from the grave; standing solemnly with a very white shirt tail peeking through the open fly of very black trousers; getting a bee caught under your veil.

WHAT TO WEAR: Not loud tartan.

EVENT: CULTURE (LOCAL)

This is the hard slog. When you open a stretch of expressway, you don't have to sit by the side of the road watching the subsequent performance: admiring the overall positioning of the Datsuns; the strong, deeply personal statement of the trucks; the wry humor of the Mokes and the strong challenge to patriarchal social values represented by Volkswagens with provocative bumper stickers. Mind you, it would be a lot more fun than going to film festivals, Ibsen revivals in the old Buffalo Lodge Hall, local watercolor playoffs and the nightmare obstacle course that is community arts. Many hardened MPs have had to go away for a long rest screaming that never again will they voluntarily view free-form driftwood sculpture, seminal dramatic works based on the hangovers of illiterate young playwrights or films with small animals and Bryan Brown in them. But this government is firmly and indiscriminately committed to the arts. If you merely want to enjoy yourself of an evening, get a proper job.

YOUR ROLE: Much the same as the royal family. Stay awake; make little noises at the back of the tonsils indicative of enthusiasm and excitement. You will, after the first two hours, either suffer from a terminally extended bladder, or from an overwhelming urge to give your bum a really good scratch. Don't. These brain-numbing events are usually staged "in the presence of" your good self, which means that you don't have to speak. If you're a minister and your ministry accidentally includes the arts because you blew it with roads or hospitals or live sheep exports, a few words may be expected. Make sure they are written by someone who has read the program.

ADVANTAGES: Boredom is an early phase of Zen enlightenment; you may find out what Sigrid Thornton is really like; it's free.

DANGERS: You may be forced to become a lifetime subscriber to the film festival/driftwood workshop/Friends of Ibsen collective; you may also find out what Sigrid Thornton is really like; you may get backed up against the vegetarian buffet by violently committed community arts mafiosi with brutalist haircuts, eyes too close together and firm opinions on the elitist and patriarchal system of arts funding.

WHAT TO WEAR: Really bad ties; denim skirts if you must; leather jackets if you can; loose fitting garments that accommodate flasks. For maximum effect at the opera, carry a beeper.

SPECIAL NOTE: The PM has generously decreed that attendance at any mime performance, any experimental photography workshops or any Australian movie comedy will entitle the sufferer to three months' remission from similar events.

EVENT: CULTURE (IMPORTED)

Some of the world's most disgusting governments, who are also our major trading partners, tart up their image by taking a few of their citizens out of uniform and exporting them as dance troupes, choirs and traditional folk theatre platoons. Once you have seen one group of meaty thespians in lurid, beaded smocks banging tamborines or goats' skulls with little hammers while leaping about as if their sporrans were alight, you may think that you have seen enough. Too bad. It's amazing how many folk myths are utterly unintelligible when presented in the original Rumanian or Urdu. And it's amazing how many hours some of them last.

YOUR ROLE: Remember that these painted conscripts in the bark masks represent civilisations with a very long, proud tradition of eating Australian wheat and refining Australian uranium. If you must speak, praise the performance as the sort of thing which enables traditional enemies to understand one another, even if you haven't followed a word of it.

ADVANTAGES: Taking comfort in the fact that we have just retaliated by sending a dozen films with Sigrid, Bryan and assorted wildlife to their film festival.

DANGERS: Meeting the cast for frank cultural exchanges in your respective languages over a pint of yam brandy and skewered eel; receiving small tokens of their esteem which will have to be burned by quarantine officials right after your injections. There are no votes in the experience — most of the people of the appropriate national origin who are resident in your electorate have fled the government which has sponsored the leaping and singing. The company manager is probably a spy.

WHAT TO WEAR: Clothes.

EVENT: ETHNIC ANYTHING

If your constituents have decided to celebrate their cultural origins, they will have invited you out of courtesy, rather like the unnecessary uncle at Christmas. Not going can mean electoral demise. Going, especially to the more authentic buffets, can mean heartburn.

> There's not much poetry about bitumen, so if you must speak, compliment the subcontractors on making it nice and flat

YOUR ROLE: Beaming; nodding like an idiot; forgetting names; trying to master "hullo" in the appropriate dialect. It is not possible to remain sober at these occasions, but try not to fall over or to sustain internal injuries during some of the more complex formation dancing.

ADVANTAGE: Votes; photographs; broadening your knowledge of the number of things which can be turned into firewater.

DANGERS: Internal injuries; broadening your knowledge of the limits of the human liver; inadvertently becoming engaged.

WHAT TO WEAR: The colorful native costume of your region, ie Fletcher Jones' strides with plenty of give around the knees, frocks that cover whichever parts of the body are deemed unclean by your hosts; non-slip soles.

EVENT: PUBLIC WORKS

Or to put it another way, dams and roads. Everything else is serviced by the royal family, now that there's nowhere else for them to go and nothing for them to open at home. I sometimes have nightmares in which the entire pack of royals is jointly unveiling a plaque commemorating the opening of a vast new plaque manufacturer. However, roads and dams it is. Vast ferroconcrete structures for the retention of water are a bit of a no-no under this government, so those of you with Freudian fantasies of pulling a lever and releasing a vast gush over the rich expectant flatland can forget it. You might get a reservoir if you're lucky: waist high at the deep end, brown water, a quick snip and scones with the CWA. Roads are still ecologically acceptable. It's really very easy: grip scissors; sever ribbon; stand back smartly to avoid inaugurating accident statistics.

YOUR ROLE: Roads tend to be getting further and further away from the places where photographers like to drink, but you might be lucky. If you are a state MP, employ locals to elbow your federal counterpart out of the shot. It's Commonwealth money, to be sure, but it's dog eat dog in public relations and only one of them can have its face visible. There's not much poetry about bitumen, so if you must speak, compliment the subcontractors on making it nice and flat.

ADVANTAGES: Joyflights in DMR helicopters.

DANGERS: Being associated with roads by drivers who have just done their sumps on a design error; ditto for citizens whose homes were crunched to filler for the project, or whose cosy cul-de-sac became juggernaut alley.

WHAT TO WEAR: Shirtsleeves, as befits a government that takes its coat off and gets on with the job about 10 years too late.

EVENT: TREES

Very important. Your government has just bulldozed thousands of hectares of bushland for an abattoir waste dump or a football stadium. Meanwhile, far away, you are planting a seedling on a median strip.

YOUR ROLE: Hold shovel; turn sod; beam as council worker dumps gum sapling into the hole. Later the same worker will hack the same sapling down when it gets near the power lines.

ADVANTAGES: Actually being seen doing an honest 10 seconds' work; being seen as an ecologist.

DANGERS: Being remembered as an ecologist when the next park is due to be turned over to the abattoir — your office will be full of people with ponytails wearing socks with sandals and inflammatory lapel buttons. There's also the danger of getting clay on the brogues, dirt under the fingernails and a terrible back problem.

WHAT TO WEAR: Washable brown.

That's the basic outline. Supplementary brochures on which potplants may safely be used for ashtrays, advanced bladder control, and the use and upkeep of scissors, will be available in the canteen on the first Tuesday of Lent. That is all.

Frock`n'Roll

BY JEREMY COOK

Ever since Frank Sinatra's publicist hired groups of wet-knickered screamers to have hysterics on cue in order to promote Sinatra as a sex symbol, contemporary music's major marketing device has been the male stud. Female performers have always had to be terminally cute if they wanted to avoid the "slut" tag. But in these liberated times, a variety of distinctive female vocalists and musicians have emerged to meet the male on their own terms . . . and they're rapidly becoming a formidable force in Australian music. *Penthouse* asked a dozen performers about their relationships with audiences and their life in the rock scene.

PHOTOS BY GRAEME DAVEY

Lin Buckfield
ELECTRIC PANDAS

This on-stage dynamo came to Australia for fame and fortune in 1981 when her "politically aware" trio floundered in England when the bass player was sent to reform school. She had answered an ad for a Sixties rock and roll band, got the job as singer and guitarist, and turned the boys around to her original material.

"Rock and roll is about sex; it's the Devil's music. You should be able to fantasise when you go out to see a band, but I don't try to be really sexy and nobody's ever told me to shake my tits. Sexiness emanates from a person. I'm into jumping around and being athletic. There's a need now for girls to break certain moulds.

"Guys in rock and roll have been able to be themselves a lot longer than women. Women are often considered as singers and not musicians . . . guys have preconceptions about you being a dumb female; they can't help themselves.

"Out of the inner city we get all these guys wanting to jump up on stage which I hate . . . You've got to be able to draw an audience close but still keep enough distance to maintain the fantasy. As they get drunker some guys get really ugly, grabbing their balls and shaking them at you as if they think they are really sexy; others get aggressive about their girlfriends — scowling at the rest of the band but smiling at me.

"Touring is no ongoing party . . . you can't have a private life living out of a laundry bag. When I'm home I have a flat away from everyone else and take the phone off the hook."

Jan Preston

THE TRIBE

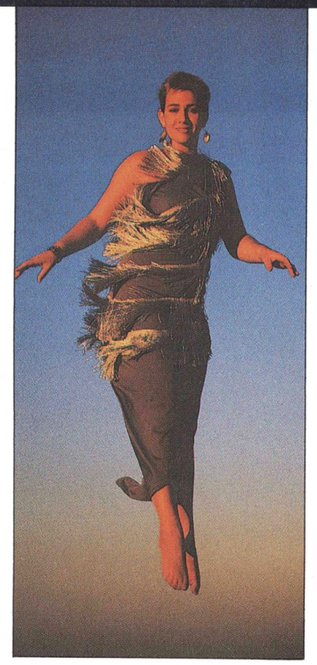
After working in bands in England and America and back in her native New Zealand, Jan trod the well-worn track to Australia and organised The Tribe to play her music. Their first single for CBS "Angel Of The Junkheap" was released a few months ago.

"If you're a performer, moving — doing it well — is what makes you sexy. There's also nothing sexier than a brain . . . In my last band I ended up as a more stereotyped sexual female; now I relate as much to the girls as the guys . . . It doesn't flatter my ego to have a whole lot of young guys going ga-ga around the stage . . .

"Four years ago record companies told me girls don't sell albums, they sell singles — an A&R man told me you couldn't listen to a female voice for a whole album . . . The music side of women in rock has now been won by bands like The Pretenders but things still have to change behind the scenes. They still sign far more males than females . . . I want credibility as a songwriter and not be contracted because people think I have nice tits . . . I've toured with nine men and felt like a freak in an army camp. Now my publisher is female and the guys I work with are more liberated."

Sally King

THE CHAMPIONS

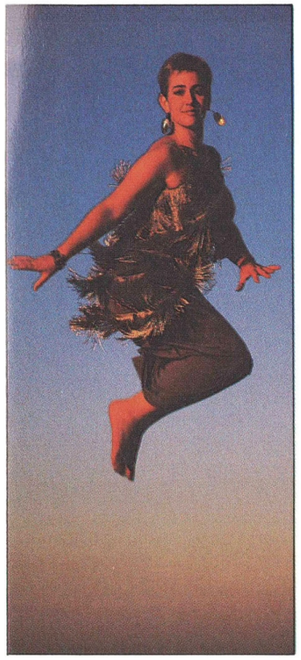


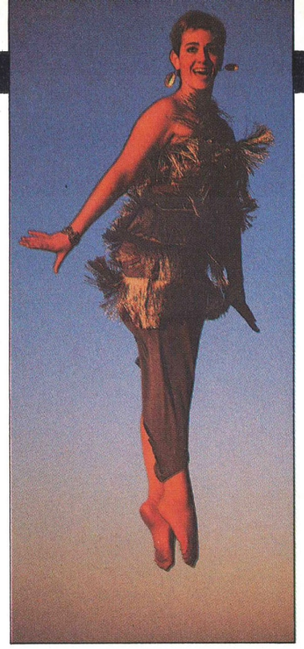
Raised on Smokey Robinson and other black music, Sally has now fronted Sydney rhythm and blues outfit The Champions with gusto for over a year. They are currently producing a single to influence ears beyond their inner city stronghold.

"I'm a very sensual person singing love songs. I wear exotic clothes and thankfully get away with it. I'm not your typical streamlined model but I want a reaction. I want to be a dancing spectacle. Part of my act is a really sexual thing and I come across as a strong — but not tough — woman which probably frightens guys from the audience off . . .

Offstage I'm shy. I need a stable emotional relationship. My life revolves around the three Bs — the band, my three-year-old baby and my boy-friend . . . Screwing your way round the country would be too exhausting.

"My female sensibilities are really hit sometimes by bandroom graffiti, audience comments like 'get on your back; get your gear off,' and incidents like the one where a guy was sitting on the edge of the stage masturbating one night. If you're in a band you can't afford to be sheltered. I intend to be singing when I'm 70 so I want to look after myself . . . I see past rock 'n' roll."





Julie Conway

THE ALLNITERS

The Allniters have earned a large live following in the last four years, graduating from smaller inner city venues to some of the nation's largest barns. Julie has been singing with them for two of her 18 years, the last year fulltime.

"I like to keep my femininity but avoid really short skirts and low neck-lines, so people won't think I'm a tart . . . Girls go out for a good time and are pushy, mugging the guys while they are playing. Guys are more out to drink and perve, so I'm more likely to get harassed after a show when they're drunk, but the nine band boys are like a protective family.

"The industry is male dominated and any female is an open target — a conversation with anyone from road crews to managers often turns heavy.

"With only three months of last year in Sydney it's hard for any Alniter to have a stable relationship and those that do aren't happy when they go away . . . If you think sitting in a bus for 8 to 14 hours is wonderful then a band's for you — people only see the 75 minutes on stage . . . Going to work is like going out so on days off I'll just stay home . . . Nine times out of 10 you'll get a band room next to a gents' toilet and nowhere to change. Before the gig bouncers don't believe I'm in the band; afterwards it's the red carpet."

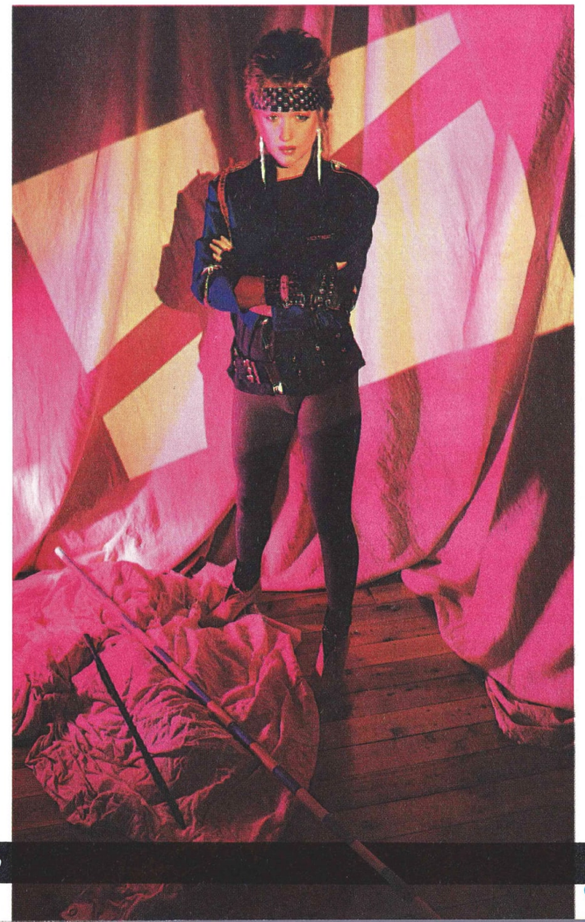
FLAMING HANDS

Julie says her first bands (Jive Bombers and Kamakazi Kids) "weren't punk — we just couldn't play very well." She was lured into action for Flaming Hands by guitarist Jeff Sullivan. Despite building up a solid live following, the band gained little real industry recognition. Recently the band has been concentrating on writing and getting a record deal, and have just completed their first album.

"Rock and roll is a very sexual thing and there's this fine line between seeming natural and obvious bad taste — like rooting the mike stand. Girls will turn off to such a performance though an all-male audience would like it. On record you've got to be all there, but at a live performance people come to get caught up in the energy of it all, rather than to listen to the technical quality of the sound. I become another person on stage and I'll do anything to get the song across without being overtly sexual.

"When I started in '76 it was a novelty to have a girl in the band. It's still a lot harder for girls to be accepted, not by the audience, but by the core of the industry.

"I'm more interested in getting better at what I'm doing than being paranoid about not getting places because I'm a woman. I don't hang around after gigs; I'm not one for all night partying . . . I get too worn out."



Julie Mostyn

Sharon O'Neill started out in a folk trio, eventually quitting that and her job as a radio programmer for a hectic schedule as the singer with a cover band on the New Zealand pub circuit. While resting between bands she started writing, then performing, under her own name. She headed for Australia after winning a contract with CBS.

"It was hard for me to get out from behind the keyboards, and a blow to my artistic ego having the record company telling me to do so. Now I have a ball — it's hard to create energy behind an instrument. The company scrubbed me up and repack-aged me with upmarket photos and other peoples' songs. I had to really put myself out for people until they took me seriously . . . Now, no more compromises.

"I can't write on the road. I had to sacrifice the band to write songs, then hit the studio with session players and Brent Thomas my husband-guitarist . . . In an industry that chews through relationships and spits them out, we've survived together for 11 years.

"I get a lot of letters from chicks, they notice lyrics and like to hero worship. People really listen at my shows; it's not pure energy music . . . drunks come with the venues but I don't have to go on stage to get harassed — I can get that walking up the street."

Sharon O'Neil

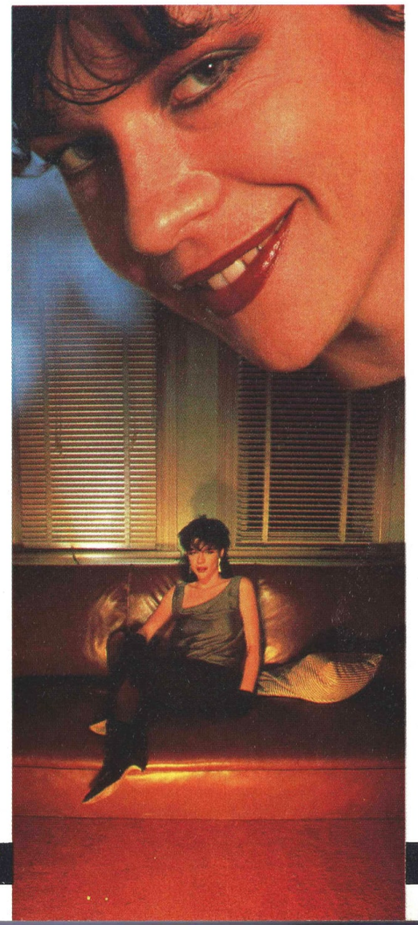
QED

Jenny hails from New Zealand, where she began her career with The Crocodiles. After a brief stab at a solo career, she's become the core person of QED. The band has recently been recording their debut album (of mainly her material) after the success of the single, "Everywhere I Go."

"If you're female and not a John Merrick look-alike you know you're going to be ogled at . . . I'm doing this because I think I can sing properly; I'm not just up there as an object. Still, people pay money to see us and we give them an entertaining show.

"I'm not a dyed-in-the-wool feminist but my songs do suggest a woman should stand up for herself . . . If you're female you have to do that much more to get credibility. Before we had a manager I would collect the money and venue operators would ask who was in charge, as if it couldn't be me . . . A lot of jobs are reliant on me because I write songs and get up and sing them. I have the right to know what is going on with the business side.

"I'm a normal person who has to go away for a couple of weeks to work and live in hotels . . . I've always had a steady relationship . . . I don't go looking for the wild life despite offers like: 'I'd like you wrapped up in pink tissue paper and delivered to my door.' I'd rather go home and blob out."



Jenny Morris

SCRIBBLE

Jo began her garage band apprenticeship late in life, mid-20s, with the gestating and jokey XL Capris. As the band evolved she was dragged from behind the bass to centre stage. Her writing skills have recently been utilised by Dragon and TV shows like The Restless Years and Sweet And Sour. She now has her own project in Scribble. Without a major hit and no live shows, she has been confronted with the problems of trying to be a media artist in Australia without the political clout of the live industry. She is currently chiselling away at a new album.

"It's difficult getting the money to record to the standard of overseas artists . . .

"Playing live makes you a more happening human but touring is like going for a holiday to Auschwitz (even when your boyfriend is in the band) . . . I'd like to make music a career for the next 40 years and just keep getting better — like Slim Dusty.

"Pushy, dominant guys get called geniuses; pushy women get tagged bitches. A strong female image doesn't have to be sexless . . . just have some wit . . . Guys have wimps and weeds — there isn't the same range for females. Scribble is aimed at teenage girls, not as a crusade, but as a different role model to people of an impressionable age . . . It's disappointing when the whole industry is geared around little girls lusting after boys."

Johanna Pigott

Diannah Levy

HELTER SKELTER

Diannah has achieved a certain cult status in inner city Sydney with her song-writing and guitar playing, first with Fast Cars, then Rigid With Desire, and now Helter Skelter. Their last single did well on the independent charts but success in the commercial arena has so far eluded them. She has graduated from self-handled records to one of the strongest independents, Hot, but still suffers from the fact that it takes money to make money.

"I'd rather be seen as a sophisticate than a tart — you can be sophisticated without wearing a black negligee or mini-skirt with stockings and teased hair.

"The major record buyers, teenage girls, are not concerned with music as an art form but are more involved with their own fantasies and stereotypes. They don't want a local female hero who sings and plays guitar. They're jealous and assume you're a slut . . . Males like us. It's not just sexual; they're prepared to accept the musical side . . .

"I give all at a gig then go home and relax. I hate pubs and never go to see bands; I'd rather go to a play or the movies . . . Crews treat me like dirt until they see me playing as the front person, then everything changes . . . Record companies are more book-keepers than image makers"

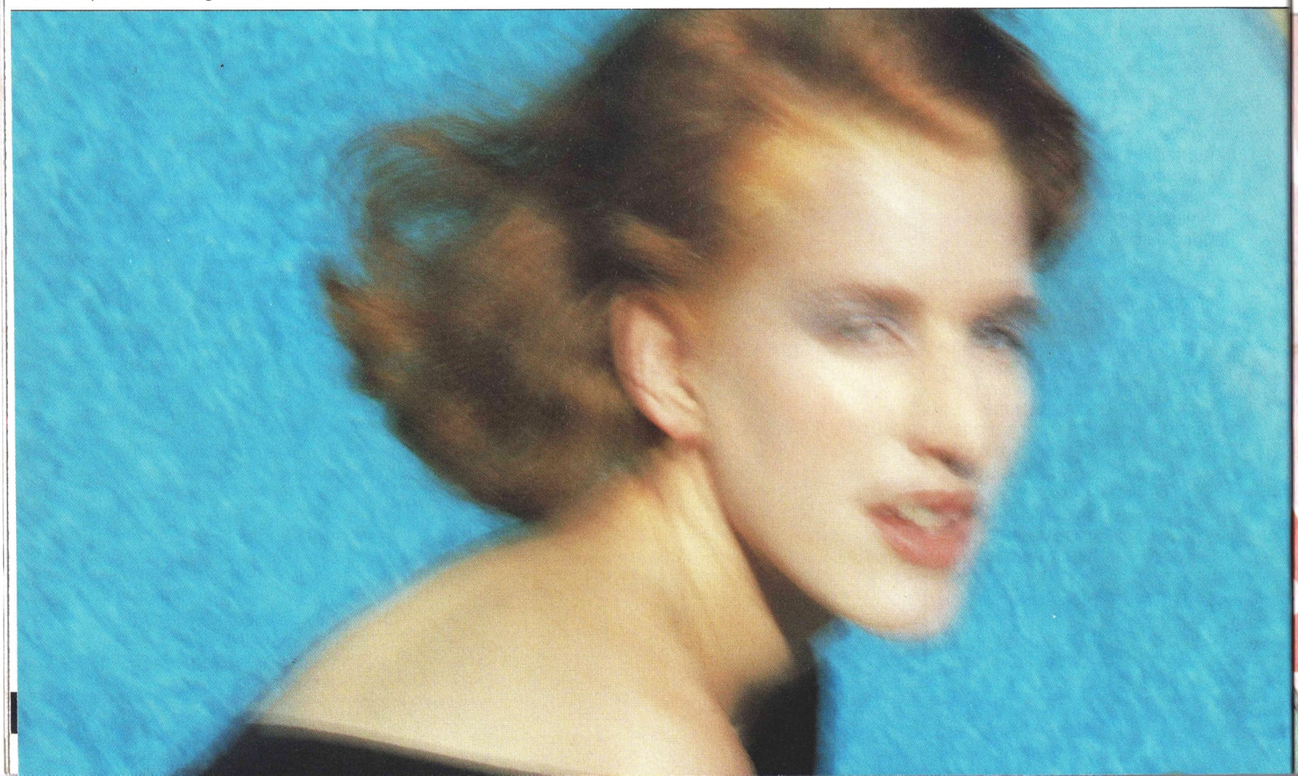
Photo by Sally Marks

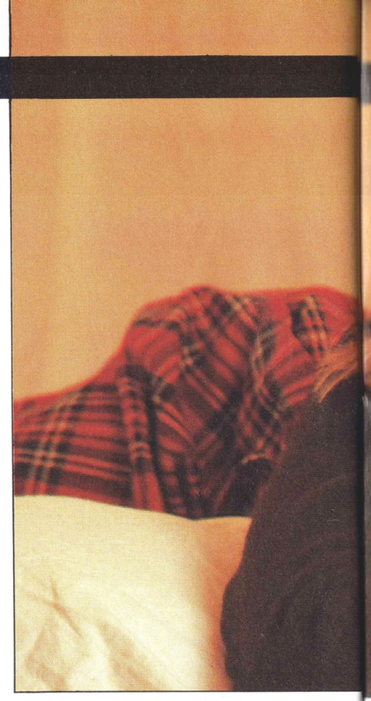
Lisa Bade

Spotted warbling at a party by Mark Gillespie, Lisa was brought to the attention of manager Glenn Wheatley. After the Suspicion album and a support tour to LRB she worked her band around Melbourne until mid-1983. Going off the road to write, she has added her vocal presence to tours by Australian Crawl and Mark Gillespie. She is currently negotiating a record deal with her newly-penned material.

"With people like Boy George and Marilyn bending people's expectations, girls are dressing more imaginatively and the public is more accepting . . . Influenced by my past as a dress designer, I'm into looking smart and attractive on stage in outfits too cheeky for street wear . . .

"I get along well with men; I direct a lot of my show towards them and enjoy their response, picking them out and getting them on stage . . . If I see a section of the audience responding I stir them up; they may get a bit dark but I take that chance . . . I'm prone to a party; I like raging. After running around stage I'm ready to go out and I don't want to stop . . . With record company support there's great opportunities for girls in rock in Australia, but it has been difficult to promote females locally."





Lynda Nutter

THE DUGITES

After a year off the road Lynda and The Dugites are at the start of a new phase, with a new record company, a strong album and fresh bouts of touring to enthusiastic crowds. Her image has run the gamut from mini-skirted imp to boyish clown, all delivered with well sung, almost self-effacing gusto.

"I don't mind singing love songs if they're not complete slush. I'm not going to encourage women to stick by their man because it's time they stuck up for themselves . . . I don't have a loneliness problem because my partner's on the road with me and our female road manager absorbs most unwanted harassment.

"Our first record company was full of used car salesmen and I was 'love' and 'darling.' Your future depends on their attitude so you play the game, but let them know you don't like being kissed at every meeting . . . It's annoying when you've got to present yourself as something special when you've just got changed next to the rubbish bins.

"Female performers in spandex tights used to disturb me . . . if you invite yourself to be raped on stage, chances are strangers will treat you that way. "There should be automatic clauses in contracts in case I wanted a baby or couldn't work due to pregnancy."

Cathy McQuade

DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD

Cathy's strong bass playing has always given Deckchairs Overboard a distinctive thrust. Deckchairs have reached a middle ground, having earned a healthy live following, but needing hit singles.

"I was studying to become a barrister when friends said: 'Come join our band; work harder than you've ever worked in your life; move to Sydney where you'll have no friends; live with us psychopaths and turn away from your career.' How could I refuse?

"On the road the boys are out partying and dragging home women . . . I'm the only one with a stable relationship so I feel a bit left out, but touring is exciting and so is coming back home. It's not a sexual thing between me and any of the guys but we've got no secrets.

"With road crews I've learned to handle the most disgusting language I've ever heard and I have to be talked to before I go to see someone's mother . . . A lot of people in the industry become really chummy with the guys but have never felt comfortable with me, which jars as I'm treated equally in every other respect . . . Sometimes other musicians will talk to me all night about music and then get offended when I refuse to sleep with them."

How to get
things cooking on the
backyard grill

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BARBECUE

SERVICE BY RICHARD BECKETT

Americans fervently believe that they invented everything on the face of the earth, and thus they lay claim to the barbecue as one of their unique institutions. The only truth in this statement is that they probably pinched the word itself from the Arawak Indians of the Caribbean.

The Arawaks (now exterminated) used the word *barbacoa* for the bed of green twigs they used for grilling fish over hot coals. As they were also accused of cannibalism (hence the extermination), it was believed they utilised the same method to cook plantation owners when they could get hold of them.

About a million years ago, of course, everyone barbecued. It was the only way anything got cooked. Now, having invented the microwave oven and bored ourselves shitless with fast food, we continue to return to the primitive and enjoy ourselves by setting fire to our backyards.

Australia's early European explorers appreciated barbecues, especially if they were ready-cooked by someone else. Dr Ludwig Leichhardt, in his *Journal Of An Overland Expedition In Australia*, indicated that he was a pretty dab hand at arriving just in time for a good luncheon. After driving a tribe of Aborigines away from its rightful repast, he remarked: "We then rode up to the camp and found their dinner ready, consisting of two eggs of the brush turkey, roasted opossums, bandicoots and iguanas." He found the meal excellent.

And unlike a certain section of society today, he didn't find anything odd about a barbecue even if he had to arrange the blasted thing himself. After bagging a couple of emus, Leichhardt remarked: "I allowed a sufficient quantity of meat to be left on the bones, which made it worthwhile to grill them; and we enjoyed a

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

BARBECUE

most beautiful moonlight night over a well grilled emu bone with so much satisfaction that a frequenter of the Restaurants of the Palais Royal would have been doubtful whether to pity or envy us."

Unfortunately, despite all this early enthusiasm we seem to show no pride in our outdoor cooking. While Americans boast about ribs 'n red eye, while Afrikaaners state that the *braaivleis*, featuring their famous *boerewors*, is part of the heritage left over from the Great Trek, and while many Greeks will not have anything to do with an Easter feast if it does not include a whole spit-roasted lamb, we constantly try to reduce our own pioneer version (which is billy tea and a good steak plus damper) to a sort of knock-em-down-and-call-the-police farce involving a certifiable lunatic known as Norm, his tinnies, his scuffs and a girlfriend belonging to a bloke called Bruce.

Good food and wine never enter into any of these graphic descriptions of the all-Australian outdoor disaster. No doubt some poor foreigner trying to emulate the event back in his homeland would serve his guests a mass of grilled tinnies and a huge plate of buttered thongs. And even if he remembered that at some stage meat had been mentioned, he'd search the rest of the world in vain for the cuts dreamed up by Australian butchers who, to borrow an Americanism, obviously work on the principle of never giving a sucker an even break.

Some years back there used to be an infamous cut known as "good as rump", but even this has disappeared under the welter of bits of dog that some butchers hurl at their customers for heat torture out of doors. I believe most of them simply take a chain-saw to any beast that has been rejected for export.

Thus if you must buy cheap meat for outdoor cooking, disregard all enticements apart from one. That one is barbecue lamb chops, sometimes sold under their correct name, which is shoulder chops. These are not half bad as long as you realise that there is going to be a certain amount of waste. But in the case of true lamb, they have enough fat to oil them, as it were, over a decent barbecue and the meat itself is tender enough.

But back to our own European barbecue tradition. In the Thirties, more or less everyone went and sat in seaside parks, paid twopence for a billy of boiling water, and had cold corned beef sandwiches with a bit of salad and a nice cup of tea. Dad stopped for a very quick and furtive one at the change of trams on the way home.

After World War II we managed to get rump steak again, and that I believe was the time when the Australian bush barbecue was at its *simple* best. It really was a huge piece of rump sizzling on eucalypt coals in a bush park where wood was free and you could put gum leaves in your tea without being shouted at by the conservationists. It was also the time, if any of you are old enough to remember, when baker's bread still had hard crusts on it, you left your billy out every morning for bulk milk, and carried it to the picnic spot in an old honey jar.

That's all over now. But fortunately, more or less at the same time as we were being progressively banned from cutting down the bush, industry got itself into the act and not only provided us with every conceivable style of barbecue fitting but also gave us compressed charcoal fuels that simulated the taste of the outdoors. The Americans have gone as far as a spraypack of woodsmoke for indoor barbecues, but we haven't been able to do the same with the old eucalypt as they have with hickory. No matter. Who wants a spraypack of artificial rubbish anyway? The so-called lava rock barbecue is at least tasteless, while at the same time providing fire.

> I get great comfort to see an old refrigerator rack sitting on top of a pile of broken bricks. The cook has to be good to handle that situation

Everybody has their favorite fuel. No French laborer worth his soul in the wine districts of that country will grill a steak over anything less than vine cuttings; others in the Mediterranean swear by dried olive twigs; and certain members of the Italian fraternity claim virtue in the bay laurel. We remember our own woodsmoke as it were.

Despite all this gumleaf reminiscence most of us, in the true Australian fashion, make do with what's around. And being a true Australian barbecue fan myself, my theory is that the more bodgie or clapped out the actual barbecue is, the better the cook. I become suspicious when confronted with electrically driven spits, copper hoods, double gas bottles and lava rock beds all covered by the glow of insect repelling spotlights. I get great comfort from an old refrigerator rack sitting on top of a pile of broken bricks. The cook has to be good to handle that situation.

But no matter what sort of container one keeps one's fire in, it should be remembered that a good, deep bed of glowing coals is essential to barbecue success. Fire management is everything in outdoor cooking. And despite all the written advice, it is something that you have to learn yourself. Any clown can start a fire; controlling it is another matter. Some people, after establishing this bed of coals, keep a bucket full of woodchips handy to raise the temperature if necessary. Others keep a spray can of water lying around to dampen it slightly. Still others revert to the old open fireplace tradition of cooking any meat *in front of* the fire, rather than over it.

I happen to work on the thick bed of coals principle, with a handful of semi-dry gumleaves at my side for an authentic touch and for a final "crisping" and slight charring of any meat or fish. But then I've got ready access to about 1000 hectares of roadside gums and more wood than I can spit at. For those of you in a more urban position I would recommend pure charcoal as the best fuel, with all those compressed things way down the list.

Now that we've got the fire going, let's get on to the subject of barbecue drinks. There is nothing inherently wrong with beer, and our own beer is as good as anyone else's. You can swank if you want with an imported German or Danish, but why not spend the price difference on a couple of green crayfish to be grilled over the coals?

Outside of beer, anything goes. A jug of Bloody Marys is great for opening up the eyes at midday. And if you are skewering prawns and cooking them Japanese style, hot sake works wonders.

If you are going to have wine, don't be too serious about it. At most barbecues that are enjoyable, people like to wander around and have fun. They don't want to be forced into contemplating vintages or getting into all that back-of-the-palate nonsense. A good way to cut either white or red is to serve it in large glasses on the rocks.

However, if you want to be a little more upmarket and lethal, you can always hit them with a glass or two of sangria. The ingredients are basically one bottle of red wine, one bottle of soda water, a dash of orange or Angostura bitters and a standard hip-pocket flask of brandy. Everything is poured into a jug over ice and decorated with orange and lemon slices just for laughs.

A few bottles of domestic fizz don't do any harm either, I might say. For the health-conscious, the stuff can be cut with orange juice.

Well, the backyard's on fire and Bruce and Norm are throwing glasses of sangria over one another. But you've got to give the saner members of the gathering something to eat.

Steak, chops and sausages were once called by a turn-of-the-century dietician

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY
Post entries to: ARMOR ALL SWEEPSTAKES P.O. BOX 552, BROADWAY N.S.W. 2007.
1. Entry is free. 2. One entry per envelope. 3. Entrants must be eighteen (18) years old and over 4. Entries restricted to residents of Australia only. 5. The Judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Prizes are not redeemable for cash. The travel prize must be taken within the dates as specified to the winner.
PERMIT No. TC84/1149 Issued under the Lotteries and Art Unions Act, 1901.
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BARBECUE

"the Faith, Hope and Charity" of Australian cuisine. He was probably right, but despite all his dire predictions about the "ruination of the nation" we still seem to be alive and well and thriving on meat. However, we have become more economical. Because of this we cut all of our meats too thin — so thin at times that it is terribly easy to peer through a T-bone steak as through a pane of glass and see Ayers Rock in the distance.

This is all very well if you are going to hurl that pane of glass into a frying pan. The outdoors is slightly different. Even if you like your meats absolutely plain — and there's nothing wrong with a taste for plain meat — get everything cut double thickness. A rump or a T-bone steak, for instance, should not be less than 2cm thick, 3cm being absolutely perfect. I know that sounds very thick (and it looks bloody thick as well), but these steaks can always be divided between two people if your party is not made up of those who lust for flesh.

The same principle applies to loin lamb chops and loin pork chops. The Americans call these deep chops double cut. You're going to have a row with your butcher about this, of course, because he's been slicing panes of glass for years. You will also find that he cuts the fat off everything, "because the public doesn't want it." If you've got the courage, stop the swine. You can make a million marinades but the best marinade of all is the fat of the beast. Of course, it causes the fire to flare a little, but it also bastes and tenderises the meat as it does so.

If you are doubtful about the tenderness of the meat, spread the steak or chops on a large serving platter, get the chill of the refrigerator off them, and about one hour before hurling them on the coals, squeeze lemon juice over them and at the same time grind a little black pepper on top. Don't overdo the lemon juice treatment. With today's rather bland meats, if you give them more than an hour with the lemon all you are going to taste is lemon acid.

Never salt any meat before cooking. It stiffens the sinews and summons up the blood, to pinch an old Shakespearean phrase. If you want to add salt at all, do it as you whip your meats off the grill. Personally I leave it to my guests to salt for themselves. This is very non-French, basically because that lunatic race screams blue murder if anyone adds salt to a dish once it has been put on the table. The cook is supposed to have achieved the exact balance. I say the hell with that, and anyway the National Heart Foundation would be right on my side.

We've so far got over Faith and Hope (steaks and chops, that is). Now we get to Charity, or sausage by any other name.

Unless you are cooking for people you hate, I wouldn't put an ordinary butcher's shop snag within about a million miles of a barbecue. But there are alternatives. These days even large chain stores sell pure pork sausages made in the British tradition — which actually takes us back in civilisation to the turn of the century. We also have an enormous range of both Italian and Spanish-style sausages, coarsely cut and tasting absolutely delicious, that can be bought at any half-speciality store. These have to be handled with some care and should be cooked over the very lowest portion of the grill. Bratwurst (which actually is German but which the Italians claim to have invented first) is probably the most easily obtainable. But don't forget the humble frankfurter. Boiled, it is usually horrible. Grilled, it is something else again, as long as you buy the quality product and not the type that turns the water red when boiled. Frankfurters should be smoked, not dyed.

Never salt any meat before cooking. It stiffens the sinews and summons up the blood, to pinch an old Shakespearean phrase

Now apart from the lemon juice, these are all very plain meats indeed. Quite a number of people like a little spice. Therefore, before you throw anything on the grill, consider the following.

The standard Greek/Turkish marinade for both lamb and pork is some proper olive oil (salad oil will *not* do), a little lemon juice and either dried imported *rigani* or fresh oregano. The late and great Waverley Root remarked somewhat acidly in his monumental work *Food* that no-one, but *no-one* could tell whether or not oregano was marjoram or marjoram was oregano, and in almost every case everyone got it wrong. Marjoram, I would simply point out, is supposed to be the English and sweeter version of the herb. The true wild *rigani* is collected by a bunch of half-starved Greek under-10-year-olds from the islands that litter the Mediterranean for about 10 cents a tonne. It is sold here in speciality shops for $10 a gram. Think about the starving Greek kids when you mix up your next "ethnic" marinade.

This marinade is used indiscriminately by most Mediterranean people for lamb, pork (kebabs here), chicken and fish. One hour does for fish, but give the lamb about two hours and the pork up to five.

You can also add interest to this marinade by crushing up a clove or three of garlic (depending on your taste). This makes it very un-Greek indeed, and sort of throws the whole thing into Provence through Italy. But never mind.

The second marinade is one that I don't care for at all myself. But as a lot of people do, *needs must where the devil drives*, as the saying goes. You simply cut up a bunch of true shallots. (Shallots are not green or spring onions, and if you don't know what they are go and find out; this isn't a lecture in horticulture). Layer the things in a deep bowl. Put some pieces of steak on top. Pepper the steaks generously. Then give the steaks a cup of good red wine and about a port glass full of red wine vinegar. Leave for half an hour. Discard the lot and grill the steaks. Baste with butter.

A third and semi-Asian marinade is good with lamb, pork and chicken. It also happens to be terrible with beef as far as I am concerned, although I have seen beefsteaks soused this way and eaten with more than a little greed by fools. Take a bowl. Crush three cloves of garlic and place them in it. Take a walnut-sized piece of ginger, slice it and place it in the bowl. Follow up with a cup of light soy, one fresh red chilli sliced and either a slosh of sake or an equal slosh of rice vinegar. Finally, add about one tablespoonful of brown sugar and a dash of sesame oil. Mix all ingredients well. Put your meats in it for about one hour.

This marinade, like all the others, can also be used to baste the meats as they are cooking. It is especially good with a proper broiler chicken which has been split in half and then grilled skin-side down for the first 10 minutes or so. When cooking a chicken in this manner you can make a puddle in the middle of the body cavity with the sauce, which will then seep down to the grilling surface. A boiling marinade, in other words.

Sate is the Asian version of the barbecue. The Indonesians claim to have invented it, but then so do the Malay pirates of the Sunda Straits. You can also find versions of it in Thailand, Vietnam and Laos. And like all these disparate and complicated races, it is extremely complicated in itself. You can buy sate mixes either by the jar or by the can, but if you want to feel really creative you can start from scratch. In that case take a deep breath, a flagon of wine and a day off, because that is what it is going to cost you.

All makers of sate marinades and dipping sauces claim that they are right and every other person selling something different is either a thief or a vagabond or both. They also claim that there is an individual mix for every different type of meat. When discussing sate mixes Asians are rather like an Italian grandmother giving you the only true and authentic recipe for minestrone. I've been bored rigid by both schools now for more years than I care to remember. However, knowing that this advice will be howled at by Asian purists, I take some little courage in my left hand and with my right eye state the following.

The marinade and sate sauce that you are about to receive will do for beef, lamb, pork, prawns, lobster, any fish, any offal cuts and chicken. For absolute success (the prawns aside because they are grilled whole), the meats should be sliced thin and cooked on small bamboo skewers. Sate is a snack, rather like the hamburger. It can be eaten on the run one stick at a time, or about six skewers should be allowed for a lightweight eater. I have known people whom I do not regard as pigs to manage two dozen with ease.

The initial marinade for any of these meats is the semi-Asian one mentioned above. If you want to make it stronger you can add the strained juice of tamarind (easily purchased in Asian speciality shops with instructions on the bag) and for beef and pork substitute dark soy sauce for the light variety.

The meats are skewered and then allowed to soak in this mixture for half an hour or longer. *Strong* meat such as beef can be given up to two hours without coming to any harm. But if you are using slivers of chicken breasts or deveined green prawns, a scant half an hour is quite enough.

In the meantime you will have prepared the following dipping sauce. Take 250 grams of raw peanuts and rub the skins off them. Then roast them in a smear of oil. Put the peanuts into a mortar and pound them into peanut butter with the pestle. When you have got them into this paste-like state add one large and finely minced onion, one cup of thick coconut milk, 1 tablespoon of brown sugar, chopped fresh red chilli to your own taste, some lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. At this stage the mortar is overflowing, so you remove everything to a saucepan and cook on very low heat, stirring constantly until the ingredients have been thoroughly mixed.

Once you have this peanut gravy looking like a true gravy you can add salt and pepper to taste if you wish. Go easy on the salt because the other ingredients have a definite salt strength of their own. Some people at this stage will also add a little cumin to give a curry boost. Others dress it with fresh coriander leaves (this is where the Italian grandmother with her authentic minestone recipe gets into the act again).

Traditionally this sauce is served separately in a bowl by itself to allow guests to help themselves. If, when cooking, you find it is turning too thick on you, you can either add water or a little more coconut milk. Coconut milk, by the way, is not the fluid contained in the green nut. It is made by grating a fully ripe coconut and then steeping the flesh in boiling water. The mixture is then pressed through a fine sieve. If you don't want to grate your own coconut any shop that specialises in mixtures for lamingtons will sell you a bag of the dessicated variety. Although this is not quite as good, it is a damned sight easier than attacking the ripe brown monster.

A final cheap and nasty tip on sate sauce. Dreadful people cheat absolutely by using crunchy peanut butter and frozen coconut cream. Never let it be said that I told you this.

Game has never been very big in Australian barbecue cookery, despite the enthusiasm displayed by most of the early explorers. But certain speciality shops will now sell anything from Northern Territory buffalo steaks to our own home-grown venison. You can occasionally also get hare plus a number of feathered creatures ranging from the domesticated quail through to wild duck and pigeon.

At a fish barbecue, get hold of a deep camp oven and put it on the grill. Slosh in some flagon wine and onions, boil, then add as many mussels as you can afford

Because most wild creatures live relatively hard they need some softening. While I don't advocate the old British method of hanging the things up until they drop to the floor because of the weight of their own putrefaction, they do need a little age. In addition to this, any of the above marinades will work well. I happen to prefer my hare *a la Royale* (which is stewed in about two good bottles of Bordeaux among other ingredients) but the legs can be grilled after they have been put down in lemon juice and some olive oil. Even then they will be chewy (owners of false teeth can forget this dish) but they will have a splendid smoky flavor that you can't get from the oven.

You can also have a go at Australian rabbits in this fashion, but they're going to be chewy as well. Our rabbits, like our hares, bound about. They don't live in hutches. Because of this they have a lot of running muscles. Years back now I read a piece written by one Victor Maclure about two legs of grilled rabbit that brought saliva to my eyes. Unfortunately, that particular rabbit came from the hutch out the back of a Provence restaurant and not from the hands of a professional Australian trapper.

However, if you buy rabbits from a decent butcher, who (thanks to the Continental influence) leaves not only the kidneys but the liver in as well, look for a thick line of white fat down the stomach. That will mean that the animal will have had a lot of grass — and good green stuff at that — before his end came. It can be spit-roasted whole as long as you remember to keep on turning and basting the carcass well with butter, or it can be chopped up, soaked for about two hours in a litre of milk, patted dry and then grilled with fresh herbs such as thyme or rosemary.

At the same time saute the chopped kidneys and the liver in a little butter in a pan at the side of the barbecue. Introduce some good beef stock or gravy to the pan after the pink has disappeared, and a handful of chopped parsley. Serve in a sauceboat with either the grilled pieces or the whole barbecued rabbit. You won't regret it.

At last I have arrived at fish. We have a wealth along our coasts, although most of us don't bother about it most of the time. And with our Anglo-Saxon ways we will throw the result into the frying pan. When the Aborigines first saw the explorers doing this they broke up in hysterical laughter. Barbecued fish is best, and they knew it.

Thanks to the hinged grill (which happens to be an Australian invention) any whole fish is damned easy to cook. Clean and scale the creature and then make a couple of deep incisions on either side. Brush it with melted butter and then grill briefly on either side so that the flesh turns opaque but the bones remain translucent.

As a nice side touch to a fish barbecue get hold of a deep camp oven and put it on the grill. Slosh some flagon white in, allow it to bubble, add a couple of sliced onions and then throw in as many mussels as you can afford. Clamp the lid on for about five minutes. You've got the best steamed mussels in the world. And when you've finished serving out the mussels put a few green blue swimmers (they are actually defined as sand crabs by the fisheries people but no-one knows them by that name) into the pot and put the lid back. They go down very well before your buffalo steak.

It's quite amazing, but I've got to the end of this article without telling anyone how to cook a bloody hamburger on the barbecue. I happen to put cumin and coriander (dried) into mine and make sure that the butcher grinds chuck steak. There's no secret to that very little sincerity, apart from the sincerity of soy sauce, which I use as a salt substitute.

But if you will buy shop mince and happen to have a handful of thin sausages at this moment in time (plus a tinnie, of course), always remember the French: *Plus ca change!*

Peter Stuyvesant INTERNATIONAL

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

THREE MIGHTY RX7s TO BE WON!

THE MAZDA COMPETITION

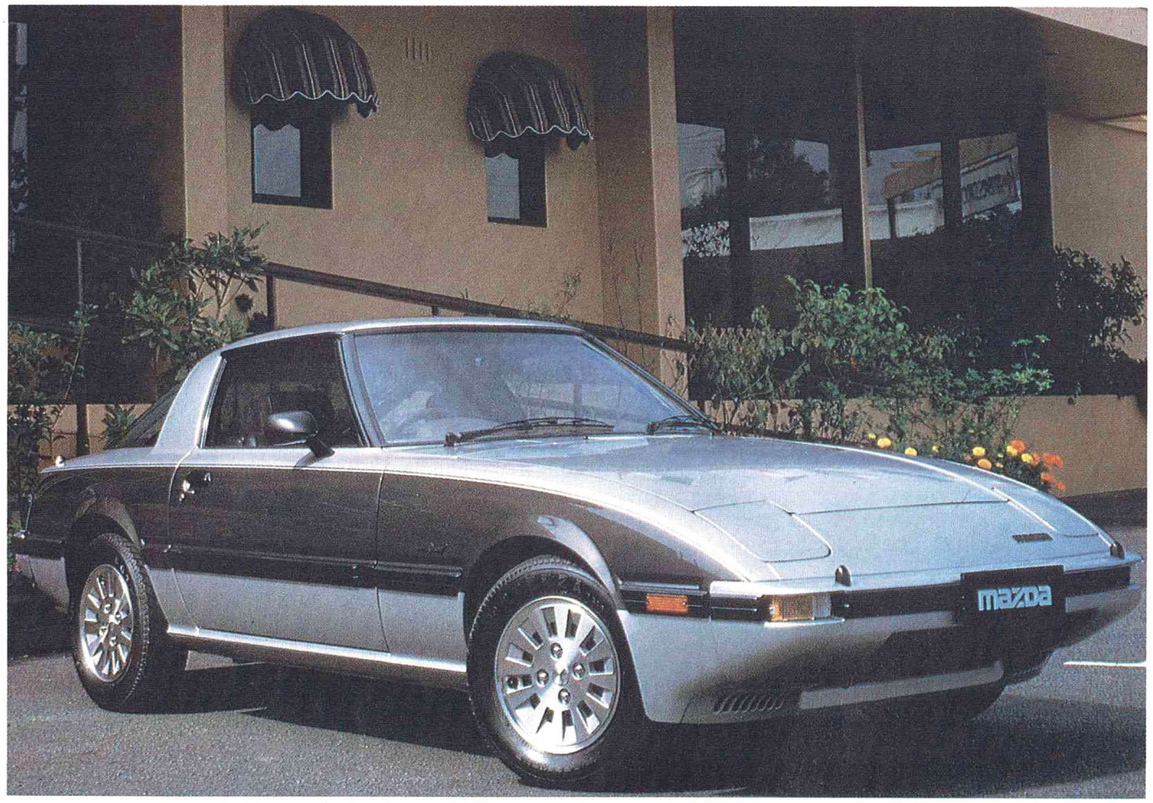
This is the most spectacular prize ever offered to readers of Australian Penthouse. Peter Stuyvesant International, in association with Penthouse, is giving four lucky couples the chance to win a gleaming new Mazda RX7 — the pride of the Mazda fleet. Not just one, but three Mazda RX7s will be won courtesy of Peter Stuyvesant International. What do you have to do? Simply fill in the coupon overleaf, attach a Peter Stuyvesant pack front, and send your entry to Penthouse.

The names of four lucky couples will be drawn from all correct entries received. From the time your name is called the excitement will begin. Firstly, you and your partner will be flown to Sydney (if necessary) on the day before the James Hardie 1000 at Bathurst. Saturday September 29 will undoubtedly be a night to remember. For that night you will be dining and staying in Sydney's newest and most luxurious international hotel, the Regent. Early the next morning you and the other winners fly to Bathurst to witness one of the most exciting car races in the world. During the day you will feel the pulse of the race from Peter Stuyvesant International's exclusive infield viewing area. You will be entertained in style in the Peter Stuyvesant International hospitality centre and share in Allan Moffat's victory celebrations. However, more importantly you and your partner could leave Bathurst as the excited owners of two gleaming new Mazda RX7s courtesy of Peter Stuyvesant International.

Prior to the start of the big race a superdraw will take place, when the three Mazda RX7s will be won. The atmosphere will be electric as you and your partner will be one of only four couples in this final draw. One lucky couple will win two Mazdas, one each. A second draw will see another couple win the remaining car to share.

Hurry and get your entry in to give yourself a chance of winning two great Mazda RX7s, the ultimate pleasure machine. Entries close last mail September 21.

Peter Stuyvesant INTERNATIONAL



THREE MIGHTY RX7s TO BE WON!

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, September 21, 1984.

The promoters, including *Australian Penthouse* magazine, will endeavor to comply with all the requirements of the winning entry, but will not be held liable for failure to do so.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees and families of *Australian Penthouse* magazine, the American Cigarette Company (Overseas) Pty Ltd, its associated companies and their advertising agencies. All participants must be 18 years old or over. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entrants are not required to send a Peter Stuyvesant pack front in states where this contravenes the law. A reasonable hand-drawn facsimile or photocopy of the pack front will suffice. (Due to state regulations, entry in this competition is prohibited in South Australia.)

Winners will be notified by telegram and results published in *The Australian* newspaper on Monday, September 24. The prizes are not redeemable for cash, and not transferable.

The promoters shall be under no liability to the winning contestants and partners for or arising from any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other person in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided for or contemplated by or in pursuance of the competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judge's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The winning entrants, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of their winning entries in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

This competition is brought to you by *Australian Penthouse* magazine, and the American Cigarette Company (Overseas) Pty Ltd.

Clip and send this completed coupon to "Mazda Competition", Australian Penthouse Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. You must include a Peter Stuyvesant pack front and you must answer the question below.

Question: What was Allan Moffat's official finishing position in the 1983 James Hardie 1000?

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Name: _____

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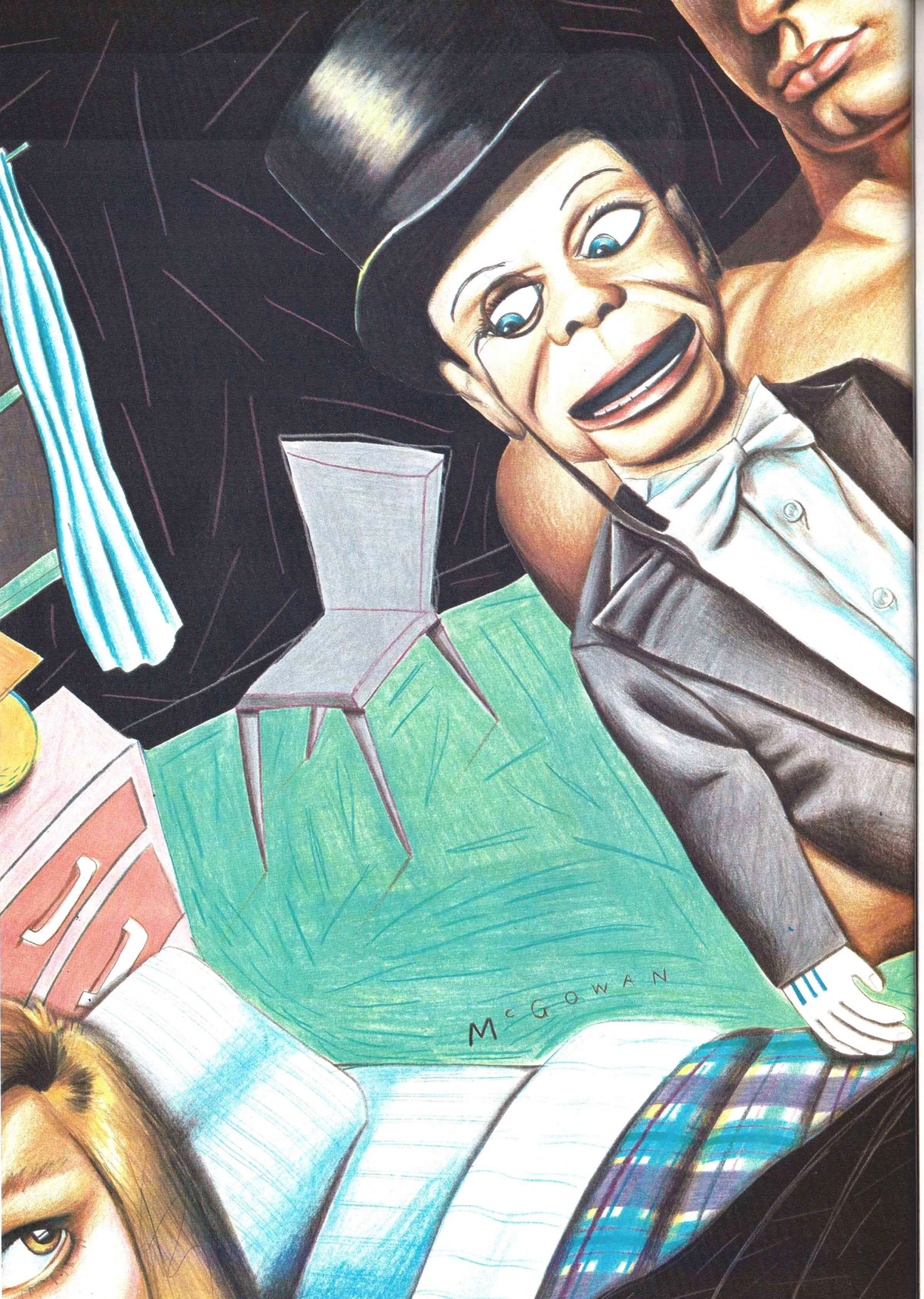


Sonja looked like an easy
conquest . . . until Emmanuel stole the limelight

WHO'S THE DUMMY?

FICTION BY C.M. COVINGTON

Like most ventriloquists, I'd hate to face an audience without my dummy to hide behind. Sometimes I feel Emmanuel could do the act without me. Like last Thursday, when the television studio audience over-reacted to my opening line and I let him milk them with a sideways glance. Panning the faces while Emmanuel held them with a twitch of his eyebrows, I felt my privacy being invaded. She was the only one looking at me.

Her eyes were honey pots and she knew how to use them. They bubbled and swirled tantalisingly, inviting me to dive naked into those lush lagoons. I didn't notice the laughter subsiding. She saved me by switching her gaze to Emmanuel, who spoke and, luckily, caught the passing moment by the tail.

As I took my bow the honey pot eyes tantalised me again, but I resisted and checked out the rest of her.

Stunning.

A perfect cloud of auburn hair and a face to break the most wooden heart. I gave in to the eyes as the emcee hugged, squeezed and patted me into a commercial break.

I showered and packed quickly, knowing she would be waiting for me. She wasn't, and I left the studio feeling disappointed. Laughing at familiar remarks about me being a child abuser because I carried Emmanuel in a suitcase, I headed for the car park.

My personalised number plates had finally proved useful. Honey Pots was perched on my right front fender. Her long, perfectly crossed legs disappeared up a silky, green dress. A fur coat covered what the dress didn't. I thought of Jacqueline Bissett, which is something I can easily do without any help.

As I approached, her head turned slowly towards me.

"Do you mind . . .?"

"No . . . " I spoke too quickly. "I was kind of hoping . . . "

Depositing Emmanuel in the trunk, I opened the door for her. She slid off the fender with a movement that didn't stop until she was nestled in the front seat.

"I'm Sonja."

Climbing behind the wheel, I returned her smile. My lips stuck to my teeth. She had taken on that special glow that women get when you think they find you attractive.

As I drove, I kept glancing sideways to catch a glimpse of her face. The dazzling eyes were spurring me on. I suggested supper at my place.

She laughed and nodded: "Of course."

I could tell she had her own plans.

I flicked on the simulated log fire for atmosphere and enlisted the aid of Al Jarreau. I had George Benson at the ready.

Dancing her towards the couch, I kissed her lightly on the mouth. Stepping back, she removed her coat and dropped it.

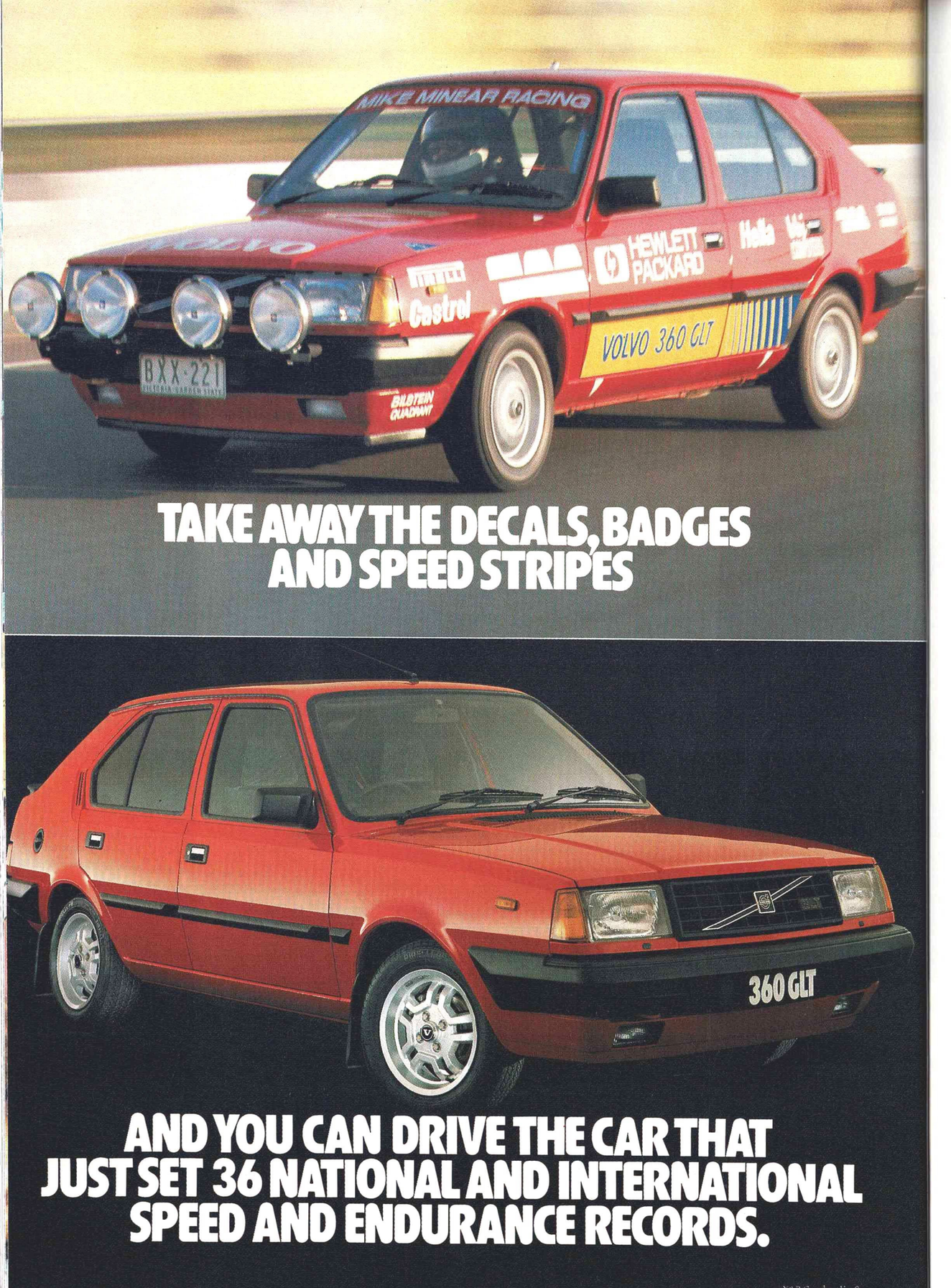
"Sonja . . . " I mumbled, trying to take her all in.

She let me stare for a while. "Can I have some wine?"

"Of course," I flustered, backing into a wall.

When I returned from the kitchen with two quickly rinsed glasses and a bottle of Coonawarra something, Sonja was sitting

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE McGOWAN



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Take away the racing roll bar and extra driving lamps, and you have virtually the same Volvo 360 GLT you can test drive at your Volvo Dealer today.

A speedster that ran flat out for 24 hours recently at the Surfers Paradise International Raceway.

To its credit the car established no less than 36 best-in-its-class records.

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While you might have been looking at other makes of cars on April 24th and 25th, the 360 GLT was blistering the track with very quick 1/4 mile and 1/2 km times.

It coaxed records of endurance out of distances of 500, 1000 and 2000 kilometres.

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DUMMY?

casually on the floor next to her shoes. I dropped to my knees and poured the wine. My hand trembled as I toasted her.

It didn't offend me when she leaned forward and pushed me back on to the floor. The idea of submission appealed to me. She lowered her head and kissed me, her mouth as soft and sweet as marshmallows.

Offering profuse thanks to whatever gods allow this kind of thing to happen, I suddenly sensed, through my prurient haze, her passion fading.

She sat up.

"Are you okay?" I felt genuine concern for both of us.

She had that look on her face that people get when they're about to ask you something you don't want to hear. She settled for: "Where's the bedroom?"

I pointed, knocking my glass over.

"Wait here." She glided out of the room.

Her attitude disturbed me and I felt my excitement draining. The spilt wine annoyed me more than it should have. But she called my name and roused my interest again.

Loping into the bedroom with an undignified eagerness, I quickly shuffled through several lascivious possibilities.

Nothing, I discovered, is as erotic as total perfection. Sonja lay naked and perfect on the designer sheets. Thank God they were clean. She deserved nothing less.

"Ooo . . . wow!" I ad libbed.

The eyes glistened and I performed a slow motion dive into them, somehow managing to shed my clothes on the way.

As I wallowed in an ocean of aphrodisia, I knew she was controlling the game. Leading me by my lust toward something I had not considered. What the hell? I played into her hands.

"What is it you want?"

It might have been a victory smile that flashed across her face. "Where's Emmanuel?"

No mistaking it: that's what she said. And seriously. I could tell.

Anything that doesn't hurt anyone has always been all right with me. But *Emmanuel?*

He takes most of the limelight in the act. I'm damned sure I don't want him hogging my sex life as well. That is sick. What could she see in him? He isn't even real.

"Where's Emmanuel?" she repeated with a quiet intensity that frightened me.

"In his suitcase in the living room," I rasped, as nervous as a virgin schoolboy.

"Get him!" The eyes dared me to disobey.

As I opened the suitcase, Emmanuel was leering. I knew if I took him out . . . well . . . anything could happen.

We stood at the end of the bed, Emmanuel in his tuxedo and me ridiculously naked. One of us coughed and Sonja opened her eyes. Ignoring me, she gazed at Emmanuel.

"Hullo, Emmanuel," she cooed.

"Hullo, Sonja," said Emmanuel with more enthusiasm than I felt.

"Come and sit next to me." She patted the pillow.

"This is really dumb," I mumbled, moving on to the bed and propping Emmanuel up between us.

She didn't take her eyes off him. "I've been a fan of yours for a long time."

Emmanuel said nothing. The little pervert gawked, goggle-eyed, at her tits. I turned his head away, but it snapped back immediately.

"Ooo, Emmanuel," she crooned.

This had definitely gone far enough. I would not allow myself to be used like this. I waited to be overcome by disgust, but lust arrived first and I knew I would settle for that. A bead of sweat glistened on Emmanuel's top lip.

"Make him talk dirty," said Sonja urgently, still without looking at me.

"C'mon," I responded hopelessly embarrassed.

"Do as you're told," snapped Emmanuel, and the cretinous little bastard mouthed a string of obscenities.

I watched her nipples harden and, when she reached for me, my resistance nosedived into oblivion.

"Suck her tits, suck her tits," drooled Emmanuel.

Plunging my mouth over an erect nipple, I fed like a suckling infant. Sonja groaned and Emmanuel said something I couldn't understand.

I looked up. "What?"

"Suck her other tit, dummy!"

Sonja groaned louder. Her eyes closed and her body trembled as I crawled over it like a parasite, trying to obey Emmanuel's gross commands.

"Screw her, screw her, screw her!"

Dignity forgotten, I basked in carnal pleasure.

Suddenly she arched off the bed and I balanced precariously on her body, waving Emmanuel aloft.

We held this acrobatic pose while Emmanual shrieked some final instructions and Sonja screamed her victory.

"I'm coming!"

"Me too," I moaned.

"Me too," squawked Emmanuel, his voice fading into the distance as I flung him across the room.

In the morning she was gone.

I opened the note she'd left propped on the breakfast table:

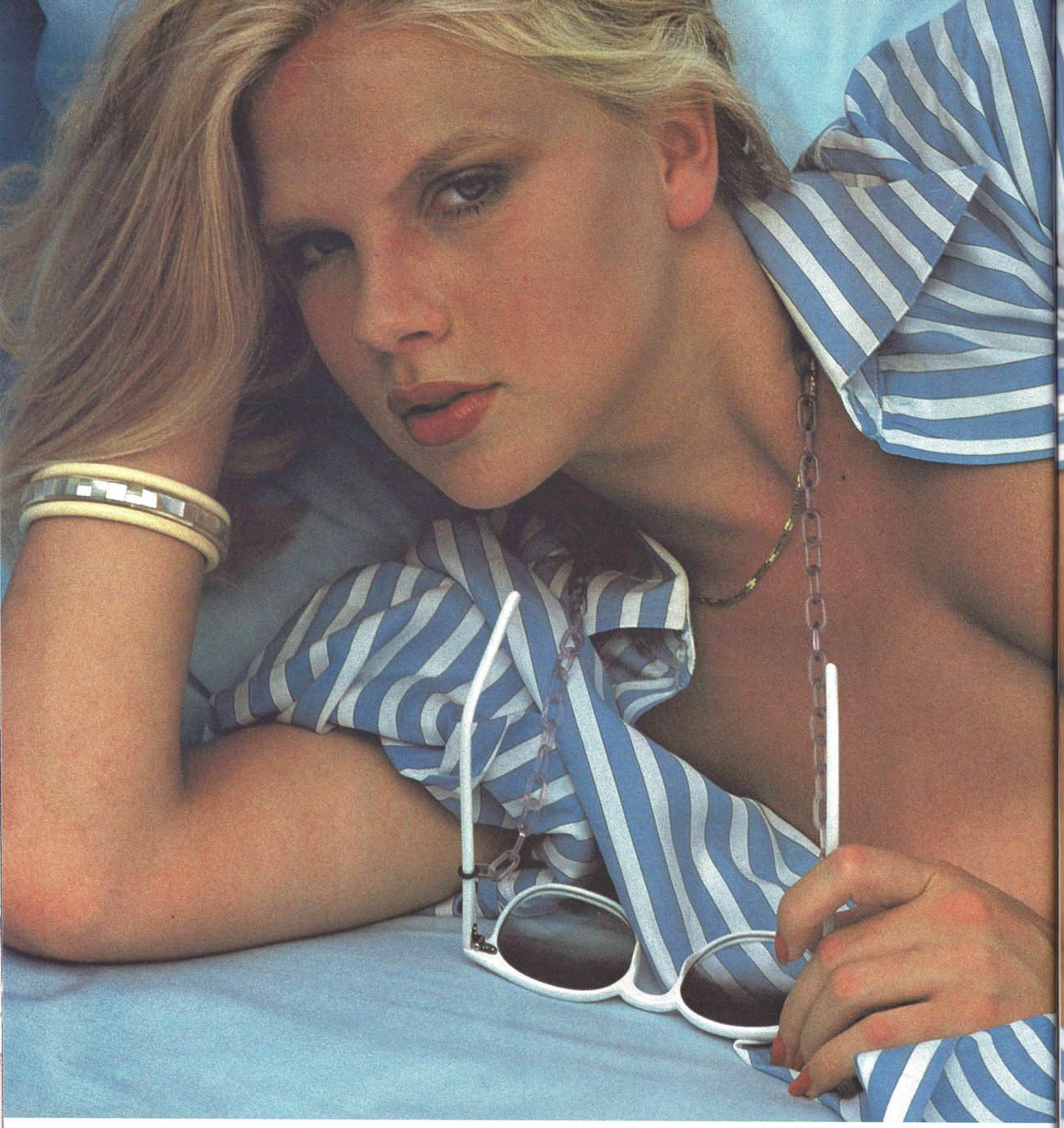
Caught a cab
Thanks
You were great
Love Sonja

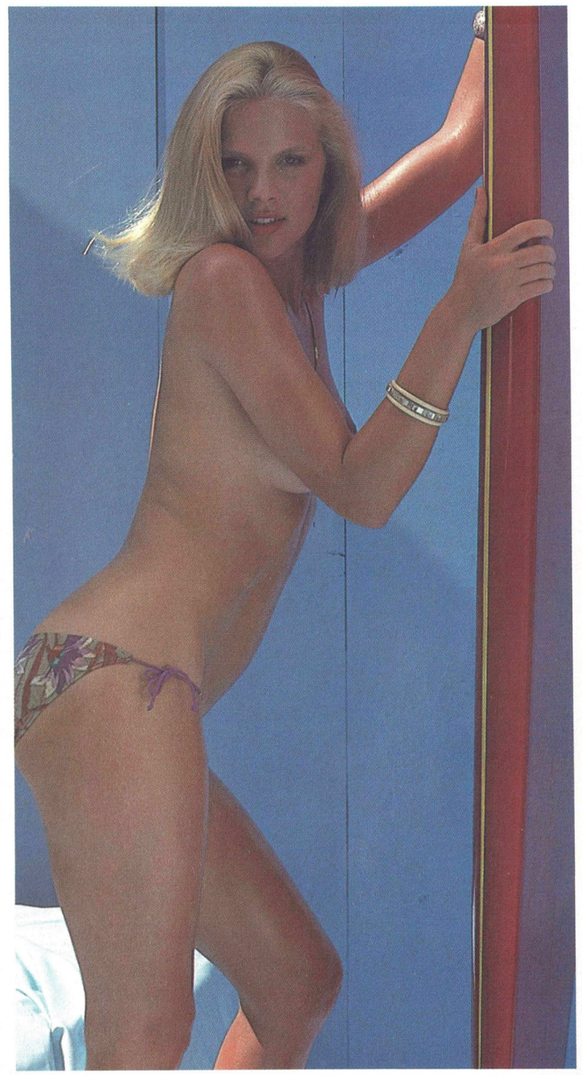
Smirking, I re-read the note.

"I think you'll find that's for me," said Emmanuel.

CINEMA VERITÉ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



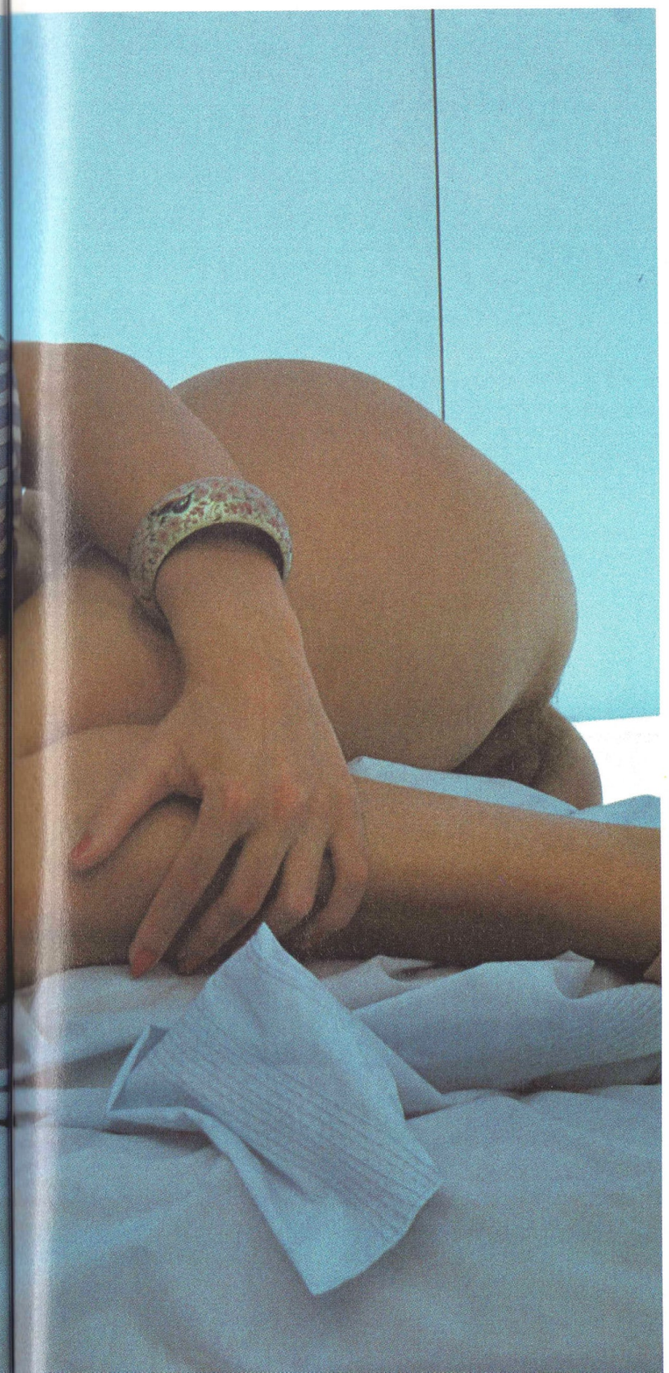


Sex for fun and profit may have been the mischievous *modus operandi* of recently retired porn star Nancy Suiter. From any angle, it's easy to see why this fantastically photogenic golden girl has no trouble keeping her men in line . . . particularly at the box office. "Not having any sexual hang-ups makes a big difference to the kind of success you can expect," she unabashedly declares. "You don't have to love a man to be turned on by him . . . it's all in the mind."

Nancy's striking attractions inspired the American publication, *The Adam Directory Of Adult Films* to describe her as "an exquisite, knockout blonde."

Looks aside, the real secret of her success involves the clearly genuine exuberance she brings to her roles. "You've got to love what you do, whatever it is, to really do it right . . ."

Nancy's uninhibited alacrity was a major factor in the phenomenal success of *Taxi Girls* and *Ecstasy Girls*, two X-rated feature films released in the States in 1979 and now available in Australia.



"I really did so few movies, but I gave each of them my all," says Nancy. If you're willing to bare all, *all* of the time, you're in danger of suffering overexposure." Perhaps, but who among Nancy's fans would hesitate to suffer along with her?

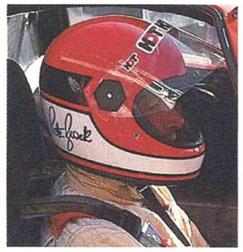
LE GRIND

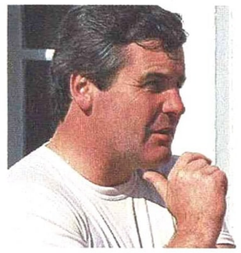
Seven Australian drivers started in the 1984 Le Mans endurance classic. Three made it to the finish.

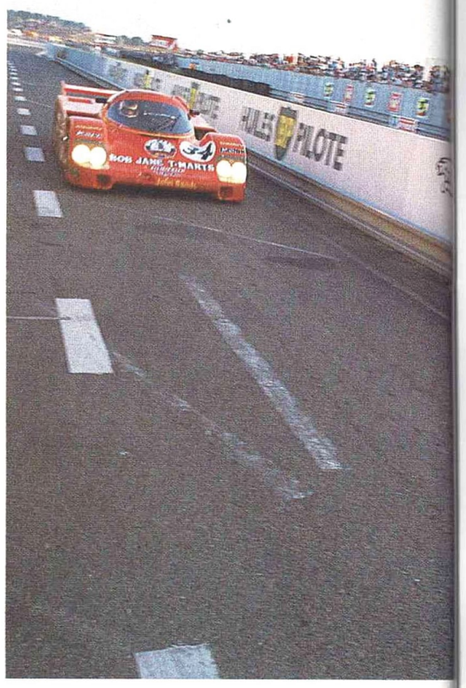
Try to imagine tackling four Bathurst 1000s started back to back. Consider the task of taming 650-horsepower missiles designed to test the bravest and most skilled; cars quicker even than Formula One grand prix machines.

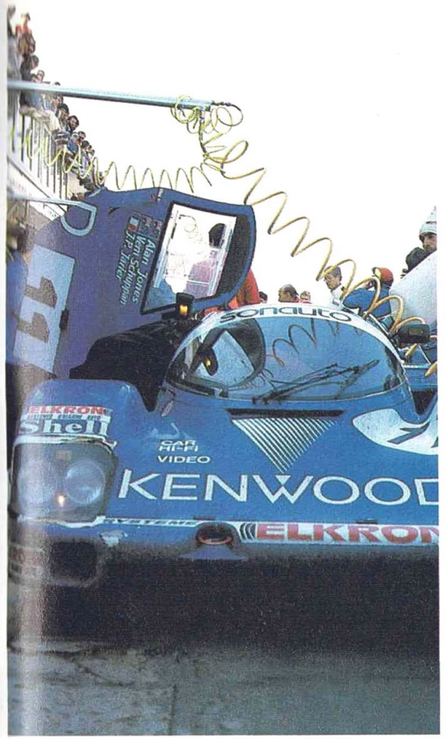
Throw in lap speeds averaging nearly 250 km/h, and straight line speeds of 360 km/h. And driving through the pitch black of night. And coping with inexperienced

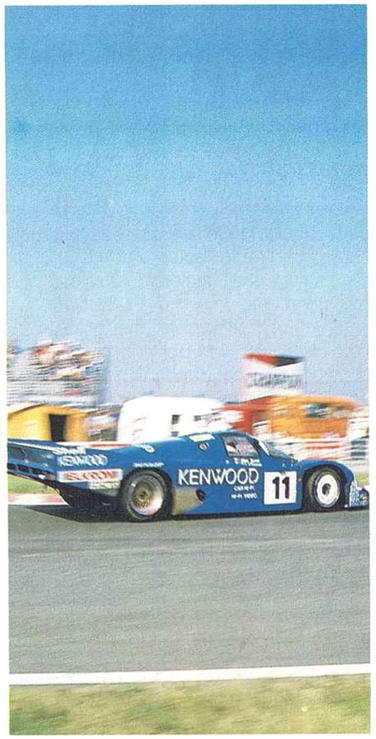
WORDS AND PHOTOS BY PETER McKAY

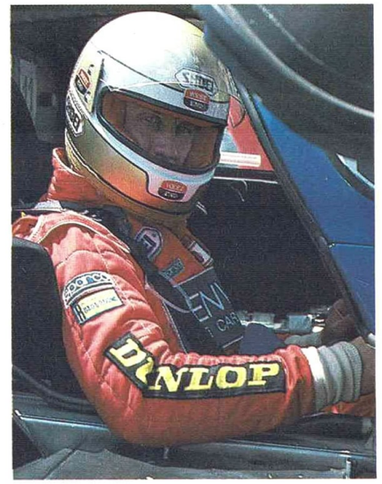












Left to right: Surviving cars stagger to the finish; helmeted Brock; thoughtful Le Mans rookie Jones; unbowed big spender Jane claims he'll be back at Le Mans in '85; Team Australia Porsche searching for pit lane exit; fuel, new tyres and a fresh driver for the Schuppan/Jones/ Jarier Porsche; car 11 on the charge; personable Aussie Schuppan was thwarted in his bid for second Le Mans success.

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once-a-year hobby drivers who compete at Le Mans just to say they've been there. And speed differences between the fastest and the slowest of the cars amounting to as much as 100 km/h.

Unrelenting pressure. Constant danger. Bones and muscles and eyelids that cry out for a rest . . . the oppressive heat inside those massive enclosed brutes. Like working inside a goldfish bowl, with television audiences in several countries watching every move. And all the while, the expenses mounting: fuel and rubber burning, the mechanics' wages bill growing while a half-million buck investment hangs on the ability of a driver to ignore the pain and keep his machine out of the shit.

The outsider finds it impossible to appreciate the mystique — and the attraction — of Le Mans. Even merely watching this grinding twice-around-the-clock marathon is a trial. To participate is to confirm insanity for, to the ordinary man, it appears a frighteningly expensive journey into masochism . . . an admirable substitute for purgatory. Remember, though, Le Mans is the world's greatest endurance race and, like Mount Everest, it's there to be conquered. The Indy 500 is by comparison a token two-and-a-half-hour sprint. And this year an unprecedented seven Aussies took aim at Le Mans — that French variant of Chinese water torture.

Larry Perkins and Peter Brock are anxious and jumpy. The engine has arrived from Stuttgart late, much too late for comfort just two days before Team Australia departs its temporary English base for Le Mans, located in the French countryside. Team Australia's Le Mans assault is funded largely by Melbourne tyre magnate Bob Jane, with contributions from Adidas, Castrol, Ignis, TAA and John Sands. Close on $400,000 has gone into the effort. Bathurst winners Brock and Perkins are the drivers, experienced Greg Siddle is team manager, and members of the Holder Dealer Team have been co-opted to take care of the $250,000 Porsche 956, leased from the John Fitzpatrick *equipe.*

The new engine — the only one Team Australia possesses — has been purchased from the Porsche factory. The cost: around $75,000. At that frightening price it's small wonder there are no spares.

Perkins, an imaginative and largely self-taught engineer unheralded in his own land, has been fussing over the borrowed 956 for six weeks. "Australianising it" is how he describes his work, which has centred on ensuring components won't break or fall off.

Perkins and Brock haven't mounted the Le Mans effort with anything less than victory aspirations. Their lofty aims have been helped by the withdrawal of the all-conquering Porsche factory team from the race, protesting unforeseen rule changes which come into effect next year. Porsche's official absence means this year's race has been thrown wide open, with any of maybe 10 privately-entered 956s in with a real show. The only outside opposition is anticipated from the two works Lancia-Martinis, but the wise heads are saying that while the Italian cars will be fast they'll almost certainly be fragile. Brock and Perkins are ready to give the 24 Hours a big shot, although at best they're in the second line in the betting.

The Aussie combo with the greatest chance is that of last year's winner Vern Schuppan and Le Mans new boy Alan Jones. They're running with Frenchman Jean-Pierre Jarier in a car provided by the efficient Kremer team out of West Germany. A quasi-factory operation with a great track record.

Sydney terrier Allan Grice is racing at Le Mans for the first time, taking STP, Valvoline and SAAS money to the English team of Charles Ivey Racing. The car, another of the ubiquitous Porsche 956s, is owned by Lord Vestey, a Brit who has made a pile of money flogging pork chops and forequarters of lamb. Grice's co-drivers are experienced Alain de Cadenet and Chris Craft.

Melbourne's Rusty French has picked up a plum spot driving the second of the Kremer Porsches. Porsche suggested French to Manfred and Erwin Kremer because Rusty had won the Australian GT title driving a 935 model. Sharing the Kremer brothers' 956 are Tiff Needell, a classy driver who once almost cracked the Formula One big time, and roly-poly sports car regular David Sutherland. Two Englishmen.

The last of the seven Oz racers at Le Mans is Neil Crang, driving a Tiga-Cosworth with Englishmen Gordon Spice and Raymond Bellm. Little known at home, Crang is now based in Zurich.

It's a long week. The serious teams arrive Monday for Tuesday's scrutineering which takes place in the town square. Wednesday — raceday, minus three — heralds the start of qualifying, a two-day (and night) affair which whittles the over-subscribed entry list back to a field of 55 starters. Grid positions count for little but this doesn't stop some of the Continentals from making gut-busting shots at pole. The honor falls to Frenchman Bob Wollek in one of the Lancias, with a 3m 17.11s lap of the 13.626-kilometre course.

Summer has arrived early at Le Mans, and even the Aussies are feeling the heat. After his first few laps, Jones pulls into his pit with helmet off and a face the color of beetroot. "He looks fucked," says Schuppan. Jones has been lapping in the high 40s. "It won't take him long to find his way around," says Schuppan, who makes no secret of his admiration of the ex-world champ.

Brock and Perkins have fitted to their car one piece of equipment that Schuppan says he'd love to have — a cool hat. It's a $4000 comfort item which pipes refrigerated liquid to a skull cap worn under the driver's helmet; a godsend when cockpit temperatures soar to the desperately uncomfortable, and when being inside a three-layer quilted driving suit is worse than being in a sauna.

Jones quickly swaps his sweat-drenched work attire for cooler casual gear. He's in a playful mood. He does a radio interview for a Brisbane station, ending the conversation with ". . . and I'd rather be back in good old Oz soaking up the sun at Surfers." Then, with the tape recorder switched off, Australia's newest Porsche dealer adds with a cockeyed smile: "When you're selling cars on the Gold Coast, you give the Queenslanders what they want to hear."

The Kremers bolt on a set of sticky qualifying tyres, fit a lower gear ratio, turn up the turbo boost in the dying minutes of the final session and send out Schuppan for a big effort. He is sitting pretty for a lightning lap when he comes across a flag marshal standing in the middle of the circuit flapping his arms. Vern is forced to take to the verge to miss the suicidal French official, but still clocks his second fastest lap of the week.

"I could have done a 3m 24s," says Schuppan. "No, I'm not concerned about dipping out on a front-row starting position, although it would have been nice for the team. The Kremers are disappointed."

Still Schuppan's best lap of 3m 29.79s is good enough for seventh starting spot. Not surprising after only 11 laps of the hard-to-learn circuit, partner Alan Jones is nearly four seconds slower, though going quicker every lap. "In Formula One, I'd do maybe 80 laps of practice before a race," he explains. "I'd know a track like the back of my hand. Here, every lap is an adventure."

Grice is also in adventureland. His 956 sheds a wheel at nearly 200 km/h during the first Thursday session. Damage is minimal. However, he is less than impressed. "My cars at home don't have wheels that fall off," he says tersely, loud enough for the Ivey mechanics to hear. It's been a trouble qualifying, but Grice has already demonstrated his ability to quickly come to terms with a car he has never driven before, on a circuit that is not easy to learn. He is already faster than both de Cadenet and Craft.

Ultimately, after taking the lion's share of the limited qualifying time available, de Cadenet winds up one second quicker than the unhappy Aussie, who is very close to walking away in disgust from the operation. "Some of these guys don't have a place in a pro team," says Grice, waving his arm in the direction of the Ivey mechanics. "My blokes in Australia would eat 'em alive." Grice and his co-drivers qualify a lowly 32nd.

French is practising sensibly, with proper caution. He is not quick but does a 52, or 20 seconds slower than co-driver Needell's flyer which gives the car ninth grid spot. The Tiga of Crang/Spice/Bellm is competing in the smaller Group C2 category, so its 35th qualifying position isn't all that shabby.

Team Australia was having no part of any heroic stuff, with no all-out attack on pole. Not without a race engine in reserve. Brock is the conservative one, content to stick below a prudent rev and turbo-boost limit. Former Formula One driver Perkins, who possibly sees this Le Mans as a big chance to re-establish his name internationally, feels they're playing things too safe: "The bloke from Porsche reckons we can rev it to 7600 in Mulsanne Straight without any risk whatsoever." Brock looks sceptical and changes the subject. His game plan for the race is to run steadily at a maximum of 7000 rpm and hope the leadfoots break.

There's a close shave in the first Thursday session when the Bob Jane T-Marts' Porsche bounces off another 956, the

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Caggia car, which without warning swung across the bow of the Aussie entry. Perkins, driving at the time, brings the orange car to the pits with a scar down the left flank. The Caggie 956, he reports, is badly damaged.

The Team Australia drivers' slightly different attitudes are possibly reflected in their lap times: Larry does a 35, Peter a 37. That's good enough to start in position 15. The team doesn't bother to complete the last of the four official sessions.

Friday is a lay day. This doesn't mean it's a holiday for everyone. Mechanics strip cars back to bare shells, looking for faults and replacing components. Drivers, many stretched tighter than a guitar string, try against the odds to relax. Brock, wearing a Collingwood training jersey, sips on an ever-present cuppa.

Feisty patron Bob Jane, a self-made millionaire whose rough diamond approach cloaks a deep love of motor racing, can't conceal his delight at his team's efforts to date. Jane declares that his lads have already done marvellously well. "The whole Le Mans thing is fantastic. Yes, it has cost plenty of money but I reckon we've had great value back home. Of course, I'm involved at an emotional level too."

Jones is thinking about the race: "Yeah, I know the Lancias have got pole. They had to salvage something from this weekend because everyone knows they're not going to hang together for 24 hours."

And then it's Saturday — Raceday — with the serious business set for a three o'clock blast off. The prelims start in earnest shortly after 11 when the 140 competitors in the 52nd annual *24 Heures du Mans* are introduced to the customers, already 200,000 strong. Spectators have forked out anything between $22 (standing) and $46 (grandstand lounge), plus another 12 bucks for parking. Motor racing classics don't come cheap, for those on either side of the fence. To even take a pee in France costs the relieved one half-a-franc tip for the ever-present toilet attendant; maybe that's why so many Frenchmen go public instead — spraying a wall or a tree or a tyre. At the 24-hour race, patrons have more important targets for their hard-earned cash than the Keeper of the Urinal; like a whirl on the ferris wheel, or *cafe noir* and *croissants*, or a ticket to see the naked lady and a snake at the sideshow near Dunlop Bridge.

Back on the grid, the magnificent bikini-clad Hawaiian Tropic gals — with breasts seemingly carved from granite — are promenading in company with at least seven million crazed photographers alternating between tripping over their tongues and pointing, phallic-like, the long lenses of their Canons at the aforementioned wenches. Meanwhile, the driving superstars of Le Mans are ignored until the Hawaiian Tropic ladies gather together their smiles and wiggles and suntans, and exit stage left.

John Fitzpatrick, co-winner of the 1976 Bathurst 1000 with Bob Morris and now boss of the Skoal Bandit two-car team, is nominating his selections for the race: "It has to be a Porsche — the Lancias won't last." Pressed to get specific, Fitz names his cars: the Canon 956 of Jan Lammers and Jonathan Palmer and the two New Man cars, the Schuppan/Jones/Jarier combination and Brock/Perkins.

Above the pit lane, the hospitality suite Bob Jane has hired is overflowing with Aussies. There must be 40 crammed into the small room and spilling out on to a ledge. Across the main straight, directly opposite the pit bay of Team Australia's car 34, the Oz national flag has been draped on a wall by a group of wide-eyed fans from Down-Under.

Sky divers fall out of the blue and the bands oom-pah-pah along the main straight. And then it's almost three. Fifty-four engines fire up and at six minutes to the hour the racecars — all but one which has overheated — form behind a pace car for a warm-up lap. Right on schedule, the field comes around to take the start.

Schuppan, taking the first stint in the Kremer Porsche, is on the charge. He nails the throttle hard and carves up a couple of rivals right on the start line. The strategy is simple: get to the front as quickly as possible and stay there.

So starts a see-sawing battle between the Schuppan/Jones/Jarier Porsche, and the Lancia of Wollek and Nannini. Schuppan leads after one hour, but Wollek is up front at the two-hour mark. Jones, now in the hot seat, and Wollek are bringing the crowd to its feet duelling just centimetres apart for lap after lap. The Aussies hold sway after three hours, and again at the four-hour mark.

Then it all goes wrong. During Schuppan's second spell, a Peugeot-Secateva spins directly into his path. The cars collide and the race leader limps back to the pits for attention. More than two laps are lost while crewmen bandage battered bodywork and change bent wheels.

Further along pit row, other Australian teams are also in the wars. Twenty-eight minutes into the race, Grice's Porsche — with de Cadenet driving — has three-wheeled back to base after shedding another wheel. Grice is visibly angry and is thinking long and hard about whether he should abort his Le Mans assault. It says a lot about this man's courage that the decision is taken to press on, knowing that his racecar has developed an uncomfortable habit of tossing off wheels at high speed.

Team Australia has troubles of a different nature. Perkins is into the pits prematurely after just 12 laps and 44 minutes; 15 laps had been the aim before refuelling but the fuel warning light had illuminated at the end of Mulsanne Straight. Perkins — distressed and bathed in perspiration — stumbles from the car, tearing off his helmet and unzipping his suit. He's complaining of feeling nauseous after sipping from a container of Gatorade. "The bloody stuff was hot . . . I was nearly sick."

The medic with the Jane team, Dr Hugh Palmer, explains how dehydration can be a real threat in these conditions. Larry, now stripped down to his underpants, calls out for a crewman to bring him a cold drink, then another. Plans are made to dump the Gatorade for iced water at the next stop. Larry, figuring that all this liquid intake must take its toll, asks: "Can you guys hook up something in the car I can piss into?

The heat is oppressive and Brock and Perkins are changing places at every fuel stop. After his first 53-minute session, Brock reports that their expensive cool hat is not working.

Despite the dramas of keeping Brock and Perkins at a moderate operating temperature, the number 34 Porsche moves steadily up the leader board to fifth place after three hours. Then, at 6.15pm, a wheel flies off at Porsche curve. Brock manages to bring the car back to the pits where an agonising 28 minutes drain away while the damage is rectified.

At 9.00, car 34 staggers drunkenly back to the pits when a rear suspension upright breaks. Spectators watching from the pit balconies applaud the mechanics' dazzling efforts which get the car mobile again in just 14 minutes.

In an adjacent pit, Grice is grimly waiting to take over the troubled 956 from de Cadenet. His first shift in the car was uneventful and they've moved through to about 25th position. Grice isn't about to celebrate. "Bloody de Cadenet is too slow, is screwing up the turbo boost and is using too much precious gas." Fuel consumption is a factor at Le Mans, where each of the cars are allocated 2500 litres for the whole race. Not a drop more.

Dusk brings tragedy. The first hint of trouble comes when the pace cars are dispatched to slow down the field. Word filters back to pitlane of an almighty accident on Mulsanne. The early message suggests two Porsches are involved, and fingers are crossed until the field dribbles by and the Aussies are accounted for. The track announcers — in French and English — advise that a flag marshal has been killed in the accident. Then more details . . . the cars destroyed are in fact team Nimrod Aston Martins. It's been suggested that they were tailgating on Mulsanne when they touched with disastrous consequences while travelling at around 340 km/h. The driver of one has been rushed to hospital with severe burns. The pace car stays out for 40 minutes while officials clear away the debris. It is dark when the green light announces a resumption of racing.

Midnight. Grice reappears in fresh driving gear after a sleep. His car is now 18th, but he's still bitching about de Cadenet. "He's too damned slow . . ."

Across the track, the grandstands are nearly empty. French race fans love their racing, but not as much as a warm bed. Most have gone home for the night shift. They'll be back after breakfast . . .

Brock/Perkins are 20th and the decision is made to go for it, to try to recover lost ground during the night. But at three minutes before the 11-hour mark the Team Australia effort falls in a heap. Perkins manfully accepts the blame for bouncing the Porsche off two rivals. He's as shattered emotionally as his crumpled machine. Head in hands, he can't be consoled. Its a terrible moment for everyone. Brock takes it on the chin. It's been a long day and no-one's in the mood for conversation or lengthy post mortems. In no time, the pit bay has been stripped bare; the hospitality lounge and tent are empty. The entourage of 40 has abandoned the circuit *en masse*.

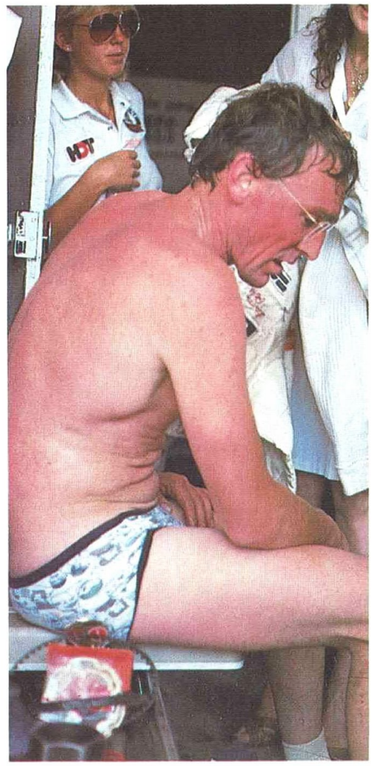
The Grice Porsche struggles through to within three-and-a-half hours of the end. But no further. Grice shows no disappointment at not going the distance. Enough is enough. He can hold his head high, for many knowledgeable people have noticed his efforts against the odds.

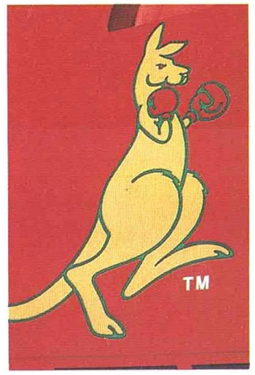
Two hours to the flag. In the Kremer pits, it's time for the big gamble. Schuppan/Jones/Jarier — in third place while still a couple of laps down — will turn up the turbo boost in a bid to reclaim the lead in the final hours. The charge is on, but only momentarily. Schuppan feels the engine fail at the end of Mulsanne. He returns to the pits and switches off. No repeat victory for the boy from Whyalla this year.

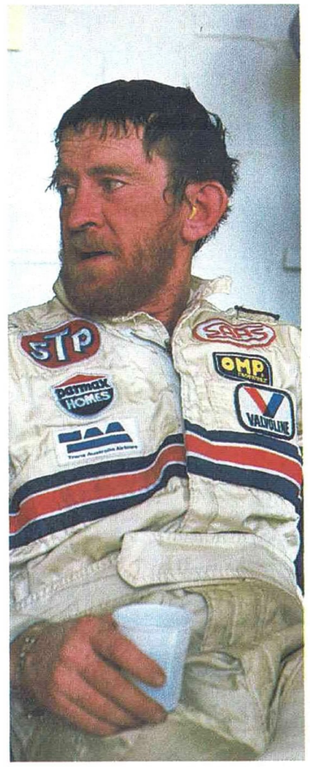
Rusty French's Porsche has run steadily in the top 10 for much of the race, falling back only after Needell bent the front end on a guard rail. Now, though, the Dallas cigarettes 956 has clambered right back to ninth with two hours to go. It's still ninth when the chequered flag is shown to the oil-smeared 22 surviving cars. French, the unheralded Aussie, manages what four of his countrymen fail to do — finish, and finish well. However, he isn't the only Australian to make the result sheets. Moving at a painfully slow pace, Schuppan extracts one final lap from the crippled Kremer car to take the flag.

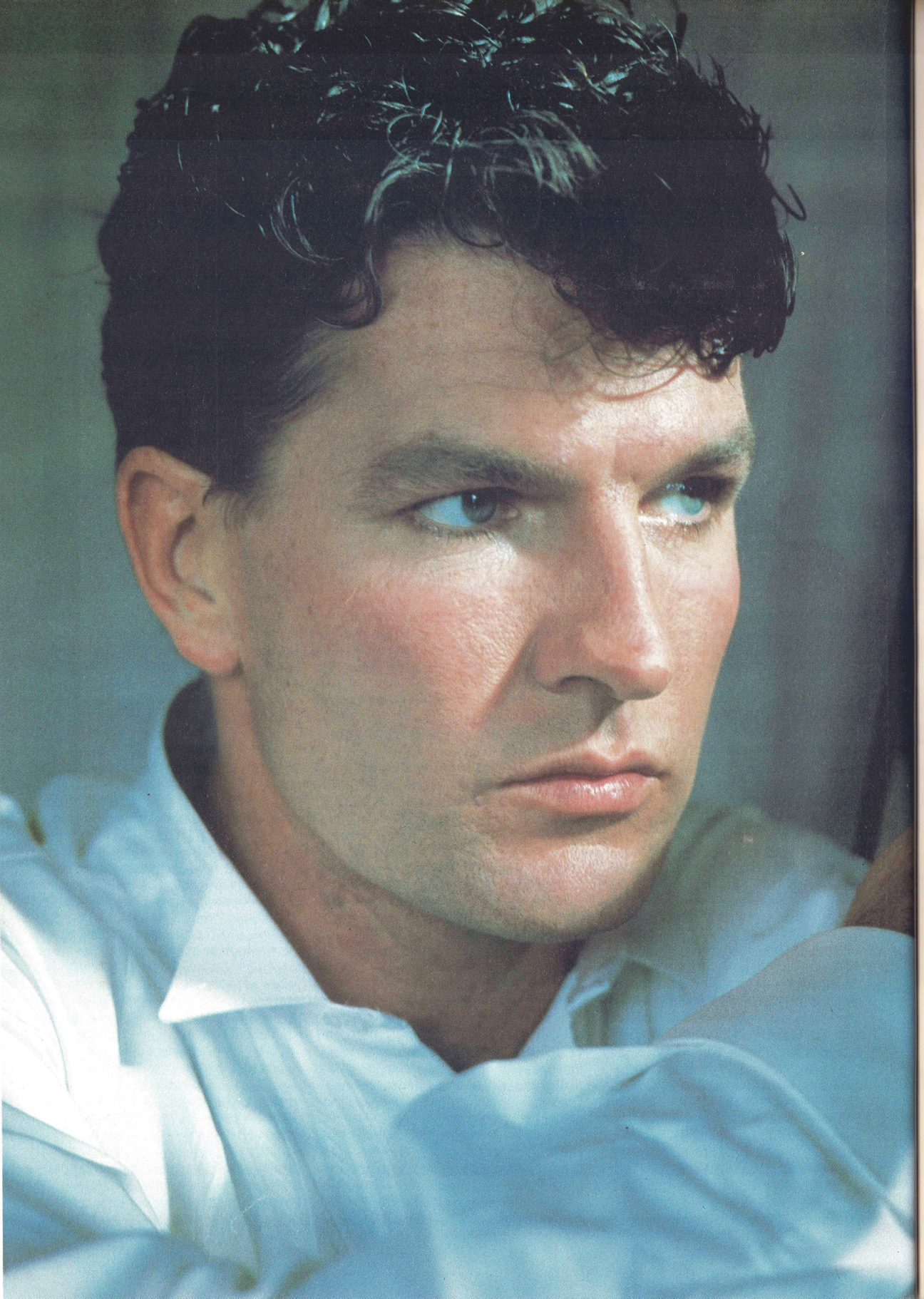
Le Mans '84 falls to Frenchman Henri Pescarolo and West German Klaus Ludwig. It's a Porsche steamroller — 956s fill the first seven places. Bob Jane has swapped a pile of dollars for a pile of shattered metal and fibreglass. But don't count him out next year. Minutes after Le Mans '84 ends, he is mapping out rough plans for another effort — with two cars, and a three-quarters of a million budget. "We didn't win the America's Cup the first time, did we?"

Clockwise from left: Perkins, dehydrated and distressed after opening stint; rubber and gas for third-placed Skoal Bandit Porsche; sock-it-to-'em logo decorated the Team Australia car; Grice showing signs of a low day; suntanned diversions; chequered flag welcome for winning Pescarolo/Ludwig Porsche.









PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

TIM FINN

> Split Enz was a vehicle for my life, not the whole bag of beans. Like a car we all drove for 10 years, it took us a lot of places and showed us a lot of things

In 1975 an unknown New Zealand rock band came to Australia to start a professional career in "the Lucky Country" and to see if they could win an audience for their own particular musical visions. By any yardstick they were an odd band for the time — no glitter and flash, no guitar heroes or sex symbol singers. In fact, Split Enz — for that was the band — took the stage looking like bizarre carnival creatures, with their faces painted with clowns' smiles and their clothes assymetrical, oversized dolls' garments. But they had songs — beautiful, magical songs — and they had at their head two men who were determined to shape their music according to their visions and take it to the world.

Tim Finn and Phil Judd devised Split Enz between them, dreaming up the idea in an Auckland flat where they spent their time writing songs and recovering from their mindless, menial jobs. Finn, the idealistic, hard-working son of a close-knit Irish-Catholic family in rural New Zealand, took over the reins when Judd left the band in the mid-Seventies.

Earlier this year Finn, too, decided to strike away from the band. Nearly 10 years after first bringing Split Enz to Australia, he cut the apron strings and embarked on a career of his own. It was the beginning of the end when the band, exhausted after year of virtually constant touring and recording, took a break for much of 1983. Finn took it upon himself to write some new songs not intended for consumption by the band, but for use in his first solo project.

At that stage it was just a busman's holiday, an excuse for the compulsively hard-working Kiwi to stretch his musical wings while the rest of the band put their feet up for a while. But as producers Mark Moffatt and Ricky Fataar became involved the project increased in scope and a group of Australia's best session musicians and singers were recruited to help out. The resulting album, entitled *Escapade,* was released in late 1983, and Finn burst into the New Year as Australian rock's man of the hour. By mid-1984 *Escapade* had sold well in excess of 90,000 copies. Three hit singles were lifted from it and Finn swept through the annual *Countdown* Rock Awards, collecting three major awards, including album of the year, most popular male performer and best songwriter.

After the success of the album Finn took to the road on a concert tour — without Split Enz — and found that he had collected a legion of fans with his solo efforts. It was then only a matter of time before he left Split Enz behind and threw his hat into the ring as a solo artist.

You'd think Finn's astounding success would be enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite, but the latter half of 1984 saw him questing for even bigger things. He is still intensely ambitious, for himself as well as for the band he led for all those years. After more than a decade with Split Enz he proudly declares himself one of their biggest fans.

Now there's Neil Finn, Tim's younger brother and also a fine songwriter, to carry on the Split Enz tradition. Neil joined in 1977, when the band seemed almost ready to crumble after a particularly gruelling American tour. His arrival meant a new lease of life for the band. Between them Neil Finn, long term Enz stalwart Noel Crombie and the rest of the band may yet steer Split Enz to the international recognition that has so far eluded them.

But Tim Finn has other fish to fry. He's a compulsive worker, never happier than when he's immersed in his songwriting, and always trying to improve on his past efforts. His solo career seems set to continue in the same vein as it began, and Finn is also keen to pursue his acting career, which began this year with a small part in the Australian movie *The Coca Cola Kid.*

Penthouse contributor Roger Crosthwaite interviewed Finn in Sydney this year, just at the time when the singer had made his decision to leave Split Enz. Crosthwaite had this to say about it: "It wasn't the easiest interview I've ever done. Finn had just returned from a whirlwind publicity and business trip overseas, trying to sell his album to record companies in Europe. He had left for the trip only days after finishing his acting commitments for *The Coca Cola Kid.*

"He looked haggard, but insisted on going through with the interview, perhaps because he thought it would help him to get things straight if he talked about the future with someone. The paradox of the man was that one minute he would be telling me how he longed to take a holiday for a while, and the next he'd be describing the work he had planned to keep him occupied for the next year.

"The departure from Split Enz was obviously on his mind. He constantly referred to his confusion about his future and his brand new solo career, and seemed relieved to let that slide in preference to reminiscing about his years with Split Enz. He was tired and a touch short-tempered, and so our conversation began tentatively. But he instantly warmed when we got around to talking about his lifeline — songwriting. His commitment to his art is impressive. If anyone can will himself to success, it will be Tim Finn."

PHOTO BY BRETT HILDER

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: What were your feelings on the night of the Countdown Awards, when your chickens came home to roost and you won all those awards?
Finn: It was pretty nerve-racking on the night. I remember that I was almost physically ill when it was all over. I realised how knotted up I was over it. It's real pressure when you go in as the favorite — I think I'd much rather go in as the underdog. But it was a good night.
Penthouse: Are those awards, or awards in general, very important to you?
Finn: It wasn't so much the awards themselves, but having everyone expect me to win a few was quite an experience. It's not whether you win an award or not, although when you're running down the aisle to the stage you feel pretty good. Really, it's the recognition by your peers — the industry voters — that's heartwarming and good, because I respect a lot of the people who were voting. And if they respect what I'm doing then that feels pretty good. But then again, you can't take it that seriously.
Penthouse: Do you feel the awards were a seal of approval for your solo efforts, or were they in recognition for your years of service with Split Enz?
Finn: It was for the album; it was for *Escapade*.
Penthouse: Why did you go out and do a solo album rather than pour those songs into Split Enz?
Finn: I felt like this was what I should be doing. I felt it was the right time — I'd been wanting to do it for a long time. And then when the band decided to take a break I had the time to do it. It wasn't a case of those songs being for Split Enz. The band had very consciously decided to take a break and they were written outside the context of Split Enz. I mean, every moment of my life for the past 10 years has been oriented towards Split Enz, so it was more than time to make a break.
Penthouse: The success you had was enormous. Was that what made you decide to make the break final and pursue a solo career?
Finn: Yeah, that helped. But I think the main reason why I wanted to do more solo albums is that as a songwriter it opened up a whole new world for me — using other musicians, seeing a whole new side to recording. Sure, the fact that it was successful helps. If it had been a big flop I might have run away with my tail between my legs. It depends. I found it very satisfying musically, so even if it had flopped I think I would have wanted to do another one at some stage.
Penthouse: What about stepping into the background and just writing songs for other people? Or are you determined to record your songs yourself?
Finn: I did that a couple of times with Jimmy and the Boys — "They Won't Let My Girlfriend Talk To me" — and Jo Kennedy — "She Got Body" — and they were successful. I suppose it reinforced my desire to do my own album, because if other people can have hits with my songs, why can't I? I would like to do more writing for other people, but there's always the time factor.
Penthouse: How exactly were you involved with the movie *The Coca Cola Kid?*
Finn: I did some acting and I wrote the title song and another song. It was great; I really enjoyed it. I played a songwriter, a guy who writes a Coke jingle. It was a minor role, but I was pretty nervous about doing it . . . nervous and apprehensive because I'd never thought of myself as an actor. I did one bit of acting at school and — perhaps this is a comment on how sensitive I am to criticism — I was described as having given a "competent performance." For me that wasn't good enough. I thought, "That shelves my acting career for this lifetime." I always felt I knew how to act when I was much younger, but I didn't have the guts to do it. Deep down I could hear myself saying the lines just right, but when it came to the crunch in school plays and things, I'd always hang back. Maybe as I get older I'll be able to act more. I enjoyed my part in the movie very much and the director was very kind and said to me I could act if I so choose. But really my part was very brief and I wasn't required to do anything very emotional.

> I find it hard to slow down. I'm not sure what drives me, but I always feel like I'm in a race and I've got to hurry up, hurry up

Penthouse: It doesn't seem like you got much of a break even when Split Enz took a rest. You went off and got yourself involved in a solo album and a movie role! Is that the way you are, finding it hard to stop and take it easy?
Finn: Yeah. I find it hard to slow down. I'm not quite sure what drives me, but I always feel like I'm in a race and I've got to hurry up, hurry up. I think I'm going to have to slow down soon, not stop working entirely, but . . . I don't know. Things have been very hectic lately and I'm feeling a bit burnt out.
Penthouse: Let's go back to your childhood in New Zealand. It's a matter of record that you went to a Catholic boys' boarding school. Was that a good environment for someone who was burning to be creative and write music?
Finn: I wasn't really aware of that side of me when I was there. I knew music was important to me, but I was also very heavily into my academic work and sport. Basically I was into everything I could get hold of. So I was able to channel my energy into all those things and music was just one part of it then. I formed bands at school with other guys, and I spent a lot of time listening to music but I didn't really realise . . . I just supposed I'd end up having some career or another. I was a diplomat one week, a journalist the next and a doctor the week after that. Or a writer. I used to think I might be a novelist or a poet. I used to write poetry . . . dreadful stuff. But I realised as I grew older the amount of knowledge a writer must have, about things like flora and fauna and current events. I realised that the amazing amounts of detail to furnish a book were beyond me. I'm too much of a dreamer.
Penthouse: I had thought a New Zealand Catholic boys' school might have been hell for you. But it sounds as though you adjusted pretty well.
Finn: I loved it — I thrived on it. I'm glad I went there because it gave me a measure of independence from my family. I was very close to my family and still am, but I think that during those formative years — 13 to 18 — it was good for me to have that independence.
Penthouse: Did your brother follow you there?
Finn: He only went there for a year. He arrived in third form — the last year I was there before going to university. I was all fired up with revolutionary fervor and I planted in him all the seeds of dissent. I gave him a copy of *The Little Red Schoolbook* and encouraged him to write obscene graffiti on the chapel walls.
Penthouse: And then skipped off and left him to it?
Finn: Yes. He didn't really have a chance. But I don't think the place would have suited him anyway. It can be a pretty difficult environment, boarding school; it can be very cruel.
Penthouse: What did you study when you went to university?
Finn: All the airy-fairy subjects — English, philosophy, political studies. I got passes in everything; I still had sufficient competitive edge to want to do well. I had an amazing anarchic first year, then crammed like hell at the end of it to pass. I proved yet again that I could cram well and survive . . . I was always good at that at school too. But I felt really dead and hollow at university and I wanted to get out into the world, so I took off and got myself a really good education — 22 jobs in three years. It was a good time for me — I was dreaming all the time about music. They were the years in which things fell into place for me.
Penthouse: You mean it was then you decided that music was what you wanted to do?
Finn: Yeah. I joined up with Phil Judd, we started writing together and from then on music was all I wanted to think about. I was a late starter in some ways. Sometimes I look at people who started in music at 14 or 15 and I envy them. They saved a lot of time, but then again your life is your life and you can't grumble.
Penthouse: Were you a capable musician then or was it just a matter of writing songs?
Finn: Just writing. I'd had a few piano lessons when I was younger, just enough to play a few pieces, but I didn't keep it up and it fell by the wayside. Even now I only play well enough to write; I don't play well enough really to play on stage. Anyway, we did that for two or three years, came to Australia in 1975 and became a professional band.
Penthouse: Do you see much of Judd these days?
Finn: I see Phil a bit. He lives in Melbourne and so do I, so we play golf sometimes; we don't see a lot of each other but we're still pretty close. I bought a painting from him the other day.
Penthouse: You and Judd virtually invented Split Enz between you. When you first came over here he was riveting on stage; he had a real magnetism . . .
Finn: Yes. Especially in the context of that Split Enz line-up, because he instinctively knew how to work in that situation. He'd had trouble with other things he'd done, like The Swingers. But in Split Enz, with so many vibrant personalities, it was manic, absurd. He'd just stand still — wearing this incredibly dark eye make-up — and stare, which he was very good at. He stood out in a really chilling fashion. But it was a play of opposites within that band . . . it really was. I was the cheerful, chortling, rather demented one and I was able to play that role really well. Looking back now it makes me puke sometimes because my act was really a reaction to Phil's nature on stage. I'm not really that way at all . . . as you can see today. I wanted to reach out to the audience but I didn't know how, and those costumes and the make-up and bizarre hairstyles were a disguise to compensate for that. As we learned to become more natural on stage they were dispensed with, and we could communicate more. I think a band should have a strong presence on stage, but it should feel natural.
Penthouse: The costumes and make-up changed gradually over the years. You didn't suddenly dispense with them.
Finn: That wasn't intentional; it was because the music changed slowly and the music dictated everything we did. The costumes suited those early nightmarish and distorted songs very well.
Penthouse: Those early songs of Split Enz certainly weren't what you'd call lighthearted pop.
Finn: Well, we didn't want to write bubble-gum music, but we did want to write some good pop songs.

> I don't want to be the bard of the bed-sits, writing love songs all the time. There's more to life than romance

Penthouse: But in those days people compared you with Genesis and Yes and those heavy, arty bands.
Finn: That used to appal me; I hated Genesis. But then obviously the comparison was there. People also likened us to King Crimson, who I'd never even heard of at the time. Our roots lay in The Beatles and The Kinks, so it was very strange to be regarded in that way. I suppose it was because of the combination of the people in the band — the drummer Paul Crowther was very much into that sort of music, and so was Eddie Rayner, the keyboard player. And neither Phil nor I were strong enough about expressing to the others what we wanted to do. I used to come up with arrangements for songs while I was sweeping the post office floor; something would be rattling around inside my head, but by the time I got to rehearsal it would be all so convoluted and complicated. We were all good friends, so we didn't want to walk all over each other. We also shared that strange New Zealand reluctance to ask for what you really want.
Penthouse: The arrival of your brother Neil into the band coincided with the more pop-oriented era of Split Enz. Was he a major force behind your march into the singles charts?
Finn: We'd been heading that way, but Neil had those few songs that were real pop tunes, and he had them there when we needed them.
Penthouse: Were you proud of your "little brother" — that he could come into the band and succeed so instantly?
Finn: Sure, yeah.
Penthouse: Did you think he was going to work out so well, to the extent that he is more or less the leader of the band now?
Finn: Probably not, probably not. I knew he had potential; I knew he was musical. I mean, I'm his worst critic, as he is mine, so we respect each other, but we see each other's faults very distinctly too. It was just that we needed a guitarist at the time and we took a punt on Neil. I knew he'd written songs before, but I didn't know he'd go on to do what he did.
Penthouse: The other great phenomenon of Split Enz is Noel Crombie. Not many bands maintain a haberdasher and spoons player as a permanent member.
Finn: It's hard to see how anyone could think of him like that; he's much more. Noel's range of percussion is so wide. Quite apart from his five minutes or less a night of spoons playing, he's playing on every song and contributing a lot. To me he's a percussionist with a good sense of comedy and theatre. The costume design was an extra thing he took on for us because nobody else wanted to do it. To me Noel is the ultimate craftsman. He goes about everything he does in a craftsmanlike way — the way he does up cars, his percussion, his drumming . . . when we needed a drummer he looked at it, worked out ways to develop his skills and did it. He's a craftsman.
Penthouse: Are you like that? Do you strive for perfection, or is there room for compromise in your philosophy?
Finn: You have to accept a bit of compromise here and there, but I do shoot for perfection, yeah. I try for the ultimate every time. If you don't get there it can be slightly disappointing, but that's what drives you on I suppose. I'm a romantic and an idealist still after all these years, and even though I'm a bit confused as to which way I'm heading now I've still retained some sort of innocence, which I think was evident on *Escapade*. And it feels good.
Penthouse: The songs on *Escapade* were very uplifting, encouraging pieces.
Finn: Yeah, there's that part of me. But

there's also the "Dirty Creature" side, and that's the part that has been coming out in me lately. It will be nice to go in a heavier direction for a while. *Escapade* was just one side to me — the lighter, romantic side; the other side is totally different. I don't want to be the bard of the bed-sits, writing love songs all the time. There's more to life than romance. I think if I could find the one romance that would last I could satisfy that almost primordial urge for self-completion in a one-to-one relationship, and get it out of the way. I look at a good relationship like that, the means whereby two people find their other halves, which gives them the strength to do whatever they want to do.

Penthouse: That's the *Escapade* side. What about the "Dirty Creature" side?

Finn: I'm not a violent person, if that's what you mean. It's just the fears and anxieties that people have. I worry too much sometimes. My father was a great worrier and that's something I inherited from him. Plus psychologically I can get a bit unbalanced at times, a bit insecure, and I was very moody when I wrote "Dirty Creature" ... going through a strange period of my life.

Penthouse: So you use those periods of strangeness to advantage in your writing?

Finn: Lyrically I write about whatever my obsessions are at the time, but musically I can force myself to go heavier. I've been writing with a drum machine and synthesizer lately, whereas before I've been very much the traditionalist, writing on piano and guitar. And I've been getting some good ideas from the different sounds from those machines.

Penthouse: You are in a position now where you can change your direction without losing your following. Do you think you'll be able to maintain that balance beween commercialism and credibility?

Finn: There was a general desire in Split Enz to go for an older audience, although we liked to keep the hit singles coming. That was on our minds throughout the whole business. But that comes fairly easy to me — I've written hits before and I'll write them again. The trick is to keep exploring new areas and not get tied down to any formula.

Penthouse: How do you think Split Enz will fare overseas now that you have left? Will they ever get the recognition that you waited for with the band?

Finn: Split Enz was never really recognised internationally. We had a few flirtations with success — some near hits and near misses — but we never really took hold. But once Split Enz does take hold, I doubt whether there's a band in the world that has such a rich background of music. So whenever it happens for Split Enz, they will be able to point to all the albums from the past, all of which are liberally strewn with gems. It will give them an edge, a sense of depth.

Penthouse: Is there enough going on in Australia to keep you active or interested, or are you looking for new horizons too?

Finn: I am now; I need that very much. Split Enz had reached a plateau in Australia. Sure, I could have eked it out for a few more albums, a few more years. But that wouldn't interest me; it bores me stupid to have no fresh challenges or new audiences. But when Split Enz played together it had a real throb to it, and that's what kept us going. A band is an organic thing: it has to develop naturally. You can't decide to form a band and sit down and work it all out on paper; it has to be what happens naturally between the people involved. And there was a hell of a lot happening between the people in Split Enz. I feel strongly that Split Enz has been one of the better bands in the world, and should be acknowledged as such.

> I like people to know that I am a Kiwi. But I've been very fortunate to live here during what's been a very exciting time

Penthouse: Now that you are no longer a part of Split Enz, can you look at the band and its music objectively?

Finn: I can't. How can I? It's been a long time, 10 years. Imagine being married to someone for 10 years and then going off and having a raving affair with someone else — would it help you to be objective? Perhaps it would, I don't know.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself more as a writer than as a singer or pop star?

Finn: Yes. That's what I want to be known as; that's my greatest joy, my *raison d'etre*. When I'm writing songs I feel like I'm doing what I should be doing. It's a good feeling ...

Penthouse: New Zealand's Cole Porter, perhaps?

Finn: God, I should be so lucky! If I wrote one song that would last as long as any of his I'd be happy.

Penthouse: Are you a prolific writer? Or is every morsel born in a lot of pain?

Finn: I pour them out when I'm writing, when I've got a good flow going. I write the music easily, but the words I have to work hard at. I might get a few phrases, a chorus or a title easily, but I have to work hard to finish things off. But the tune ... I suppose my God-given talent is my ability to write a tune; the rest of it is the bit I have to really work on. I've always felt that songwriting was just something that comes through me, that no credit should necessarily go to me. That's why I feel so strangely about awards. There was a rather snide comment in *RAM* about "the humble Tim Finn" after the *Countdown* Awards, but I am pretty humble about my songwriting because I believe when I'm open to it a good song comes through me. I'm not to be applauded for that necessarily; I'm just a tuning fork, or a piece of electrical wire that picks up a charge and it's my duty or my job to get that out to people. Without making it sound too grand, that's what I believe. I suppose there's the hard work involved, and if I receive any credit it should be because I work at my craft, developing it. The actual thing, the talent itself, is God-given or whatever.

Penthouse: Nobody could accuse you of frittering away that talent, or being lazy with it.

Finn: No. I've always had a strong work ethic. I'm pretty Calvinist in that sense. Being brought up with a strong religious background has meant that I've inherited a sense of duty, I think. But that's good. I'm happiest when I feel I'm working as I should be.

Penthouse: What are some of the factors you would like to change about yourself?

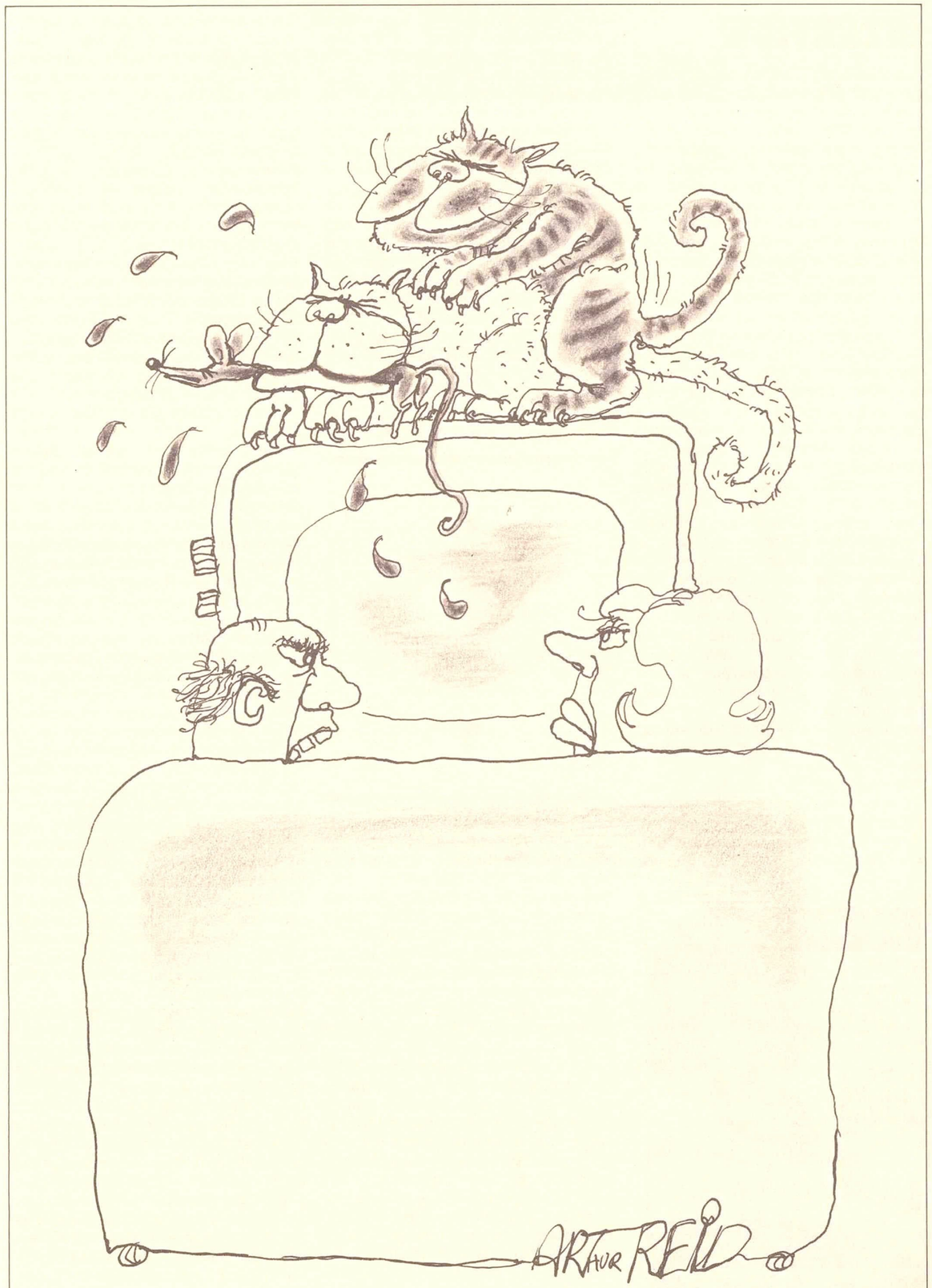
Finn: The main thing I want to change in my life is to become more a part of the community and not be so insular and obsessive about my career. Almost become more of a spectator — be part of the audience for a change.

Penthouse: Do you ever go to watch other bands perform?

Finn: Not a lot. I go to some classical and jazz concerts; I try to vary my musical diet a bit. But I do think one should go and check out the competition now and then.

Penthouse: I meant more just for your own enjoyment.

Finn: It's been years since I've been able just to go along and be part of an audience. Well, not exactly, because when I see something really good I get caught up and start whooping and yelling just like anybody else. But it's awkward, especially in Australia, unless I go out with a disguise on. I'm not that recognisable that a disguise



"More sex and violence on television!"

would be really justified, so I'd feel like a jerk standing there all night, whereas someone like Michael Jackson needs one. But at the same time it can be annoying to be bothered; it takes away from your enjoyment of the event. Ah, but that's a small price to pay for the chance I've had to enjoy life I suppose. You can't get too precious about it.

Penthouse: What sort of things give you that buzz, where you do get caught up in the music?

Finn: The last time was when I saw the Eurhythmics, and Annie Lennox had it. Her voice was just amazing. As soon as I walked in the hall I was riveted. She looked like she was really pouring everything she had into it. And those moments are undeniable — everybody can recognise it. We all know what it is — it's just a bit hard to describe.

Penthouse: Do you get that same kick from the classical and jazz concerts you attend?

Finn: I don't go to that many. I'm not a highbrow or anything. But yes, a Chopin recital can do it to me, and certain music from the big band era can have that effect. My dad was a big band fan, and that's another thing I've inherited from him: an appreciation for the way a big band can make it swing. Yeah, there's always good and bad, and the good stuff will always totally take you up there.

Penthouse: Have you ever considered working in musical fields other than pop?

Finn: I've thought about it and I'd like to. It's one thing I can do with my solo career — explore different avenues. I've got lots of piano pieces I've written over 10 years and I never really knew what they were for — little themes and ideas in a classical vein. I'd like to do something with them; I hate to leave anything untried.

Penthouse: Did you ever get annoyed that you were sometimes labelled as an Australian band rather than being from New Zealand? Do you make a point of correcting people when they make that mistake?

Finn: I do, yeah. Like at last year's *Countdown* Awards we had those black track-suits made up, with the silver fern on the front. And this year I made a few comments about it. I like people to know that I am a Kiwi. But I love Australia; I've been very fortunate to live here during what's been a very exciting time for this country. This is my second home.

Penthouse: Do you get back to New Zealand much?

Finn: Two or three times a year. Split Enz went there to tour quite often and I go to visit the family sometimes.

> Ambition has been part of the driving force of Split Enz — I was always more ambitious than the rest of the band

Penthouse: It's still a haven from the insanity of the rest of the world . . .

Finn: A good place to be when the bomb drops. The west coast of the South Island is one of the remotest and most beautiful places in the world, and it's the first place in the world to get the sun every day. So if the world ends tomorrow, New Zealand has had just a little more sunshine than the rest of the planet.

But I couldn't imagine going back there permanently for quite a few years. I'd feel too far away from everything. That's why I wanted to leave in the first place. Australia is the perfect place to come to when you leave New Zealand — it's much closer to the rest of the world, much more active, but it's not slap bang in the middle of everything.

Penthouse: What was it like for you on your first solo tour, taking the stage without the familiar faces of Split Enz around you?

Finn: It was great, but I was truly terrified. The week before I was trying to figure out a way to get out of it. I thought of breaking my legs — seriously. I lay in bed at night trying to work out how to do it without too much pain. I was very insecure about going out on my own, but it turned out to be quite good, quite easy, and I got a lot of good feedback out of it.

Penthouse: How do you cope with the 24-hour-a-day nature of the rock business? The time you would have had to yourself over the past 10 years must be minimal . . .

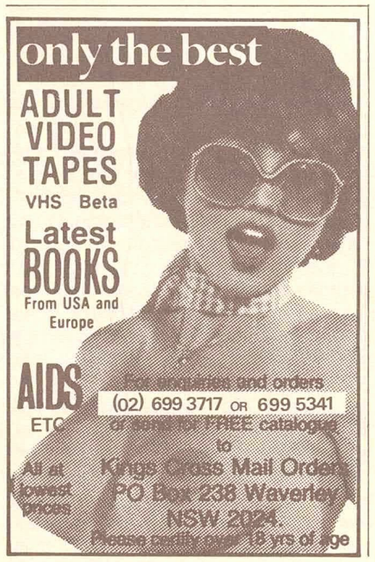
Finn: I suppose so, but I haven't really felt the need for a lot of time to myself during that period. Split Enz was pretty fulfilling for me. It was a vehicle for life, not the whole bag of beans. Split Enz was like a car we all drove for 10 years, and it took us a lot of places and showed us a lot of things. But there is definitely life outside a career in rock and roll . . .

Penthouse: So you have no regrets about committing yourself so fully for 10 years to Split Enz?

Finn: No. It was a great time of my life. I wouldn't have had it any other way. I would have been desperately unhappy to have had to have another career, and to relegate music to being just a hobby. Some people who can't get it together to make a career as a musician are happy to go off into some other branch of the music business, in a record company or a radio station, and I'm not knocking it. That's all right for them, but I couldn't accept any role in music other than the one I've got, as a songwriter. And if that wasn't working I'd just stop. I could never treat music as something I do on the side. Music is so vast — there's a whole world of it out there to explore, and I feel nothing else as exciting as that project. Sitting down at the piano is when I feel whole. I suppose I'm married to the piano, there's something warm and receptive about a piano keyboard . . . I was born to music. I don't think there's any doubt about that, so whether it takes me to the top of the American charts or not, it's what I'll continue to do.

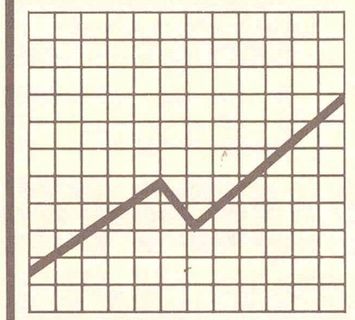
Penthouse: But at the same time you are still very ambitious.

Finn: Yes I am, in my personal life as well as my professional life. Ambition is part of me, and it's very strong. It's been part of the driving force of Split Enz — I was always more ambitious than the rest of the band. We sat and talked about it often, and some of the other guys said more or less that they could take success or leave it; they didn't really mind how long it took to be recognised overseas, whereas I always wanted to have success with the very next record. I wanted things to happen straight away. It's an insane attitude I suppose. Because you've really got to just take it as it comes.



PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU REALLY SPECIAL?



We all like to feel we're unique, even though most of us talk, act, dress, and think pretty much like everyone else. Psychologists have found, however, that some people have a much greater need to feel special than others. And this psychograph can give you an idea of just how strong your own desire is to be different.

Surface behavior in this area can sometimes be misleading. A strong need to feel unique doesn't necessarily express itself in flagrant nonconformity. Most people satisfy their need to be different in ways that don't always attract a lot of attention. And many so-called nonconformists actually show a great need to conform. They may be different from the world at large but often adhere slavishly to the dress, speech, thought, and behavior patterns of their own group.

The need to feel special expresses itself in all kinds of ways. One bloke makes his bid for uniqueness by going to the hardware store, buying a can of spray paint, and then affixing his identity to every blank wall in the city. Another quietly visits his tailor and has a custom suit cut. Both, however, are proving to themselves that they are not quite like everyone else. Psychologists are not yet totally sure of all the factors that cause one person to have a greater need for uniqueness than another.

We've reviewed many studies in constructing this questionnaire. Answer the questions quickly and honestly. Don't try to figure out correct answers. There aren't any.

1. If you had the qualifications to attend any prestige university in the country would you prefer:
   (a) a small country College of Advanced Education
   (b) a medium-sized university like Murdoch, Deakin or Latrobe
   (c) a large university, like Sydney, Melbourne or ANU

2. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "My moral beliefs are quite different from other people's."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "My political beliefs are quite different from other people's."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. If you had a chance to go out with an extraordinarily beautiful, sexy woman, how would you probably feel?
   (a) I'd love it.
   (b) I'd probably be quite nervous. Most men fantasise about beautiful women, but they often become intimidated when they come face to face with the real thing.
   (c) I'd be so nervous that I'd probably find some excuse for cancelling out.

5. Is your signature:
   (a) extremely large
   (b) extremely small
   (c) quite large
   (d) quite small
   (e) about average

6. If money were not a consideration would you prefer to own:
   (a) a dependable family sedan
   (b) a rare foreign sports car that needed regular attention to keep it running

7. When you're with a group of people, all of whom share similar attitudes about politics, music, art, sports, or life in general, do you point out contrary things just to make them uncomfortable?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

8. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you:
   (a) If I say something I don't believe in, it's usually because I don't want to stir people up. I just want to go along with the general flow of things.
   (b) If I say something I don't believe in, it's usually because I want to start an argument.

9. When you come out of a movie or concert, do you usually feel that you have to give some criticism of what you've just seen or heard?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

10. Do you write with a fountain pen?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) occasionally
    (c) rarely or never

11. If you had to choose, would you prefer:
    (a) to work in a large office for $50,000 a year
    (b) to work in a small office for $40,000 a year
    (c) to be self-employed for $30,000 a year

12. Which of the following statements comes closest to expressing your feelings about hi-fi equipment?
    (a) It's important to me to have the latest and best system I can afford.
    (b) I like a system that looks and sounds good, but I'm not the type of person who drops a lot of money on equipment.
    (c) I love old hi-fi equipment. If a system gives me good sound, I'll keep it forever.
    (d) If a radio or record player plays music, I'm happy.

13. If you could have any type of house you wanted, would you be most likely to choose:

> Many so-called nonconformists actually show a great need to conform

(a) a custom-built, architect-designed house in the latest style
(b) a restored terrace
(c) a custom-built home in a traditional style
(d) a house or unit in a planned community with private amenities, like a tennis court, swimming pools, etc

14. If money were no object would you:
(a) hire an interior designer to decorate your house or unit
(b) decorate it yourself

15. Do you have an unusual first name?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. Where do you buy most of your clothes?
(a) in large department stores
(b) in discount houses
(c) in small specialty shops
(d) in thrift shops
(e) I have most of my clothes custom-made.
(f) Someone else usually buys my clothes.

17. On the average, do you watch at least two-and-a-half hours of television a day?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Describe your television-viewing habits. Do you generally prefer to watch:
(a) regularly scheduled comedy, dramatic, and action series
(b) movies
(c) sports
(d) cultural programs and/or specials
(e) I watch little or no television.

19. Are you part of a fairly large group of friends who get together regularly?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. At what age did you become (or do you expect to become) basically self-supporting?
(a) 19 years old or younger
(b) 20 to 22 years old
(c) 23 to 26 years old
(d) 27 years old or older
(e) Never if I can avoid it.

21. Is your handwriting easy to read?
(a) yes
(b) no
(c) It's probably about average.

22. If someone called you an "average Australian", how would you feel?
(a) I'd be proud of it.
(b) I wouldn't like it.
(c) It would depend on who was talking and what context it was being used in.

23. How much would it affect you if you felt other people were getting ahead of you in financial or career terms?
(a) a lot
(b) somewhat
(c) not much

24. Do you have any hobbies that are unique or very unusual?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your choices. The highest possible score is 117; the lowest is 24.

1. a-5, b-1, c-3
2. a-3, b-1
3. a-4, b-1
4. a-5, b-3 c-1
5. a-5, b-3, c-4, d-2, e-1
6. a-1, b-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-1, b-2, c-5
12. a-5, b-1, c-5, d-3
13. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-2
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-2, b-1 c-4, d-5, e-5, f-3
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-3, c-2, d-4, e-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
21. a-1, b-5 c-2
22. a-1, b-5, c-3
23. a-5, b-3, c-1
24. a-5, b-1

If you scored 93 to 117 points:

You seem to have a very strong drive to be unique. In any crowd of average people, you're definitely likely to stand out. People in this category are often very competitive (although they'll sometimes go to great lengths to disguise it, since they may consider competitiveness a "common" characteristic). They can also be difficult and argumentative especially if they feel their ambitions are being frustrated. And if you try to draw them into a situation where they'll be just one of the crowd or part of the team, they may become downright toey.

69 to 92 points:

You have quite a strong drive for uniqueness, but you're not as fanatical about it as men in the above category. You're not afraid to voice your opinions and assert yourself. On the other hand, you know that there are some instances when the sensible thing to do is to keep your opinions to yourself and just "go along." You won't cave in very often, but once in a while — when you feel it's really crucial to your future or your general well-being — you'll shut your mouth, buckle down and play the game.

45 to 68 points:

You appear to have a modest need to feel unique, but you're not the type to ram your individuality down other people's throats. You probably express your need in socially acceptable terms. You may, for instance, pamper yourself with luxury products that make you feel like part of the elite. On the other hand, your need to express your uniqueness is never strong enough so that you'd go up to your boss and call him an arsehole — no matter how closely he resembles the human anus. In other words, you're tactful. One might say you're a closet individualist.

24 to 44 points:

You have very little need to feel unique. In fact, the whole notion of standing out in a crowd is probably distasteful to you. You like the comfortable, protected feeling that comes from being part of a group. You just want to get on with your life and are afraid that if you stand out too much people will start taking shots at you.

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Until recently, very little was known about the details of human sexual arousal. This is probably because of the social and religious taboos which hindered even modern scientific research on the subject. In fact, we know a great deal more about the workings of almost every other organ in our bodies than we do about the physiology of the vagina or penis. Yet the process of sexual arousal is just another bodily response to environmental stimuli, in much the same way as the salivary glands respond to the sight or smell of food.

When we compare Man to the rest of those in the animal kingdom we find that in many animals the sexual response is stereotyped and predictable, and appears to lack warmth and affection. Sexual intercourse for some animals only occurs for the purpose of reproducing the young of the species. In the human, however, factors influencing sexual stimulation have been adapted to the point where the actual sex act itself is only a small part of the total lovemaking act, and for some couples the enjoyment of foreplay and caressing may be just as pleasurable as intercourse itself.

SETTING THE MOOD

FACTORS WHICH CAN INFLUENCE AROUSAL

It is important to realise that the mere knowledge of technical and medical detail regarding sexual arousal does not make a good lover. Humans place a much greater emphasis on the concept of mood . . . anticipation, pleasant surroundings, music, perfume and lighting can all play a part in our sexual response.

Let's look at some of these factors in more detail.

Lighting: As with most factors which influence arousal, individual preference plays an important role here. Some people find that soft, warm lighting is the optimum for sexual arousal, whereas others have a definite preference to perform intercourse in strong sunlight or in the dark. Many women, particularly if they are shy, will request that the light be turned off before they undress, and in Australia it is even common for some couples who have been married for many years to have never seen each other's bodies.

So we have a situation where already there may be a difference of opinion and this may be compounded when one of the partners requires rich visual stimulation to become aroused. Imagine the difficulties that could exist with a man who is used to seeing his previous partner slowly undress and a woman who is used to turning off the light and diving under the covers of the bed. By discussing with your partner his/her feelings about "light on the subject", you can gain a greater understanding of their sexual arousal patterns and perhaps find that a different approach is stimulating for you too.

One reason that some people prefer the light to be turned off is that they can more easily fantasise and therefore become more aroused. In such a case the light is a distraction to their personal world of fantasy and reality intrudes into their arousal. With understanding and communication, arousal patterns may sometimes be modified and usually some compromise can be reached.

Smell: The French in particular have perfected the art of aromatic stimulation with their perfumes and scents and there is no doubt that we can become aroused by some body odors and perfumes. When the human body becomes aroused, certain glands, particularly those in the armpits, exude an odor to which some partners are very sensitive. Of course other areas, such as the vagina, have a characteristic smell and again we come to an area of controversy.

Many men find the smell of even healthy vaginal secretions off-putting, but fortunately most learn that these secretions are a normal part of lovemaking and quite enjoy their part in the overall arousal process. A word of caution: there are a number of organisms which may cause a significant infection (thrush or vaginitis for example) and if the vaginal secretions are particularly offensive and have changed in nature it may be wise to discuss this with your partner. A simple swab specimen test is available to determine if infection is present and usually treatment is quite simple. Bear in mind that vaginal secretions change slightly during the monthly cycle and so too does the amount of secretion, depending upon the state of arousal.

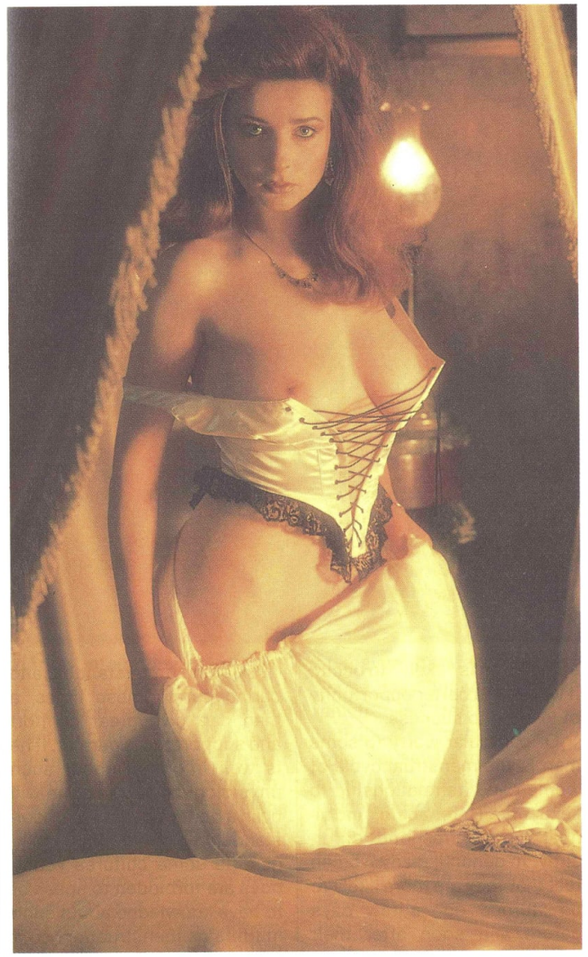
To expect your partner to be readily "turned on" when you have an offensive body odor or a reeking breath is really being optimistic. Most of us have a clear preference for a pleasant perfume and a reasonably clean body for arousal to be optimal . . . but to go to the other extreme of insisting on being "squeaky clean" before making love is likely to reduce spontaneity, and the role that spontaneity sometimes plays in the enhancement of arousal. Occasionally, if passions are running high, it may be quite agreeable and even stimulating to allow spontaneity to take control and engage in lovemaking when the mood may overpower concern about body odor. (After a sauna or game of squash for example.) It's really all a matter of our personal reactions to cleanliness.

Sound: All of us have our favorite "romantic" music and of course this will vary with our own mood. For some people, sounds do play an important part in lovemaking. The well-rehearsed "seducer" knows the value of sensuous music as an adjunct to mood. (Bo Derek in the movie *10* attempted to use Ravel's "Bolero" in this way.) Unless you know the musical tastes of your partner, however, such deliberate plans may go astray. For some, the music of silence is beautiful.

"Natural sound", such as waves breaking upon a beach, rain on the windows or wind in the trees, may have a calming effect on many people and this allows for arousal in other ways.

However, particular sounds or noises may be definitely inhibiting. Annoying, repetitious noises, like a dripping tap or jack-hammer, may dampen more than enthusiasm. To the mother, a baby's cry during love-making may be so off-putting as to destroy her whole attitude to sex. Many mothers have complained to me that their husbands have no understanding whatsoever of this particular point. So fathers, please take note! Mum is probably reacting positively to her maternal instincts, rather than just finding an excuse.

Clothing: Again we have to recognise our individual preferences, but a few broad statements can be made. The manner in which we dress, and more importantly undress, can have a significant effect on arousal. As shown in Professor Goldman's studies on children's sexual thinking, we learn our attitudes to nakedness and clothing from the adults around us in our early childhood. For this reason, some people are very much at home with nakedness and find it natural and healthy. Such people may enjoy being naked for the whole day — in their home or at the beach for example — whereas others would find the experience uncomfortable and humiliating. When it comes to being naked in front of their partner, the same social forces and religious teachings which have always encouraged us to cover our naked bodies may seriously inhibit our sexuality and enjoyment of love-making, because of the self-consciousness of being naked.



Soft, warm lighting is the optimum for sexual arousal. Exploring tastes in fantasy clothing — negligees, lace, leather, uniforms, anything — insures a constant source of excitement in a relationship.

The act of a partner disrobing may be a particular "turn-on" for males, who are often more "visual" in their arousal preferences than women. (Studies have shown that most men will respond sexually to photographs of attractive, semi-naked or naked women, whereas women are not "turned on" as much by photographs of attractive, semi-naked or naked men.) A woman who has learned to undress slowly and seductively may soon realise the value of visual stimulation to her partner. At the same time, the experience may be very stimulating for her. It is the anticipation which is often more effective than the actual nakedness.

As well as the social and religious values which may influence the woman's attitudes towards undressing, her concept of her own body image will significantly influence her confidence. In our society we revere "the body beautiful" and spend a great deal of time and energy trying to keep our bodies youthful and attractive. The woman who may be a few kilos overweight, or has a few stretch marks or blemishes, may be so inhibited that she feels totally incapable of undressing seductively before anyone. If we add to this the influence of her partner's inadvertent remarks about her shortcomings (or of his continual positive remarks about other women) we come to understand how it may be difficult for a woman to "perform" as a seductive undresser. Yet I feel that many women have overemphasised the importance of looking like a fashion model and fail to understand that their lovers find a particular attraction in their bodies. Positive comments about a woman's general appearance will do wonders for her self-confidence.

Men on the other hand don't seem to be as self-conscious about their body image as most women do. It's true though that women are tiring of the singlet and beer-gut image of the "average Australian male." Fortunately for men, visual stimuli are generally not as important to women, and a lover's appearance is of less consequence to their arousal than other factors.

Clothing provides a good opportunity to introduce variation into love-making patterns. The classic ensemble of bra, suspender belt and stockings is well known as a powerful turn-on for most men . . . but although there is an endless combination of colors and styles available, there is no need to let your imagination stop here. It may be fun to explore other types of clothing which you or your partner find exciting — see-through negligees flimsy blouses or skin-tight jump suits for example. Even something as simple as a wig or boots can encourage new fantasies and heighten arousal. Uniforms too may convey sexual overtones and your partner may find a school or nurse's uniform particularly enticing.

Of special interest to some is the association of discipline and sexual arousal. Leather trappings especially seem to produce an illusion of power and forcefulness for some people. With a little play acting and imagination, even the most timid of us can pretend to be powerful and "sexy" in a dramatic manner. It really doesn't matter what type of clothing is used. What *is* important is an attempt to create a mutual mood of sexual anticipation.

SEX EDUCATION

EARLY EXPERIENCES AND SEX EDUCATION

It is obvious that a good, basic sex education is important in love-making. Many serious sexual problems and misunderstandings in adulthood can be traced to an ignorance of sexual matters. Some of us may have been fortunate in having loving, experienced parents who were thoughtful and thorough sex educators, but statistics show that a great proportion of adults today had to rely on their own limited and sometimes painful experiences for the bulk of their sexual education.

Due to the fact that for a long time many parents and church groups were opposed to formal sex education in schools, it is only relatively recently that such education is becoming available to children. The majority of parents, however, admit that they are nervous about the timing and handling of their children's sex education, and about the availability of correct information. Important research indicates that far from causing children to be promiscuous, proper sex education causes children to be more responsible. By being made more "comfortable" with their sexual knowledge, children are less likely to grow up with misconceptions which may spoil their sexual responses.

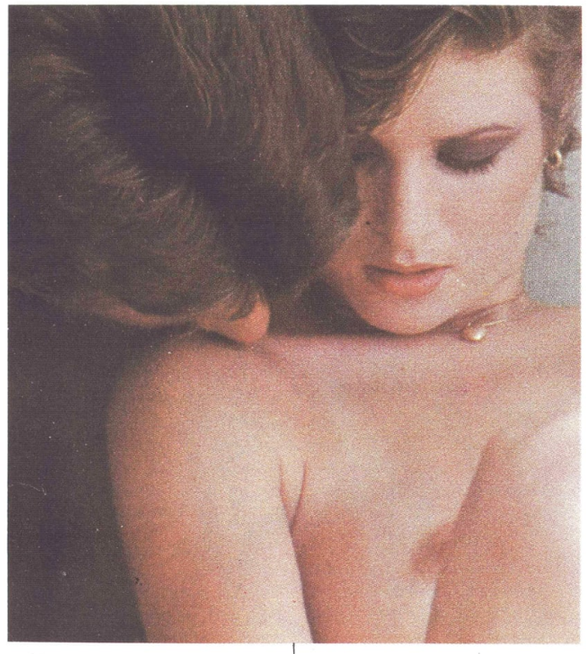
If we take into account our natural inhibition to talk about any feelings of inadequacy, it is small wonder that many men and women have serious gaps in their sexual knowledge. This is likely to lead to elementary mistakes such as failing to recognise what factors are important to sexual arousal. We need to have a good balance of medical facts (such as fertile periods, menstruation, pregnancy and contraception), as well as a reasonable understanding of the basic psychology of male and female sexuality.

Early sexual experiences may have a significant effect upon later arousal patterns. A woman who has been used to tenderness and warmth in a previous relationship may find it very difficult to respond to a "rough approach." Increasingly, sexual counsellors are having to deal with adults who state that an unpleasant sexual experience, for example being molested by a "friend of the family" (or even worse, being raped), has affected their sexual response for many years. It is very difficult for a man to understand the true significance of rape — it is possibly the "violation" and "humiliation" of the event which are most significant. Where such horrific experiences come to the surface in a sexual relationship, it may be advisable to seek professional help with, or for, your partner. With such help, most of these difficulties can be assisted greatly.

TIMING

The timing of a sexual advance can be crucial to its success or failure. Unfortunately, many Australian couples seem to leave lovemaking until the very end of their day . . . when they are most likely to be tired. It is therefore little wonder that tempers are short and their bodies may not be as responsive, and it's particularly so in the case of a young couple with small children. By the time an harassed mum has coped with the hassles of feeding, bathing, and caring for her children, then coped with her husband and his work problems, she is usually not in a good frame of mind to contend with sexual advances — especially if it is left until late at night. Likewise, a man who is overstressed by business worries is less likely to be patient and responsive if his partner chooses an inopportune moment for sexual stimulation.

As in any other activity in our busy lives, it is important to *plan* our sexual encounters. That's not to say we need to take the spontaneity out of our sex lives, but rather to plan for *time together* so that if sexual



stimulation is "likely" to occur, it will have a better opportunity of leading to success.

Of particular worry to some men is the menstrual cycle of women and its relationship to sexuality. Here again, individual women respond differently. In general, many women feel that they are more likely to be "turned on" a few days before and soon after their periods arrive, whilst some note that it is in mid-cycle (usually around ovulation time) that they are most responsive. The first day of her period is usually the time when she feels least "sexy." Apart from the inconvenience of her bleeding, she may have to contend with fluid retention, abdominal and pelvic discomfort, back-ache as well as possible depression. All of these factors can be explained by normal hormonal changes in her body. Of more serious consideration is the condition of Premenstrual Tension (PMT) where for some days prior to the onset of her period the woman may be irritable, inexplicably "weepy" and lethargic. If these symptoms become excessive they will definitely affect the woman's ability to respond.

By being understanding and caring during these times, a man can give great comfort and support to his partner. If he is well informed about such physiological patterns, he will be in a better position to understand some of her mood changes. (In some cultures young boys are forbidden to speak or to have knowledge about such matters as menstruation, so it is not surprising that in a multicultural country such as Australia there may be problems. I would be interested to hear of any cultural difficulties you may have experienced in your sex life.)

INHIBITORS TO SEXUAL AROUSAL

We have already discussed the obvious problems of tiredness in acting as an inhibitor to sexual arousal, but there are many other factors which should be considered.

Stress and Anxiety: The influence of various stresses and anxieties cannot be overstated in their ability to affect the sexual response. The source of the stress or anxiety may be obvious (eg due to work pressure or having a sick child at home) or else it may be more complex (eg the suspicion of infidelity or the anxiety of having to "perform to the standard" of a previous lover). If there has been a definite change in your partner's response it would be wise to attempt to communicate about this. THE TIME TO DISCUSS SUCH PROBLEMS IS NOT DURING LOVEMAKING. Emotive discussions are best left to a more relaxed situation. Should the problem appear not to be resolving, it is important to seek help *early*. Only then can rational discussion occur before bitterness and loss of trust have made the role of counselling even more difficult.

Fear: A potent cause of problems in sexual arousal for both male and female is fear. In the female it is commonly fear of pain or an unwanted pregnancy; in the male, it is often fear of poor performance. Pain during intercourse (dyspareunia) may be due to physical factors such as infections, an ovarian cyst or in certain positions a retroverted uterus. Psychological factors may cause muscle spasm of the pubo-coccygeus muscles and lead to the condition known as "vaginismus." In almost all of these cases, a doctor or therapist with a good knowledge of sexual medicine will be able to relieve the problem.

The condition of impotence (ie the inability to obtain a satisfactory erection) may have its origins in fear. If there is undue concern about performance and fear of failure, this condition is more likely to occur. Similarly, premature ejaculation (ie ejaculation too soon for effective intercourse) may also have an emotional basis. Counselling may centre on taking away the "pressure to perform" and establishing a more relaxed atmosphere.

THE IMPORTANCE OF IMAGINATION

Of major consideration in human lovemaking is the role of the imagination. Yet for many men and women this aspect of lovemaking is the most difficult. Stereotyped approaches are satisfactory only up to a point, and then they tend to become . . . BORING. The great enemy of imagination is lack of variation (eg in technique, position and timing).

Fantasy plays a vital role in our lives (and our dreams) and this is especially so in the "forbidden" world of sex. By using fantasy and imagination, rather than supressing all those "wicked and sexy thoughts" we can introduce variety into our lovemaking. By sharing your favorite secret fantasy with your lover, not only may you turn yourself on, but you may find that your lover derives great pleasure in sharing your innermost sexual thoughts. Whether the thoughts relate to reality or not is of little importance . . . what is paramount is the *sharing* of the excitement of the fantasy.

Some fantasies may be out of the ordinary and complex. These may include behavior which is far from an individual's experience. A quiet housewife may fantasise about having a number of "forbidden" lovers — perhaps all at the same time. One of the most common fantasies for both sexes includes the addition of an extra partner into the relationship — the "threesome."

Many couples may wish to "live out" their fantasies and provided both partners are quite willing to do so, this is often of great assistance in love-making. Problems may develop, however, when one of the partners feels intimidated by the fantasy. Partners commonly feel threatened and hurt when they realise that their lover continuously fantasises about *other* partners whilst making love to *them*. One must be a little sensitive about this. Similarly, it is important to realise that even in a "perfect sexual relationship", it is common for both partners on occasions to have fantasies which may involve other partners, either imaginary or from the past. This has little to do with faithfulness — it is merely the human mind exercising its fantasising capacity.

IMPORTANCE OF FOREPLAY AND MASSAGE

If there is one message that most women would like to give to men, I think it would be . . . DON'T RUSH THE FOREPLAY! By "rushing into" sexual intercourse *both* partners run the risk of not being fully stimulated. The greater the state of the arousal in anticipation of intercourse, the greater the capacity for enjoyment. Foreplay or caressing one another prior to actual intercourse can be very pleasurable, especially if both partners are relaxed and comfortable.

What about the techniques of foreplay? Sometimes they can commence with a sensual glance or erotic body movements. Once touching has commenced, almost anything in the way of touching, stroking, caressing or kissing can be considered foreplay. Most men and women agree that there is great enjoyment in being gently stroked, touched or massaged by a gentle lover. By getting to know your lover's erogenous zones, stimulation can be more effective. These zones are usually the most sensitive areas of the body — the inner thighs, small of the back etc — but by experimentation you will no doubt discover your own "special places."

The technique of touching may be varied and the use of such aids as oils, powder, creams or feathers may give new heights to your lover's senses.

During foreplay it is important for partners to communicate with one another, in order to learn just what is sexually arousing and what may be unpleasant. Remember that what may be arousing one day may not be as arousing the next day, especially if there is repetition involved. The key is variation. By showing patience and a caring attitude to your partner during foreplay you are more likely to encourage most forms of sexual response.

Fantasy and fetish costume can be a powerful aid in sexual arousal.

PART·TWO
AROUSAL

SEXUAL STIMULATION

SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MALE AND FEMALE RESPONSES

As suggested in last month's issue, there are some basic differences between the typical male and female responses. Perhaps the most obvious, yet poorly appreciated, is the time taken for our bodies to be maximally aroused. In the male, following a powerful sexual stimulus, there is a relatively rapid change in blood flow to the pelvis, and to the penis and scrotum in particular. This causes the penis to become erect, as blood enters the spongy tissues. Within the space of about two to three minutes the man's equipment has become "ready." Possibly because it is often the male who is the initiator of sexual advances, or possibly because of his special nature, many men are also psychologically prepared for intercourse within about five minutes.

However, when it comes to the female, there is usually a much longer period of time (about 15 to 20 minutes) which is necessary for her body to be "prepared" for intercourse. There are many more complex processes which include the active secretion of fluid, the gentle relaxation of muscles and probably most importantly the woman's emotional acceptance of the thought of arousal. All this *takes time* . . . and, as was mentioned earlier, a good way to inhibit the female's sexual response is to rush things.

How do we know that a woman's body is truly responding to sexual stimuli of various types? I guess this seems a fairly obvious question, but unfortunately many women feel that they are "required to perform", when they would prefer to be given the opportunity to respond naturally to their partner(s). This is where tact, consideration and plain commonsense comes in. By encouraging spontaneous and honest communication — verbal or by body language or facial expressions — with your lover, the possibility of a positive sexual response is greater, and the experience is more likely to be sexually fulfilling.

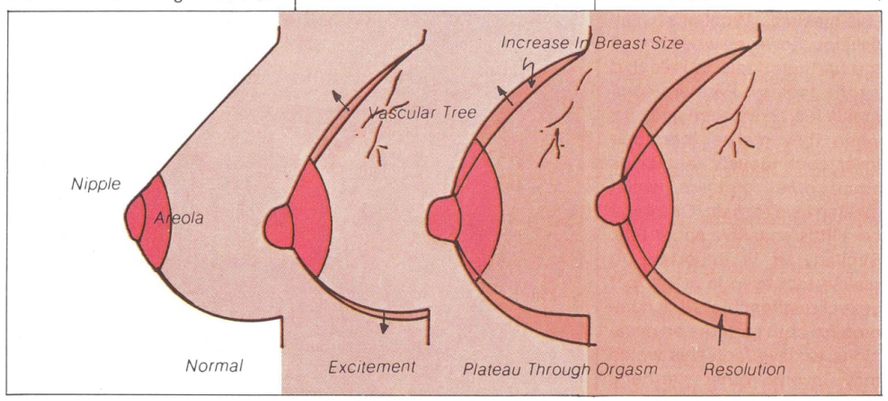
Strong emotions such as anger, resentment, humiliation and fear are generally not conducive to a natural and progressive sexual response in anyone. And in our society, females seem especially vulnerable to emotional concerns. Whilst a vigorous argument may even arouse the masculine ego by stimulating his "natural tendency" to dominance, it is usually very difficult for the complex sexual response changes to occur in a woman's body under these circumstances.

Obvious or implied pressures to suddenly become "very sexy" can initially inhibit arousal. This is the case for both sexes, but in our society it is frequently the female who complains that she is expected to "turn on" to the demands of her partner. Remember that when *both* partners are in the mood for sexual stimulation, the better will be the enjoyment.

With a good knowledge of what is likely to "turn on" and "turn off" your partner, you will have a much greater awareness of when to continue with your sexual advances and when to delay or even postpone them. Of course all this tends to suggest that it is always the male who commences the sexual response. Nowadays, with equal opportunity, women have learned to become more assertive and express their sexuality more freely — so that more and more females realise that they are quite capable of making the first advances in a sexual situation. Some men are a little threatened by this state of affairs, but many find female advances quite stimulating.

Consideration must also be given to the typical variations in sexual appetite which commonly occur with age. Peak sexual capacity (as determined by the frequency of intercourse per week) tends to be in the mid-30s for females, whereas males seem to be more ready and able to perform sexually in their early 20s.

Now before I receive hundreds of letters from middle-aged men and younger women, let me say immediately that these are general statements, although they have a biological basis. What is more important than knowing these statistical facts is knowing how to judge your partner's *true* responses to sexual stimulation and how to enhance the enjoyment for you both.



These diagrams illustrate the most common changes in the breasts during phases of the female sexual response cycle. Changes occur gradually with increasing sexual arousal. Breasts swell and become more sensitive and the nipple and areola will enlarge as excitement builds to orgasm. These changes may not occur in all women.

SOME TECHNIQUES OF SEXUAL STIMULATION

I have purposely left this section until last, because I truly believe that although you may be capable of becoming a technically better lover, unless you are able to communicate well and are prepared to enter into some form of relationship, all the technical knowledge in the world will not compare with human warmth and care.

When a female's body becomes sexually aroused, certain changes will gradually occur. She may become aware that her breasts are slightly larger and more sensitive to touch. The nipples, in particular, may appear to protrude or enlarge — this enlargement is both in length and diameter — and at this time, may be so sensitive that firm stimulation such as sucking may even cause discomfort. For many women, gentle massage, stroking or licking the region around the nipple (areola) or of the whole breast area may also be particularly arousing. Sometimes there will be an actual decrease in nipple size after initial enlargement, despite the fact that the female is quite enjoying her stimulation. This is relatively common and illustrates the danger of using the body as a type of barometer of sexual stimulation.

Gentle caressing with the lips or tongue, or a light touch with the fingers or such objects as a feather or a piece of satin may be intensely arousing to the receptive woman. Don't confine yourself to the breasts and genital areas, however. There are many erogenous zones on our bodies which will enhance arousal if stimulated. Use your imagination and enjoy experimenting to find those methods and areas which are particularly stimulating for your lover. (Try the soles of the feet, just above the buttocks, or sucking fingers or toes for example.)

Now let's reorient ourselves with the diagram of the female genitals. The clitoris can be felt as a small, firm piece of tissue, found in the upper folds of the inner lips (the labia minora). It is about the size of a a pea before stimulation, but like the penis, the clitoris has a rich blood supply and is capable of considerable enlargement with stimulation. To best observe this enlargement, it may be helpful to pull the inner lips and "foreskin" upwards and outwards slightly. This manoeuvre will expose the delicate tissues of the clitoris. Remember that here, more than ever, *gentle is beautiful*.

At first only a very light touch may be sufficient, and then stimulation may be gradually and slowly increased. *Constant* stimulation to the clitoris may become very irritating to this delicate organ, and at times it may be advisable to use a little lubricant, such as "KY" or "Lubrifax." Not only can too great a concentration on the clitoris become annoying for the female, it may be an indication that the male lacks imagination or has little understanding of sexual arousal patterns. You may find that areas around the clitoris and just at the entrance to the vagina may also be sensitive when the woman is in a state of arousal. By altering the pattern of touch (by hand, fingers, tongue, or lips for example) and the focus of the stimulation (the breasts, perineum, clitoris or vagina), a total state of arousal may be obtained.

Once the female is quite aroused, she may permit and enjoy a finger being placed into the vaginal entrance. Be guided by your partner's sensations — by simply stimulating the vagina internally at a stage which is too early for the woman to respond may inhibit her arousal. Natural lubrication of the vagina takes a certain amount of time, and the amount of fluid produced will indicate the woman's state of arousal.

Recent researchers have described an area about five to six centimetres inside the vagina, on its inner front wall, which for some women seems to particularly respond to stimulation. This area, as discussed in the previous article, is known as the G-Spot (short for Grafenberg). When regular and firm pressure is applied to this area whilst the woman is already aroused, she may experience very pleasurable and deep sensations and in fact may even be able to achieve orgasm in this way.

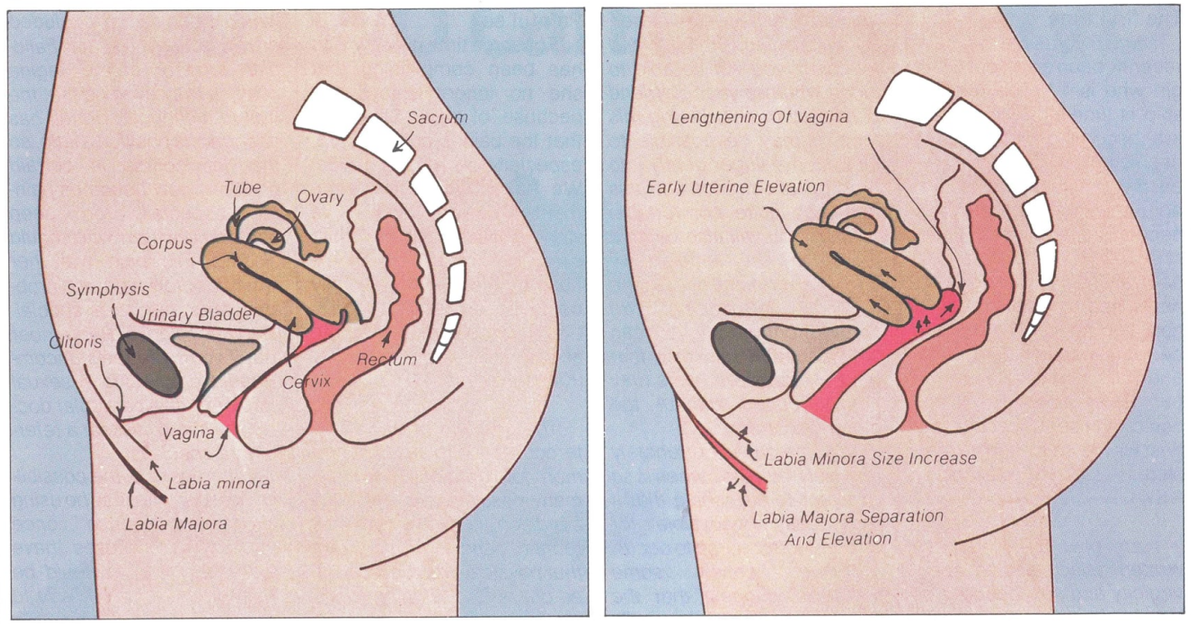
In the same way that the female reproductive system is capable of great changes during stimulation, so too is the male. Apart from the obvious changes in penis size and shape, there is the increased sensitivity to touch of many areas. In particular the under surface of the coronal ridge of the penis becomes especially responsive and some men may find that the undersurface of the penis, the glans, the area of the scrotum near the mid-line (median raphe) and the area between the anus and scrotum (perineum) may be sensitive to stimulation during sexual arousal.

During sexual arousal the vagina actually changes its shape. This may come as a surprise to some, but we know that the vaginal "barrel" is a "mobile organ" and as shown in the diagrams will adapt to stimulation. The front wall of the vagina has a tendency to "tenting" or forming a dome shape with maximal sexual arousal — especially just prior to orgasm.

In general this capacity to change shape and size explains how the vagina can adapt to whatever is the length and circumference of the penis being accommodated.

As in most aspects of sexuality, anticipation is part of the game, and we will leave the exciting subject of orgasm until next time.

PART·TWO
AROUSAL



The above diagrams illustrate the changes that occur in the female pelvic region during sexual arousal. The diagram on the left shows the non-aroused anatomy, the one on the right indicates a lengthening and opening of the vagina, uterine elevation and a separation and swelling of the inner and outer lips of the vulva. Natural lubrication of the vagina will occur throughout the excitement phase.

LETTERS

The first time

I am 25 years old and have recently been going out with a girl who is 17. The relationship is working well and we are becoming very fond of each other. We have discussed the question of sex and both of us would like this to happen. Although I am relatively experienced sexually, she is a virgin and I have never had to face this situation. I've heard that sex can be quite painful for a virgin and as I would hate to hurt her, I was wondering if you could advise us about the best way to approach the problem. — *Mr R.F., (Lindfield, NSW)*

I am glad that you have written asking advice about virginity and sex, because as you can imagine, the loss of a woman's virginity is of great importance to her and can have an important effect on her emotions and her sexuality. It sounds as if you have already developed a good relationship, in that you can at least discuss sex together, and you appear to be very sympathetic to her feelings. It is most important to convey to your girlfriend that you will be patient and gentle. Without this, it is quite possible that due to fear and anxiety, the muscles surrounding the vagina will contract and cause some pain, and of course it will not be such an enjoyable experience for her. By massaging, stroking and touching, you will be able to judge whether your girlfriend is relaxed or not. During this time, it may be possible to introduce a finger gently into the vaginal entrance until this becomes quite comfortable for her. You will also be able to judge the amount of vaginal secretions at this time and by introducing two fingers comfortably you can be reasonably assurred that the average-sized penis may be introduced without too much discomfort.

In some cases (fortunately relatively few) the hymen is so resistant to stretching that it is virtually impossible for painless intercourse to occur. In such cases, some therapists suggest that the best answer is to delay penile penetration until the vaginal opening has been stretched by using the fingers only. Rarely, is it necessary to carry out a small operation (using local anaesthetic) in order to commence a tear of the hymen. This is not a major procedure, and following this operation, normal sexual relations can be commenced.

I am sure from your letter that you intend to be gentle and caring and you both should enjoy this special time together. I have assumed that you have fully discussed the important question of contraception.

Painful sex

For some time now my wife has been complaining that she no longer enjoys sex because of pain. She says that the pain is quite severe, especially on her right side. We have had a few arguments lately and I've wondered whether she's just using her "pain" as an excuse or whether there really could be something wrong. Could you please advise me about this. — *Mr J.B., (Kingsgrove, NSW)*

The problem of pain in intercourse is relatively common for women. There are many possible causes of this condition, known as "dyspareunia", and it is important that physical problems be ruled out before jumping to the conclusion that pain is merely being used as an excuse (consciously or subconsciously).

The most likely physical cause of your wife's pain is an ovarian cyst. This occurs when the ovary, normally about the size of a walnut, enlarges with fluid. The ovary then becomes tender and may become quite painful, especially during intercourse when the penis may put additional pressure around the area of the cyst. Most cystic swellings are benign (ie, not due to cancer) and are easily treated by a gynaecologist.

Other important conditions which need to be excluded are infections (of the Fallopian tube or of the vagina itself). It may even be that the uterus, although normal, has changed its position a little, so that intercourse in certain positions now becomes painful, especially on deep penetration. Your wife should discuss this pain with her family doctor, who will probably refer her to a specialist gynaecologist. Remember that if your wife feels uncomfortable discussing a sexual problem with a particular doctor, she should ask for a referral to a specialist.

With regard to the possibility that your wife may be using pain as an "excuse", once any physical causes have been ruled out, it would be wise for you and your wife to sit down and discuss your general relationship, giving her a good opportunity to air any emotional problems she may be experiencing. By simply discussing the issue in a non-threatening way, you may discover that there is a realtively simple answer to the problem. She may feel, for example that there is not enough importance placed on spending time with one another in normal, everyday activities rather than the sex act itself.

If you are still unable to resolve the problem, you may find it helpful to consult a sexual counsellor.

NEXT...

In the next instalment of the *Penthouse* Guide to Human Sexuality we will describe and discuss orgasms.What are they? How do you achieve them? Are they essential to love-making? We will also consider some common orgasmic problems, including the failure of some women to achieve orgasm, and premature ejaculation by men. These are common problems which can create a lot of heartache. But they can be remedied.

You two can own a 4WD!

Toyota 4 Runner. Run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

4RUNNER

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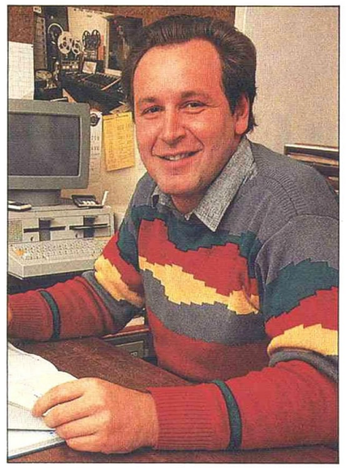
PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

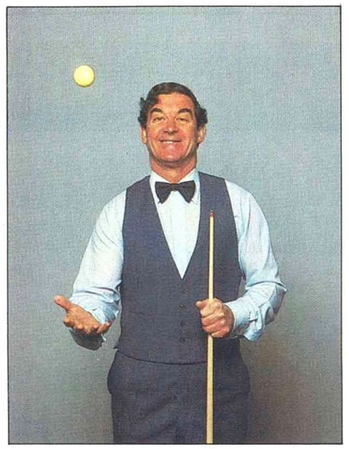
GAEL KNEPFER

A 43-year-old mother of two does not appear to be the sort of person you'd expect to write a book which investigates taboos like incest, sex in prisons, sex and the clergy and the sex habits of the disabled. But a few minutes spent in the company of Gael Knepfer is enough to dispel any reservations about her qualifications for the job. Apart from her background in journalism, Knepfer had three assets when it came to interviewing more than 200 people for her ground-breaking book *Sex In Australia:* curiosity, honesty and naivety. Her naivety and curiosity about human relationships and sex drove her to speak to a variety of professionals, academics, doctors and counsellors before she embarked upon the daunting task of talking to prisoners, prostitutes, the disabled and a variety of Australians from all walks of life about the most intimate details of their lives. The result is a series of remarkably frank observations and opinions which add up to a fascinating and revealing publication. Knepfer says she did not want to be judgematic in her approach, so for the most part she lets her subjects speak for themselves. The key quote in the book, according to Knepfer, comes from a woman called Jenny who says: "What you do in bed is the story of your life." "It's true," says Knepfer. "How you are in bed is who you are. Sex is an expression of a very simple and primitive part of yourself." Knepfer approached her subjects with candor and honesty and says she received a similar reaction from the majority of them. "I was impressed with the fact that so many Australians are prepared to be fair dinkum and play it straight." Her aim in writing the book was to satisfy her own curiosity . . . "and it turned into something marketable. This is a book for shy people, people who would never think of asking the questions I have posed, but who want to know the answers to them. I wanted to offer readers an opportunity to become intimate with other Australians who are handling their sex lives with intelligence and courage."



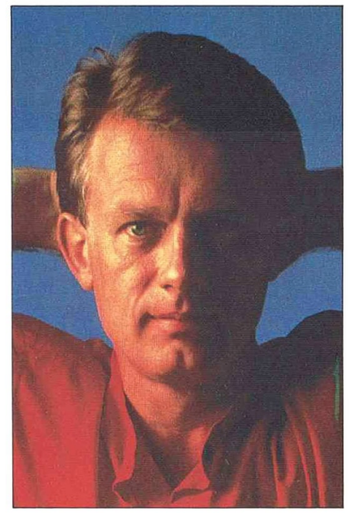
TOM MISNER

Producer, publisher, and "school principal" Tom Misner has to be one of the strangest success stories in the recording industry. "Success? It's a strange thing," says 29-year-old Misner. "They say that if you don't make it by the time you're 30, you may as well give up. I suppose I've just made it. Six years ago I couldn't even get a couple of hundred dollars finance for a piece of lousy carpet. Last month I bought a $50,000 Mercedes on a credit card. The power of that little bit of plastic is ridiculous." In those six years, Sydney-based Misner — a former Channel Nine technician and recording engineer — has built up what he claims to be the world's biggest school of audio engineering, simply titled the Australian School of Audio Engineering. "I've now got schools in all capital cities on the mainland, including Canberra," says Misner. "The fact is, there are hundreds of people out there who want to learn how to mix sound for TV, radio stations and recording studios. And the interest is such that it's time to expand even further . . . the next step is to open a school in London, then Europe and the United States. This business is growing by more than 100 percent a year. Jesus, I started out on a miserable four-track machine begged from an advertising agency. Today, my main studio in Sydney is worth half a million alone. Crazy." But the school doesn't occupy all of Misner's average 80-hour week. He also writes, prints and publishes two magazines — *Australian Sound Broadcast* and *International Musician.* Both publications go to 62 countries. "Sure I've got people working for me," he says. "But I've got to have my hand in everything I'm running . . . it's the only way to make it work. That's why I even print my magazines. I got sick of dealing with printers and bought my own business. And, despite all the madness, I still manage to produce the occasional record."



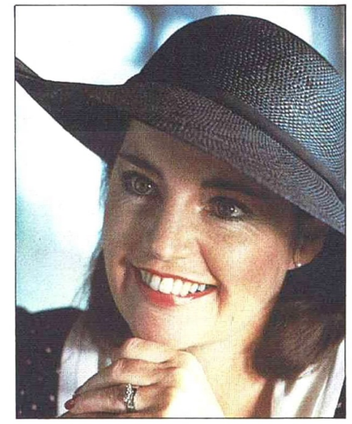
EDDIE CHARLTON

As the undisputed maestro of Australian snooker, Eddie Charlton has won more tournaments than you can poke a stick at. "Steady Eddie", as he's known by *Pot Black* viewers around the globe, has put daylight between himself and all other living players in terms of professional tournament success, and is the current World Matchplay Snooker Champion and World Open Snooker Champion. What is it that makes Charlton so much better than his rivals? According to Eddie, "It's not my technique or my endurance or my concentration or my ball sense — it's none of those things. It is simply the knowledge of the game that results from 30 years of continual play. I know things about snooker that most players, including a lot of professionals, wouldn't even dream of." Now 55 and committed to at least another decade at the top, Charlton began the long haul to snooker stardom in his grandfather's billiards hall in Swansea, NSW at the age of nine. Ironically, it was his all-round sporting ability which most hindered the eagle-eyed Charlton's progress with the ivories. He was proficient at football, surfing, cricket, tennis, golf and boxing — Eddie once went four rounds with Dave Sands, then the Commonwealth Middleweight Boxing Champion — and it was not until 1968 that he was finally persuaded by the legendary English professional Joe Davis to become a full-time snooker player. Three years later he became the World Open Champion, and in 1981 reached a lofty pinnacle when he was named the BBC's Outstanding Sportsman of the Year. Although he doesn't admit to millionaire status, the Australian champ can't be too far wide of the mark. In a sport which has long since shed its unsavory image, the world's top 10 can earn better than $250,000 a year from tournaments alone. For a man who spent 22 years working underground in the coal mines around Newcastle, it's a handsome enough reward.



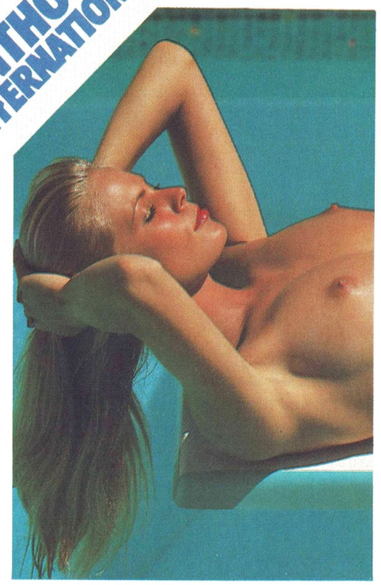
BRODERICK SMITH

Broderick Smith used to be a dingo. Now he's a lone wolf. The man who carved his name into the annals of Australian rock history as one of this country's most distinctive singers, with bands like The Dingoes and more recently his Big Combo, has launched a solo career after 13 years in the business. Smith is an unusual musical creature. In an industry notorious for its lack of principles he has retained a degree of integrity, and that is reflected in his first self-titled solo album. As a vocalist he has always presented a unique style, a voice which remains untouched by transient pop trends. His background in blues and R&B gives his music a consistently soulful feel, a sound which is summed up by his reply to a query about his musical intentions: " I follow my heart." That beat has been responsible for some of Australia's finest and most original modern music. The Dingoes were the first local rock band to use an Australian name and to strive to create an Australian sound. They were ahead of their time in many ways, but all the same their timing was bad. The big break — a US tour with Lynard Skynard — was imminent when that band suffered heavy casualties when its plane fell out of the sky. The Dingoes broke up soon afterwards and Smith moved on to form his Big Combo, which proved to be another popular line-up. The overseas market was still on his mind when he started to put together his first solo effort for rock impresario Glenn Wheatley . . . although he insists he has not compromised his musical ideals. "This album is a high-point in my career," claims the man who was once described by CBS mogul Clive Davies as "a rare thing in music, an honest singer", and he's recently been out on the road for the first time in years, endorsing his product.



JEANIE DRYNAN

According to Jeanie Drynan, there's nothing quite like a 6am knock at the door, followed by an: "Are you ready, Miss Drynan?" And, after a three-and-a-half year break from being in front of the cameras, during which time she had a baby, Jeanie's shouting her response to the question: "Yes, I am!" Earlier this year Jeanie made her cinematic comeback in the Australian film, *Fantasy Man,* also starring Harold Hopkins and Kate Fitzpatrick. Hopkins and Jeanie are no strangers: they first shared the limelight together back in the late Sixties, when, as fresh-faced television tyros, they played the lead roles in the ABC production *Pastures Of The Blue Crane.* After that, Jeanie's career schedule became decidely busy, matching the momentous growth of Australian film and television in the last 15 years. She has appeared regularly in more than 20 Australian television series, from *Class Of '74* to *Prisoner,* and has had major roles in a number of Australian movies — everything from *Skippy And The Intruders* to *The Picture Show Man.* Jeanie sees her career highlight as being her lead role in the 1976 ground-breaking film *Don's Party.* As a result of that role she "had a taste international life", representing the fledgling Australian film industry at the Berlin International Film Festival. Jeanie loves her craft, and feels that she's improving her acting all the time. She gives her recent motherhood some credit for this, saying it has sharpened her perceptions and given her a renewed sense of pride. But the job is not without its drawbacks. "The worst thing about being an actress," says Jeanie, "is the waiting. You can't instigate work. You can't hustle. You just have to earn enough respect in the industry for people to ask for you." Now that she's ended her period of self-imposed exile, that should not be a problem for Jeanie. With her reputation so solidly established, it should be no time before her already impressive credit list is rolling again.

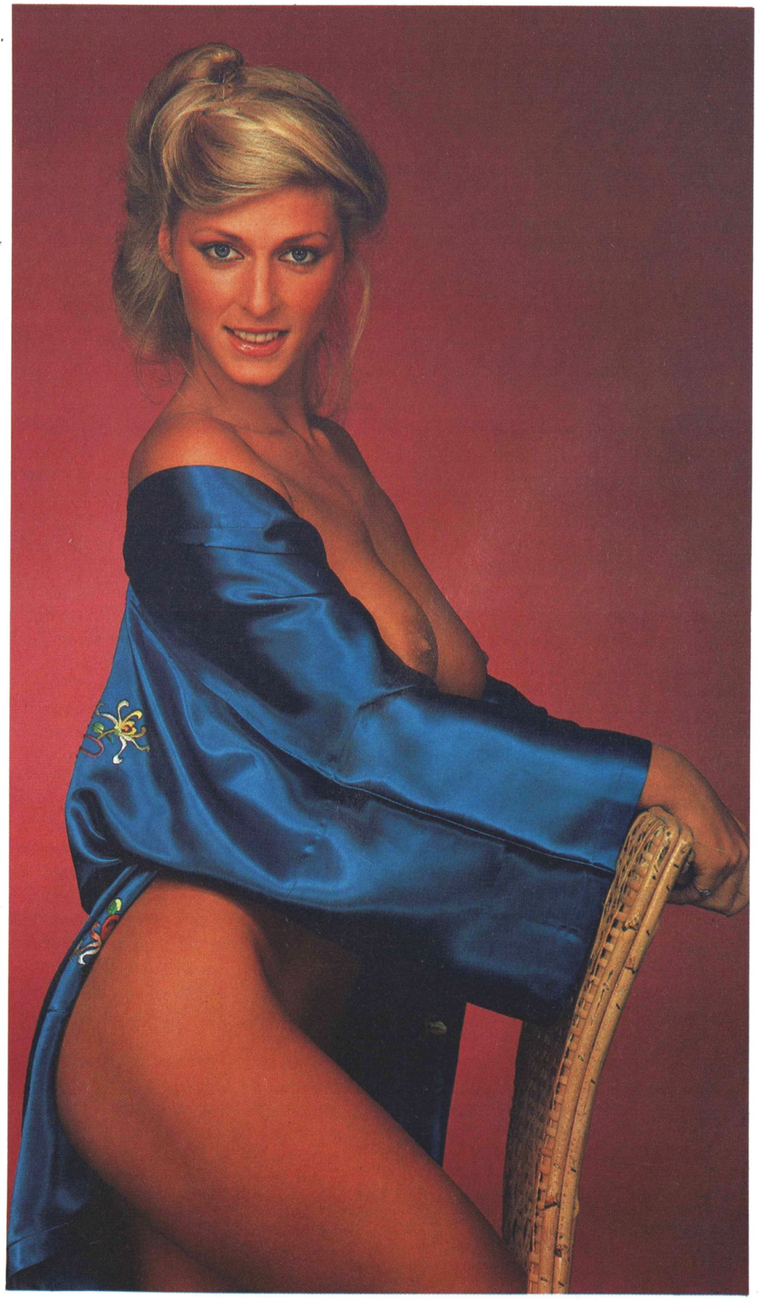


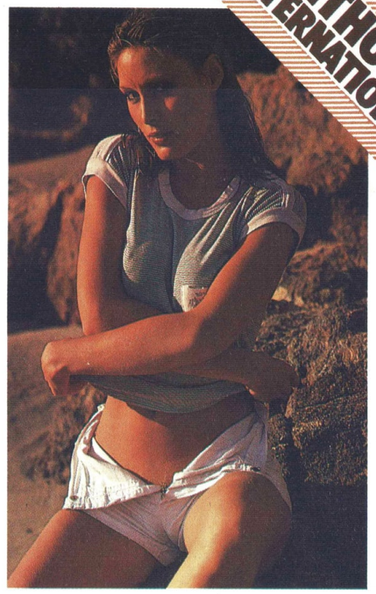
SWEDEN

HELGA

When Helga Lundren was 14, she had her fortune told by an old gypsy. She was told that one day she would have the power to manipulate thousands of men and women. Helga, now 25, laughed it off at the time, reckoning that a quiet, unassuming girl like herself would never reach such heights. But lo! The seer's prophecy came true because Helga now manages one of the most successful massage centres in Stockholm. Which goes to show that all in the crystal is not balls.

PHOTOS BY JERRY CORNELIUS



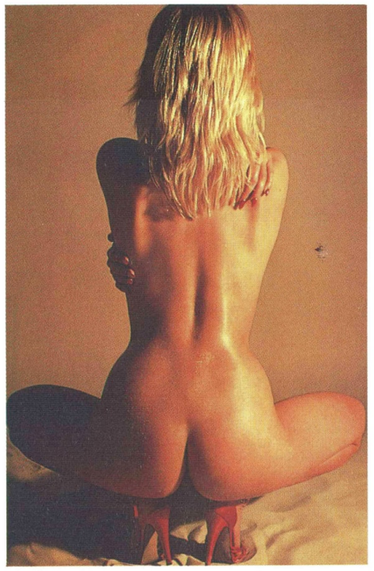


CANADA

PETULIA

If you reckon there's something fishy about 23-year-old Petulia Graham, you're darned right. Petulia is an icthyologist with the Canadian Fisheries and she knows more about the scaly denizens of the deep than most of us know about ourselves. She also claims an affinity with her cold-blooded buddies and at work she often wears a T-shirt which proclaims "Fish Have Feelings, Too." A bit of a crackpot, perhaps, but such an attractive one. She says her favorite song is, wait for it, "Gills Just Wanna Have Fun."

PHOTOS BY TREVOR ANDERSON



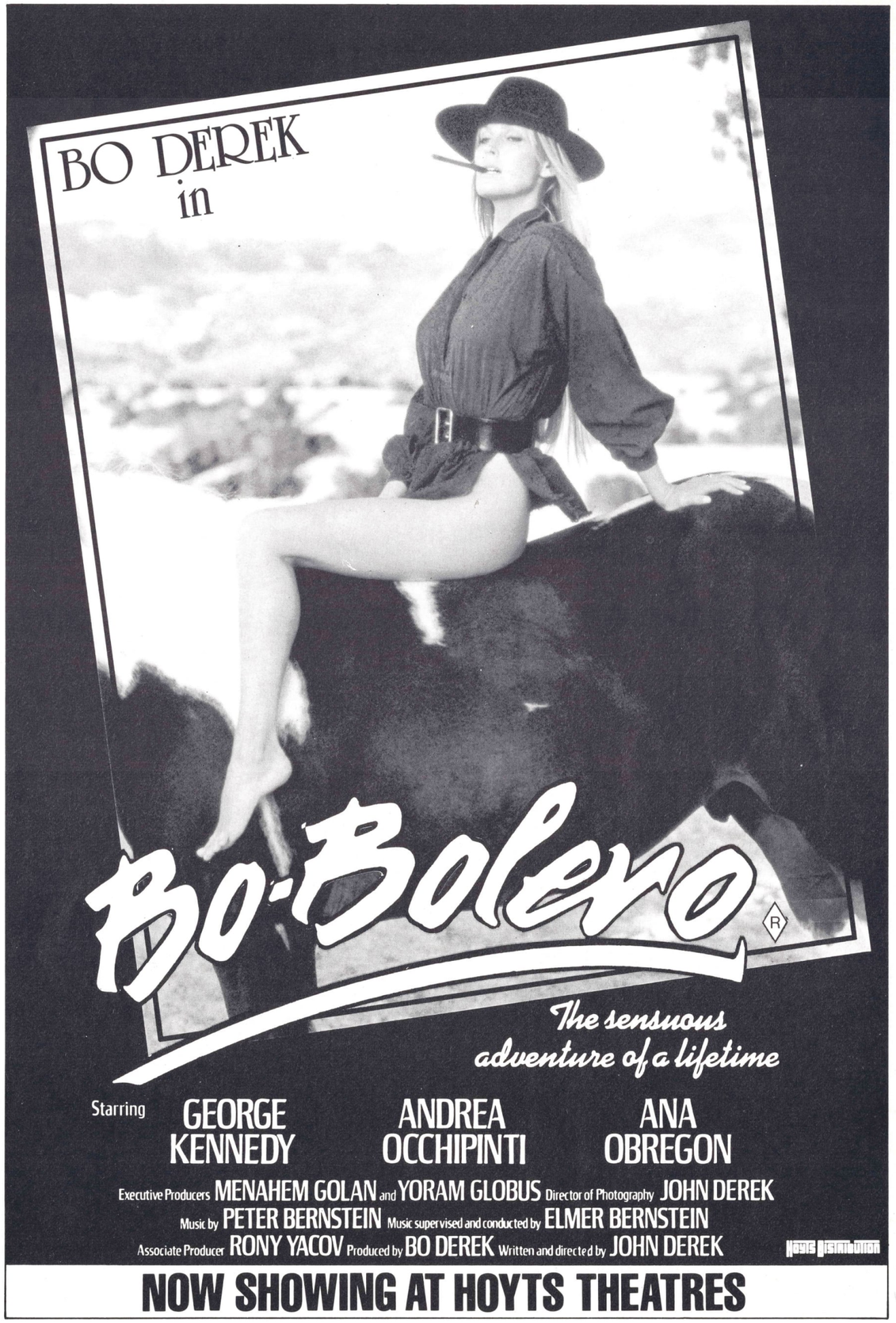
FRANCE

YVETTE

To visit Paris in the spring may be the dream of romantics the world over, but for 21-year-old Yvette Le Mesurier the very thought of her home city in full bloom brings tears to her eyes. Yvette suffers from chronic hay fever and those blossomed boulevardes that set birds a-twittering and poetic souls a-scribbling simply set Yvette a-sneezing. Consequently, this design student spends the sneezing season basking in Mediterranean breezes down south. And as for romance, well, Yvette has a knack of taking that with her wherever she goes.

PHOTOS BY ALAIN NOVAK

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL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Executive Producers MENAHEM GOLAN and YORAM GLOBUS Director of Photography JOHN DEREK
Music by PETER BERNSTEIN Music supervised and conducted by ELMER BERNSTEIN
Associate Producer RONY YACOV Produced by BO DEREK Written and directed by JOHN DEREK
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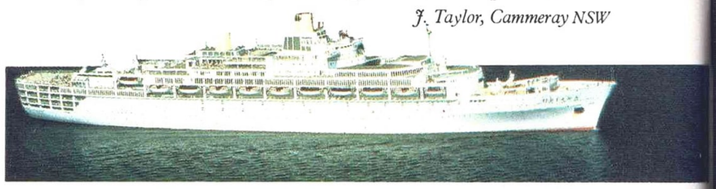
T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW



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THIS MONTH'S WINNERS

Photo by Jan Mason

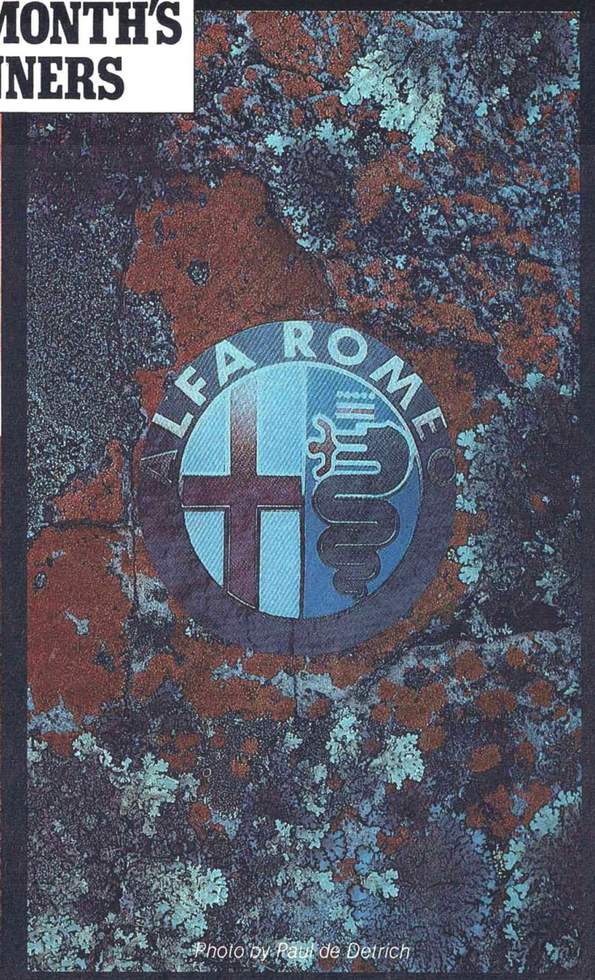


Photo by Paul de Detrich

WIN AN ALFA ROMEO GTV 2·0!

This month's camera winners in the *Penthouse* Alfa Romeo Canon photo competition are Jan Mason from Petersham, NSW and Paul de Detrich from the Sydney suburb of Waverley. They will both receive a Canon AF35 camera and a chance to win the grand prize — a magnificent Alfa GTV 2.0.

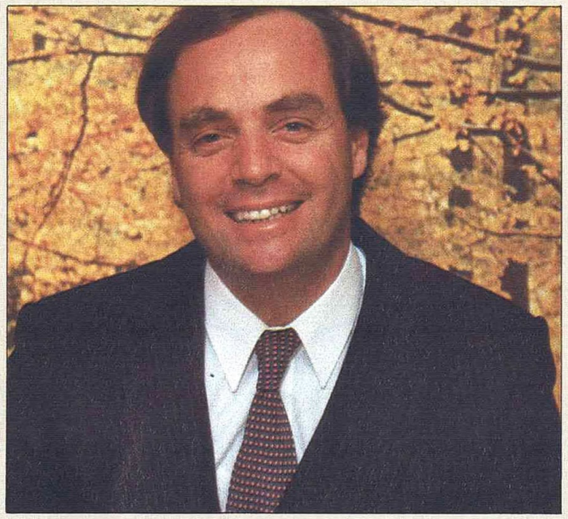
The grand prize winner was to have been announced in this month's issue of *Australian Penthouse*. But the quantity and quality of entries in the richest photographic competition in Australia has forced the judging panel to extend the contest, and announce the winner of the Alfa in the November issue.

The Alfa GTV is a masterpiece of Italian design, with an exceptional weight to power ratio, perfect streamlining, luxurious appointments and a reputation as a speedy, robust sportscar.

The grand prize winner will also receive a Canon AE—I + Program f1.8 and case, a 1 x 70-210f4 lens and a 1 x speedlight 188A flash gun with a total value of $1160.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY TONY COX

Tony Cox is a Sydney businessman. His company Adfoam manufactures foam signs and packaging. Cox is worried that high rates of personal income tax, automatic wage increases and government interference are crippling entrepreneurial endeavor in this country.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WORK ETHIC?

I feel guilty. I was a war baby, born in 1943, and my guilt is understandable. My father — all our fathers — fought and sacrificed themselves so that we could grow up in a multi-choice free enterprise world. I had a better education than my dad — he had to leave school early. His first job with the Vacuum Oil Co was to convince motorists stuck in the traffic to change to Superplume. And they say door-to-door selling is tough.

My first job was as a yard hand for a builder during the summer holidays. I had to sweep the timber shavings off the joinery shop floor and stack the years of accumulated bits and pieces brought back from renovations into neat piles. I loved the work, even though it was heavy, and I was anxious to please. On the first day the foreman told me that if I kept up the pace I'd get them all fired. "The boss has noticed how much you've done today. If you want this job to last the holidays you'd better slow down." I felt guilty. I was going back to school in six weeks. Those other poor blokes had to work there for the rest of their lives.

The next day I moved like a zombie. The boys treated me like a mate, tipping me off when the boss was coming so I would work faster. But there was a penalty: I no longer enjoyed the work. Each 15 minutes was like an eternity. At Christmas I was put off — something about not much work being available in the New Year and they never paid temporaries for the public holidays in between — and I was glad.

I left home at 21. I had flunked out of uni for the second time, and I felt terrible; I felt I had let my mum and dad down. I had to get away, and do penance for my failure. With a mate who had an MG TD I took off with 22 pounds, determined to drive around Australia. That was about one week's wages then. In those days you *could* work your way around Australia. Builder's laborer Brisbane (blistered hands), pipeline hand Gladstone (nearest thing to a chain gang outside prison), slaughter house hand Bowen (not for the faint-hearted), tomato picker Mareeba (rubber backbone essential), beachcomber Cairns (bored silly within 10 days), timber stacker Ravenshoe in the Atherton Tablelands, nothing Mt Isa (no union ticket). Nowhere could we get the dole, although we tried. Eventually I got a job on night shift making cement pipes for Humes. With a productivity bonus and frugal living I saved enough money to either start my own trucking business (all you needed then was a truck) or go home and finish a degree part-time. To cut a long story short, I got the degree and with a few wins on the stock exchange I bought a fledgling foam sign business. That was 15 years ago.

But I still feel uneasy. People my age have a lot to feel uncomfortable about. When we went into the workforce Australia had the fifth-highest living standard in the world, and less than two percent unemployment. Australia was exporting more manufactured goods than at any time in her history. People were proud, independent and prepared to work 40 hours a week. They did not depend on the government for handouts, nor did they need them.

Today many of my contemporaries are at the top of their chosen fields. But what have we done to Australia as we have "worked" our way to the top? Unemployment at 9.4 percent, 17th on the list of living standards (soon to be overtaken by Singapore) and still falling. Our society is being punished for the apathy and thoughtlessness of my generation. Crime and violence abound in our streets and suicide relieves the despair of our youth. We have given up our wages to a wealth-consuming government, expecting them to solve the problems we should fix ourselves. Governments don't fix things: they just strangle them with red tape and hope they will decrease through complexity.

When decimal currency was introduced on February 14, 1966 the average weekly wage was $58.50, the tax rate was 15.6 percent and a beer cost 14 cents. In other words, you could buy 345 beers with your pay packet. I like beer. In 1983 the average wage was $356.60, the tax rate a whopping 23.4 percent and a beer cost 84 cents. In other words, the average bloke could buy only 328 beers 17 years later, in spite of paying a greater amount in tax than his total gross wage of 1966. That's what living standards are all about — getting more for your money, not less.

Or, if he's a small businessman like me, he is being pillaged by the Arbitration Commission every six months. The cupboard's bare. A lot of small companies won't last the next six months to see if the Medicare fiddle will work with the unions or not. In the last four months, four of our competitors have shut their doors. By what right can the Arbitration Commission put up my company's annual costs by $25,000? We didn't make that much profit last year. How many more times next year will my home be broken into and my car stolen by the unemployed, who've been priced out of a job? My wife was assaulted by two bag-snatching youths in front of our own house this year. Will the State government cut back on police or increase taxes so they will have the manpower to protect the haves from the have-nots?

In small business, if you spend money you don't have you can be put in jail. The government and its instrumentalities don't have any money to spend. Australia has an accumulated debt of 76 billion dollars. That represents $5000 for every man, woman and child in Australia. Yet the Arbitration Commission has chosen to increase the government's wage bill and everyone else's along with it. Where is this massive amount of money coming from? Is the government going to print more "worth-less" dollars?

The free enterprise system is the most effective way of allowing the individual to have a prosperous and productive life. Talk to anyone who has fled a communist country — or better still, visit one. See what a totally government-controlled society looks like. Competition is nature's own control system. Governments are by nature lousy at commercial enterprise. They cannot define who is the customer or what is the service. Is it to provide employment or to provide electricity, eggs, water or transport at the lowest possible cost? Take electricity, for instance. No other government service shares the same inefficiency. Mainland domestic electricity charges have increased in the past four years by at least 70 percent. Yet it was the electricity industry which was first rewarded with a 35-hour week for increased productivity. A power plant in Victoria identical to one in West Germany uses twice as many man hours to produce the same number of kilowatt hours. What's going on?

Man is a social animal. He wants to be well thought of by his peers, he needs self-fulfilment, and he wants to be associated with success. Being a small part of a monolithic organisation marking time does not meet those needs. Governments employ large numbers of people in absolute security under conditions very few private enterprises could afford. Why then do they have the highest rate of retirement on the grounds of invalidity — in fact some 50 percent — whereas private sector retirements on health grounds are outnumbered by those on age grounds by six to one? Obviously government jobs are frustrating and soul-destroying. The resultant stress is forcing these employees on to a heavily pensioned scrap heap at an early age.

> How can Australia compete with Japan? 25.4 percent of the Australian workforce is employed by the government; the figure is 6.6 percent in Japan.

How can Australia compete with Japan? 25.4 percent of the Australian workforce is employed by government; the figure is 6.6 percent in Japan. The bureaucracy is consuming our best resources. How can we reduce our unemployment from 9.4 percent to less than two percent and our inflation rate from twice that of our trading partners, and so be rid of the guilt of squandering our fathers' heritage once and for all?

What Australia needs now is someone with both wisdom and guts to implement a four percent wage reduction. Consider the consequences. The government would have a smaller wage bill so it would not have to increase rates and taxes (remember, in the last six months 1.8 percent of the inflation rate was directly attributed to government charges). Australia's exports would immediately be more competitive and our double-digit inflation would quickly come into line with our trading partners. Small companies about to go broke would stay in business, and the private sector would start to expand again. Mr Hawke has asked business to invest and create employment. Why should it if inflation and economic prospects are going to be worse? Sir Charles Court said: "People making good profits and who feel welcome don't seek favors from governments, nor do they sack people. They invest, create more jobs, create more wealth. That's improving our living standard."

The oil companies have been, through union strategy, the harbingers of luxurious awards and conditions. Their staggering losses over the last 12 months prove that no industry or business is a bottomless pit. All companies, small and large, need wage relief now. To inhibit the creative drive of small business is to condemn Australia's youth to work in "horse and buggy" industries. No economy can afford to pay people to do nothing. It destroys the soul of the recipient and removes the reward from those left working.

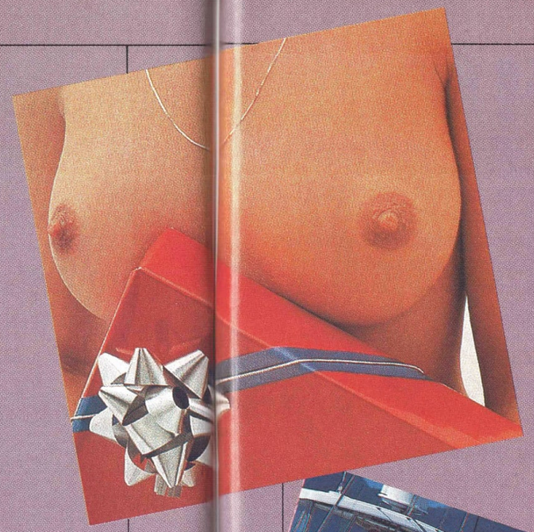
The way to solve Australia's employment problem is to free up the labor market. New jobs can be created in *new* companies, in *new* industries, only if labor costs are low, bureaucratic red tape is short and the concept that "big is best" is ignored. This can only be done by creating an environment in which the entrepreneur can start a company and let it grow. Fortunately the governments of Australia are awakening to the needs of small businesses and encouraging their growth. But they must act quickly to lower wage costs and remove other barriers.

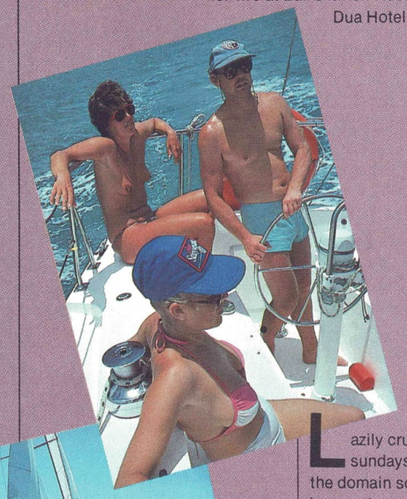
Since the Hawke Government came to power the workforce has increased by 230,000. Ninety thousand of these people have been employed by the government. This year Commonwealth Government employment is forecast to grow by four percent — far more than the total growth during the Fraser years. You and I as taxpayers will weary of this increased burden in future years. Meanwhile, the countries which will prosper are those which allow the opportunities and rewards of work and risk.

LOOSE ENDS

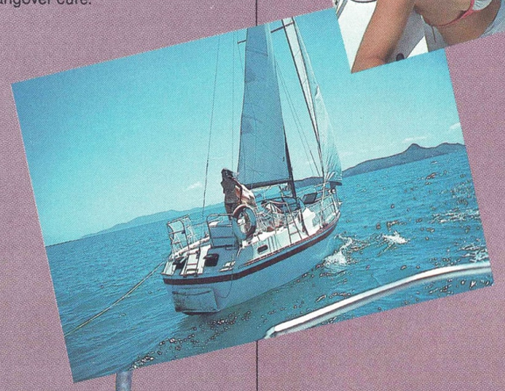
Something mighty strange seems to be happening over at Coppertone, the company that has been marketing preparations for Australian sunbodies since the year dot. They've just added a new fragrance called Tequila Sunrise to their Tropical Blend exotic tanning range of oils and potions. Tequila Sunrise lines up with another scented sun oil called Pina Colada, as well as good old-fashioned coconut scent for non-drinkers. The range, now available at chemists and department stores, is complemented by an after sun body lotion which acts, presumably, as a kind of UV hangover cure.

Keep watching your magazine for details of the *Penthouse* Value Shoppe, a convenient service that allows readers to shop without ever straying far from home. The introductory Value Shoppe in next month's issue will also give you the chance to join the happy throng who can say: "I've been to Bali, too." Buy November *Australian Penthouse* to learn what products will be available and for the chance to win a week for two at Bali's lavish Nusa Dua Hotel.

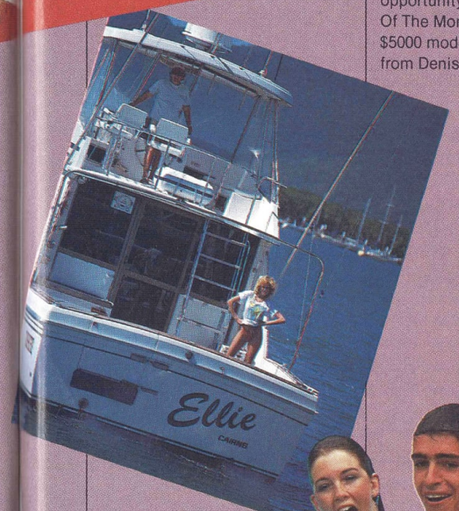


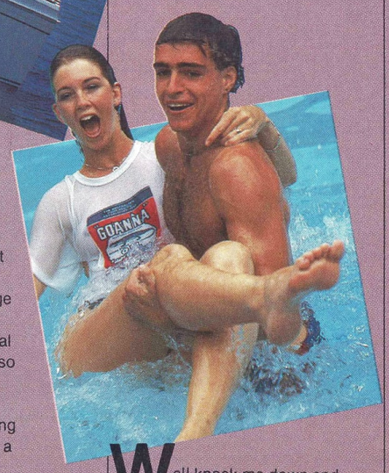


Lazily cruising the Whitsundays under full sail isn't the domain solely of those who happen to pocket more than 50 grand a year. In fact, sailing through that magnificent part of the world will cost as little as little as $30 a day (with a group of five friends) with Whitsunday-Rent-A-Yacht. The WRAY fleet comprises 25 yachts ranging from a 22-footer to a 38-footer, plus a Clipper 34 motor cruiser. Skipper yourself, or have one of their blokes do it for you. Meals as well as sailboarding, fishing and snorkelling equipment are included. Info from Barrier Reef Adventures, c/- Whitsunday Rent-A-Yacht, Shute Harbor, Queensland 4741.

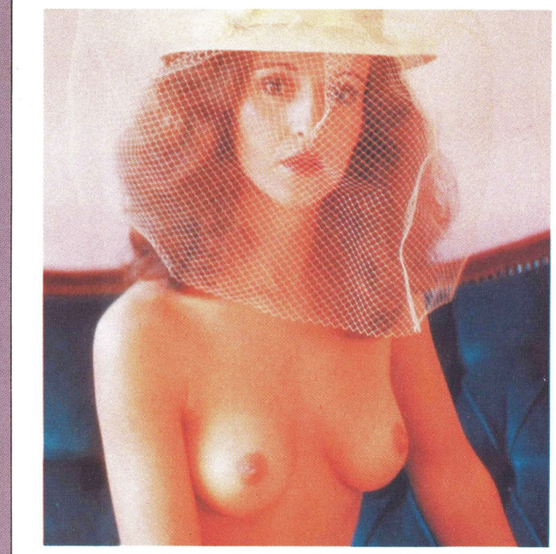


It's a long way from North Queensland to Thredbo, but our June ski competition winner, Brian McAleer of Townsville made the haul to spend a week with his partner at Australia's premier ski resort. Just about now the couple are probably doing downhill racer impressions, checking out the September Carnival Week or pondering the next alpine nightspot to hit — the poor suckers. Keep your entries rolling in for *Penthouse* competitions, the chances are very, very good for those who make the effort.





One of the strangest phenomena of the past decade would have to be the proliferation of wet T-shirt competitions. But we're not complaining. Our April '84 Pet Of The Month Debbie Davies came to us via a big, big one in Cairns which is part of the annual National Gold T-Shirt Awards organised by the Gumtree Corner T-shirt people up there. Well, it's on again on October 16, and they're eager for entrants in both design and wet T-shirt categories. The winner of the latter section wins a week for two cruising the reef on the luxury game fishing cruiser pictured and the opportunity to be our April '85 Pet Of The Month, which includes a $5000 modelling fee. Entry details from Denise Smith on 070 53764.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

A bit of gentility on the part of Mike Forde of Mosman Park in Western Australia singled him out as this month's winner of the *Penthouse*/Polaroid Photo Competition. Mike's snap of the magnificent Miss Tracy Mutti wins him a choice of two Polaroid prizes. He may take either the Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe Camera or the handy Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess System. The latter package comprises an AutoProcesser, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts — everything you need to process your own transparencies at home in minutes.

If you reckon you've got what it takes to win a Polaroid prize, just get snapping with a female friend and send us an example of the revealing results. You may use any film, Polaroid or otherwise. Send your photo(s) to *Australian Penthouse*, attaching the completed coupon below. We always enjoy judging your entries.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject)..... of .....
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:..... Date.....

Signature of witness:..... Date.....

The Faberge people reckon they've picked up the scent of a winner with their newly released toiletries range, Partage For Men. It's a masculine fragrance they say should appeal to the vital type of guy who's also an achiever of above average affluence. I can't tell you if it smells like old money, something that would be sure to make you a winner at picking up girls, but I can say it's being marketed at a very affordable price. The range has the sales slogan: "Because sometimes words don't come easy . . ." I'll drink to that.

Well knock me down and smother me with reptile juice! Nothing as important as this has happened since they put Clag in a new bottle. Goanna Salve has gone trendy. Exit stage left the trusty old tin of gloop that promised relief from everything but brewer's droop and piles and enter new Goanna Rub in a handy, go-anywhere tube. Can be slung casually in the glovebox or sports bag or tucked discreetly in your clutch purse. Still cures everything from smelly socks to puller's cramp and its available at a chemist near you.

Sydney's Louise Shires

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Dirty Pool — Pool is not a game for wimps. In fact, the game as played in this country is a violent contact sport. *Penthouse* presents everything you need to know about the art of wielding a cue, including a complete guide to survival for pub pool players, hints on hustling and tactical tips from Eddie Charlton that will improve your game overnight.

Fire Power — Australia is built to burn. More than 15,000 bushfires are reported around the country every year. This detailed analysis of one terrible blaze explains the potential for destruction in a single errant spark.

Cliff Hardy Fiction — Australia's favorite private detective returns to *Penthouse* in The Big Pinch. This time around Cliff finds himself defending his battered features and a lady's honor when he is hired to investigate a series of crank calls to a film star's wife.

Mel Gibson Profile — When he was at school in Sydney the other kids used to poke fun at his American accent; now he's regarded as one of the hottest properties in Hollywood. *Penthouse* spoke to Gibson on location in Canada, where he candidly discussed his career directions and expressed embarrassment at his sudden emergence as an international sex symbol.

Pet Of The Month — Louise Shires admits to only one failing. Although she's hard-working, ambitious and a very independent young woman, the 19-year-old Sydney-sider is hooked on *Perfect Match.* If you can forgive her little foible, check out your compatibility rating in November *Penthouse.*

CHAMP

Continued from page 62

about tax shelters, is more than $35,000 a month." Kolb told me that Ali's home, which was purchased for $800,000, is now worth four times that amount. Ali himself may not be a good businessman, but he has always had, from the earliest days of his boxing career, sharp, trustworthy moneymakers in his corner. No, Muhammad Ali is not heading for the welfare rolls.

No interview with "The Greatest" can be complete without hearing Ali expound his views on the state of boxing. He agrees that boxing may be in trouble today, but that it is to be expected: "Boxing is like other things; it has its ups and downs. One year you have a president that the people like, the next year you don't. One year there's a song or dance you like. Well, it's the same with boxing. During the days of Joe Louis, Rocky Graziano, myself, people loved boxing. During the days of Sonny Liston, and now with Larry Holmes, it's dead."

It was getting late in the day, and Ali had some businessmen waiting to talk to him about promoting some fights. As I was leaving, I asked him if he was resentful over his treatment by the media: "What you call unfair," he explains, "is what I like. I like the so-called bad publicity. In history, only the so-called bad guys stayed famous; the good guys they forget. So wanting to be a Black Muslim at a time when Negroes were afraid to be identified, changing my name to Muhammad Ali, which is as Islamic as you can get, telling the white man, 'I'm not going to Vietnam, that's not my country', sitting on stands with Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X preaching to America — all of that was so bold. Whew! When I look back now I wonder how I did it. It scares me.

"It scares me when I think back to when I was in Alabama, preaching about the white race of devils. It scares me when I think about sitting in the stands in Mississippi and Texas wilth the Ku Klux Klan riding around in their cars. And it scares me thinking about the time I fought Jerry Quarry and people were shooting at my house in Georgia. There was nowhere in this world you could go and find another black man who acted like me."

As Ali walked me out to the car, he turned to me and said: "You think I'm in pretty good shape today? I'm 42 now — imagine me when I was 22." Ali had a wistful smile on his face. "Imagine me when I was 22," he repeated as the car pulled away. O+

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Photography by Bob Watson; Hair and Make-up by Julie Gardner; Fashion and accessories courtesy of Powder Blue, Blochs Ballet Centre, Linda Jackson Swimwear and Exacto Summer Sports. Shot on location at Great Keppel Island courtesy of TAA.

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